HORÆ LYRICÆ.

POEMS,

CHIEFLY OF

THE LYRIC KIND

IN THREE BOOKS:

SACRED

TO DEVOTION AND PIETY----TO VIRTUE, HONOUR AND FRIENDSHIP----TO THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

BY ISAAC WATTS, D. D.

A NEW EDITION.

TO WHICH ARE NOW FIRST ADDED, A SUPPLEMENT, CONTAINING ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS OF THE LATIN PIECES, WITH NOTES, &c.

BY THOMAS GIBBONS, D. D.

.... *Si non* Uranie *Lyram*
Cœlestem cohibet, nec Polyhymnia
Humanum refugit tendere Barbiton.
HOR. Od. I. imitat.

LONDON:

Printed by James Cundee, Ivy Lane,

FOR T. HURST, W. BUTTON AND SON, AND M. JONES, PATERNOSTER-ROW; J. HARRIS, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD; AND T. WILLIAMS, STATIONERS'-COURT.

1804.

MEMOIRS

OF

DR. ISAAC WATTS.

AS the lives of men who have rendered themselves famous by their talents, should always be handed down to posterity for a memorial of their worth, we here prefix a brief memoir of this celebrated and pious writer.

Isaac Watts, the eldest of nine children, was born at Southampton, July 17, 1674. His father, Mr. Isaac Watts, was the master of a very flourishing boarding-school in that town, which was in such reputation, that gentlemen's sons were sent to it from America and the West-Indies, for education. He was a man of lively devotion, and a decided nonconformist. He was imprisoned more than once for his nonconformity; and, during his confinement, his wife had been known to sit on a stone near the prison door, suckling her son Isaac, the subject of this memoir. At an early age our author displayed his love of learning; even in his infant days, before he could speak plain, whenever he received a present from a friend he would give the money to his

mother, saying, "A book, buy a book:" the hours devoted by other children to play he employed in reading, even composing little poems to gratify the fond expectations of his mother. In his *fourth* year he entered upon the study of Latin, under the tuition of Mr. Pinhorne*; a minister of the established church, and master of the free grammar-school at Southampton. He not only made a rapid progress in this language, but soon became master of the Greek, and also studied Hebrew under the same master, as appears from a Latin ode which our author, when in the twentieth year of his age, gratefully inscribed to his preceptor.

In the year 1690, he was sent to London for academical education under the Rev. Mr. Thomas Rowe, son of the Rev. John Rowe, M. A. who was ejected by the act of uniformity, 1662, from Westminster Abbey; and, in 1693, in his nineteenth year, he joined in communion with the church under the pastoral care of his tutor. At the academy Mr. Hughes, the poet, Dr. Hort, afterwards archbishop of Tuam, and Mr. Say, (the successor of Mr. Edward Calamy) were his fellow students; and, as appears from their correspondence, they entertained a warm affection for him.

Various compositions in Latin and English, being his college exercises, evinced our author's attention to his studies during his residence at Mr. Rowe's academy. We are told by his biographers, that he took the most laborious methods to possess himself of knowledge, not

* There is a monument erected to his memory at Eling, now standing, and bearing this inscription: "Here lies the body of the Rev. Mr. John Pinhorne, Prebendary of Leckford and Vicar of Eling, who died June 8, 1714. Aged 62."

being content with superficial glances and partial surveys.

Having, in his twentieth year, finished his academical studies, he returned to his father's house at Southampton, where he spent two years in reading, meditation, and prayer. On his birth-day, 1698, he preached his first sermon, and was the same year chosen assistant to Dr. Chauncy, pastor of the independent church, at their meeting at Mark-lane, London; and such was the approbation he met with, that in January 1701-2, he was invited to succeed Dr. Chauncy in his sacred functions, and accepted the invitation, March 8, 1701-2, the very day king William III. died: notwithstanding the cloud which this discouraging event brought over the prospects of the dissenters, which in the close of the succeeding reign, was ready to burst in showers of calamity, but happily dispelled by the death of queen Anne.

He was soon after visited with illness (occasioned no doubt by his unremitting labours) which threatened all the sanguine hopes of his flock. His confinement was long, his recovery slow, and his constitution considerably impaired. Under these circumstances the Rev. Samuel Price was chosen to assist him in the duties of his office: however, his exertions were renewed with his strength, and he met with no material interruption in the prosecution of his duties, till September 1712, when he was seized with such a violent fever that he became so debilitated as to be incapable of performing his ministry for more than four years. Mr. Price, his assistant, was now at his own particular request, elected to be joint pastor with him; and he was accordingly ordained to this office, March 3, 1713: between these

two fellow-labourers there subsisted, till death, an inviolable friendship.

The two universities of Edinburgh and Aberdeen, in the year 1728, severally conferred on him, unsolicited and without his knowledge, the degree of doctor of divinity.

Frequent and heavy strokes of illness, added to the intense exertions of his mind, threatened speedy dissolution; he could obtain no sleep for several nights successively, except such as was forced by medical preparations, and at length opiates lost their virtue and only served to aggravate his malady.

The various stories circulated of his strange nervous affections, or rather it should be said, of his intellectual derangement, appear to have been the fabrications of the designing, and only to have obtained belief with the credulous.

His death, which happened Nov. 25, 1748, fully corresponded with his holy and useful life. For near three years prior to this period, his lamp had given such a weak and uncertain light, that his friends daily expected its utter extinction; but his prospects were bright and his confidence was firm. The remains of this great man were deposited in Bunhill-fields' burial ground, London. To give a final testimony to his affection and liberality, his pall was supported by six ministers, two of the presbyterian, two of the congregational, and two of the antipædobaptist denomination: Dr Samuel Chandler delivered an oration at the grave, and Dr. Jennings preached his funeral sermon to the church of which Dr. Watts had been pastor, from Hebrews xi. 4 "By it he being dead yet speaketh." Several other eminent characters gave similar testimonies of respect to his memory.

He gave directions to have only a stone erected over the place of his interment, with this humble inscription.—

" Isaac Watts, D. D. Pastor of a Church of Christ
" in London; Successor to the Rev. Mr. Joseph Caryl,
" Dr. John Owen, Mr. David Clarkson, and Dr. Isaac
" Chauncy; after fifty years of feeble labours in the
" gospel, interrupted by four years of tiresome sickness,
" was dismissed to his rest.

" In uno Jesu omnia.

" 2 Cor. v. 8, Absent from the body, and present
" with the Lord.

" Col. iii. 4. When Christ who is my life shall ap-
" pear, then shall I also appear with him in glory."

A handsome tomb bearing this inscription, with the time of his death, was accordingly erected at the joint expence of Sir John Hartop, once his pupil; and Lady Abney, in whose house he for some time, and with infinite happiness, resided.

In his personal appearance there was little to interest the admirers of external comeliness. He was low of stature, and his bodily presence was weak, yet there was a certain dignity in his countenance, and such piercing expression in his eyes, as commanded attention and awe. His manner was animated, but not boisterous. At the conclusion of weighty sentences it was his custom to pause, that he might quicken the attention, and more solemnly impress his words upon the minds of his hearers. He had cultivated with care and singular success the graces of language; the correctness of his pronunciation, the elegance of his diction, and the grandeur of his sentiments, obtained him an uncommon share of popularity.

As an author, no man's posthumous claim upon the gratitude of the church and of his country can be urged with a more imperative tone: the natural strength of his genius, which he cultivated and improved by a very considerable acquaintance with the most celebrated writers, both ancient and modern; had enriched his mind with a large and uncommon share of just sentiments and useful knowledge of various kinds. The Hymns which have given his name a kind of immortality in our worshipping assemblies, were written for his father's dissenting meeting in Southampton; who, fondly attached to his old guides in this service, and impatient of innovation, did not wish to decline the original hymns, till he saw how far superior his son's were. The 461st number of the Spectator contains a poetical version of the 114th psalm, and an introductory letter, both composed and communicated by the Doctor to the conductors of that celebrated work.

Prefixed to the later editions of his Horæ Lyricæ are several copies of verses. That of the earliest date, April 17, 1706, was composed by the Rev. Mr. Joseph Standen, which is not destitute of poetical merit, and pays the highest honour to the Doctor.

The next commendatory verses in order of time, July, 1706, are those of Miss Singer, afterwards Mrs. Rowe, under the name of Philomela. The numbers are remarkably easy and flowing, and the beauties of poetry, and the greatest encomiums on the Doctor are blended together.

The Rev. Mr. Henry Grove next adds his commendations in a copy of verses dated Sept. 4, 1706, which does honour to the author as well as the subject of them. They contain an an inimitable tenderness and beauty of

description, and the sublimest panegyric upon the doctor's Divine Poems.

A fourth poem is prefixed to the Doctor's Lyrics under the signature of Britannicus ; the author of which could never be ascertained. The only remaining copy of verses that introduces the Doctor's Lyrics is subscribed Eusebia, who without doubt was no less a person than the Countess of Hertford, afterwards the Duchess of Somerset. The lines are remarkably easy, smooth, and poetical, and discover a transcendent esteem of the Doctor's genius and piety.

Dr. Mather Byles, pastor of one of the churches at Boston, in New England, addressed an ode to the Doctor, Feb. 1, 1727—8. Several others have also written encomiums upon him both in verse and prose.

PREFACE.

IT has been a long complaint of the virtuous and refined world, that poesy, whose original is divine, should be enslaved to vice and profaneness; that an art inspired from heaven, should have so far lost the memory of its birth-place, as to be engaged in the interests of hell. How unhappily is it perverted from its most glorious design! How basely has it been driven away from its proper station in the temple of God, and abused to much dishonour! The iniquity of men has constrained it to serve their vilest purposes, while the sons of piety mourn the sacrilege and the shame.

The eldest song which history has brought down to our ears, was a noble act of worship paid to the God of Israel, when his "right hand became glorious in power; when thy right-hand, O Lord, dashed in pieces the enemy: the chariots of Pharaoh and his hosts were cast into the Red Sea; thou didst blow with thy wind, the deep covered them, and they sank as lead in the mighty waters," *Exod.* xv. This art was maintained sacred through the following ages of the church, and employed by kings and prophets, by David, Solomon, and Isaiah, in describing the nature and the glories of God, and in conveying grace or vengeance to the hearts of men. By this method they brought so much of heaven down to this lower world, as the darkness of that dispensation would admit: And now and then a divine and poetic rapture lifted their souls far above

the level of that œconomy of shadows, bore them away far into a brighter region, and gave them a glimpse of evangelic day. The life of angels was harmoniously breathed into the children of Adam, and their minds raised near to heaven in melody and devotion at once.

In the younger days of heathenism the muses were devoted to the same service: the language in which old Hesiod addresses them is this:

> Pierian Muses, fam'd for heavenly lays,
> Descend, and sing the God your Father's praise.

And he pursues the subject in ten pious lines, which I could not forbear to transcribe, if the aspect and sound of so much Greek were not terrifying to a nice reader.

But some of the latter poets of the Pagan world have debased this divine gift; and many of the writers of the first rank, in this our age of national Christians, have, to their eternal shame, surpassed the vilest of the gentiles. They have not only disrobed religion of all the ornaments of verse, but have employed their pens in impious mischief, to deform her native beauty, and defile her honours. They have exposed her most sacred character to drollery, and dressed her up in a most vile and ridiculous disguise, for the scorn of the ruder herd of mankind. The vices have been painted like so many goddesses, the charms of wit have been added to debauchery, and the temptation heightened where nature needs the strongest restraints. With sweetness of sound, and delicacy of expression, they have given a relish to blasphemies of the harshest kind; and when they rant at their Maker in sonorous numbers, they fancy themselves to have acted the hero well.

Thus almost in vain have the throne and the pulpit cried reformation; while the stage and licentious poems have waged open war with the pious design of church and state. The press has spread the poison far, and scattered wide the mortal infection: Unthinking youth have been enticed to sin beyond the vicious propensities of nature, plunged early into diseases and death, and sunk down to damnation in multitudes. Was it for this that poesy was endued with all these allurements that lead the mind away in a pleasing captivity? Was it for this, she was furnished with so many intellectual charms, that she might seduce the heart from God, the original beauty, and the most lovely of beings? Can I ever be persuaded, that those sweet and resistless forces of metaphor, wit, sound, and number, were given with this design, that they should be all ranged under the banner of the great malicious spirit, to invade the rights of heaven, and to bring swift and everlasting destruction upon men? How will these allies of the nether world, the lewd and profane versifiers, stand aghast before the great Judge, when the blood of many souls, whom they never saw, shall be laid to the charge of their writings, and be dreadfully requited at their hands? The reverend Mr. Collier has set this awful scene before them in just and flaming colours. If the application were not too rude and uncivil, that noble stanza of my Lord Roscommon, on *Psalm* cxlviii. might be addressed to them:

> Ye dragons, whose contagious breath
> Peoples the dark retreats of death,
> Change your dire hissings into heavenly songs,
> And praise your Maker with your forked tongues.

This profanation and debasement of so divine an art, has tempted some weaker Christians to imagine that poetry and vice are naturally akin; or at least, that verse is fit only to recommend trifles, and entertain our looser hours, but it is too light and trivial a method to treat any thing that is serious and sacred. They submit, indeed, to use it in divine psalmody, but they love the driest translation of the pslam best. They will venture to sing a dull hymn or two at church, in tunes of equal dulness; but still they persuade themselves, and their children, that the beauties of poesy are vain and dangerous. All that arises a degree above Mr. Sternhold is too airy for worship, and hardly escapes the sentence of unclean and abominable. 'Tis strange, that persons that have the Bible in their hands, should be led away by thoughtless prejudices to so wild and rash an opinion. Let me entreat them not to indulge this sour, this censorious humour too far, lest the sacred writers fall under the lash of their unlimited and unguarded reproaches. Let me entreat them to look into their bibles, and remember the style and way of writing that is used by the ancient prophets. Have they forgot, or were they never told, that many parts of the Old Testament are Hebrew verse? and the figures are stronger, and the metaphors bolder, and the images more surprising and strange than ever I read in any profane writer. When Deborah sings her praises to the God of Israel, while he marched from the field of Edom, she sets the "earth a trembling, the heavens drop, and the mountains dissolve from before the Lord. They fought from heaven, the stars in their courses fought against Sisera: When the river of Kishon swept them away, that ancient river, the river Kishon. O my

soul, thou hast trodden down strength," *Judg*. v. &c. When Eliphaz, in the book of Job, speaks his sense of the holiness of God, he introduces a machine in a vision: "Fear came upon me, trembling on all my bones, the hair of my flesh stood up; a spirit passed by and stood still, but its form was undiscernible; an image before mine eyes; and silence; then I heard a voice, saying, shall mortal man be more just than God?" &c. *Job* iv. When he describes the safety of the righteous, he hides him from the scourge of the tongue, he makes him laugh at destruction and famine, he brings the stones of the field into league with him, and makes the brute animals enter into a covenant of peace, *Job* v. 21, &c. When Job speaks of the grave, how melancholy is the gloom that he spreads over it! It is a region to which I must shortly go, "and whence I shall not return; it is a land of darkness, it is darkness itself, the land of the shadow of death; all confusion and disorder, and where the light is as darkness. This is my house, there have I made my bed: I have said to corruption, thou art my father, and to the worm, thou art my mother and my sister: As for my hope, who shall see it? I and my hope go down together to the bars of the pit," *Job* x. 21. and xvii. 13. When he humbles himself in complainings before the almightiness of God, what contemptible and feeble images doth he use! "Wilt thou break a leaf driven to and fro? Wilt thou pursue the dry stubble? I consume away like a rotten thing, a garment eaten by the moth," *Job* xiii. 25, &c. "Thou liftest me up to the wind, thou causest me to ride upon it, and dissolvest my substance," *Job* xxiii. 22. Can any man invent more despicable ideas to represent the scoundrel herd and

refuse of mankind, than those which Job uses? Chap. xxx. and thereby he aggravates his own sorrows and reproaches to amazement: "They that are younger than I have me in derision, whose fathers I would have disdained to have set with the dogs of my flock: for want and famine they were solitary; fleeing into the wilderness desolate and waste: They cut up mallows by the bushes, and juniper-roots for their meat: They were driven forth from among men, (they cried after them as after a thief) to dwell in the cliffs of the vallies, in the caves of the earth, and in rocks: Among the bushes they brayed, under the nettles they were gathered together; they were children of fools, yea, children of base men; they were viler than the earth: And now am I their song, yea, I am their by-word," &c. How mournful and dejected is the language of his own sorrows! "Terrors are turned upon him, they pursue his soul as the wind, and his welfare passes away as a cloud; his bones are pierced within him, and his soul is poured out; he goes mourning without the sun, a brother to dragons, a companion to owls; while his harp and organ are turned into the voice of them that weep." I must transcribe one half of this holy book, if I would shew the grandeur, the variety, and the justness of his ideas, or the pomp and beauty of his expression: I must copy out a good part of the writings of David and Isaiah, if I would represent the poetical excellencies of their thoughts and style: Nor is the language of the lesser prophets, especially in some paragraphs, much inferior to these.

Now while they paint human nature in its various forms and circumstances, if their designing be so just and noble, their disposition so artful, and their co-

louring so bright, beyond the most famed human writers, how much more must their descriptions of God and heaven exceed all that is possible to be said by a meaner tongue? When they speak of the dwelling-place of God, "He inhabits eternity, and sits upon the throne of his holiness, in the midst of light inaccessible." When his holiness is mentioned, "the heavens are not clean in his sight, he charges his angels with folly: he looks to the moon, and it shineth not, and the stars are not pure before his eyes: he is a jealous God, and a consuming fire." If we speak of strength, "Behold, he is strong: he removes the mountains, and they know it not: he overturns them in his anger: he shakes the earth from her place, and her pillars tremble: he makes a path through the mighty waters, he discovers the foundations of the world: the pillars of heaven are astonished at his reproof." And after all, "these are but a portion of his ways: the thunder of his power who can understand?" His sovereignty, his knowledge, and his wisdom, are revealed to us in language vastly superior to all the poetical accounts of heathen divinity. "Let the potsherds strive with the potsherds of the earth; but shall the clay say to him that fashioneth it, what makest thou? he bids the heavens drop down from above, and let the skies pour down righteousness. He commands the sun, and it riseth not, and he sealeth up the stars. It is he that saith to the deep, be dry, and he drieth up the rivers. Woe to them that seek deep to hide their counsel from the lord; his eyes are upon all their ways, he understands their thoughts afar off. Hell is naked before him, and destruction hath no covering. He calls out all the stars by their names, he frustrateth the tokens of the liars, and makes the diviners mad.

he turns wise men backward, and their knowledge becomes foolish." His transcendent eminence above all things is most nobly represented, when he "sits upon the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grashoppers: all nations before him are as the drop of a bucket, and as the small dust of the balance: he takes up the isles as a very little thing; Lebanon, with all her beasts, is not sufficient for a sacrifice to this God," nor are all her trees "sufficient for the burning." This God, before whom "the whole creation is as nothing, yea, less than nothing, and vanity." "To which of all the heathen gods then will ye compare me, saith the Lord, and what shall I be likened to?" And to which of all the heathen poets shall we liken or compare this glorious orator, the sacred describer of the godhead? The orators of all nations are as nothing before him, and their words are vanity and emptiness. Let us turn our eyes now to some of the holy writings, where God is creating the world: how meanly do the best of the Gentiles talk and trifle upon this subject, when brought into comparison with Moses, whom Longinus himself, a Gentile critic, cites as a master of the sublime style, when he chose to use it; "and the Lord said, let there be light, and there was light, let there be clouds and seas, sun and stars, plants and animals, and behold they are:" he commanded, and they appear and obey: "by the word of the Lord were the heavens made, and all the host of them by the breath of his mouth:" this is working like a God, with infinite ease and omnipotence. His wonders of Providence for the terror and ruin of his adversaries, and for the succour of his saints, is set before our eyes in the scripture with equal magnificence, and as becomes divinity. When "he arises out

of his place, the earth trembles, the foundations of the hills are shaken because he is wroth: there goes a smoke up out of his nostrils, and fire out of his mouth devoureth, coals are kindled by it. He bows the heavens, and comes down, and darkness is under his feet. The mountains melt like wax, and flow down at his presence." If Virgil, Homer, or Pindar, were to prepare an equipage for a descending God, they might use thunder and lightning too, and clouds and fire, to form a chariot and horses for the battle, or the triumph; but there is none of them provides him a flight of cherubs instead of horses, or seats him in chariots of salvation. David beholds him riding "upon the heaven of heavens, by his name JAH: he was mounted upon a cherub, and did fly, he flew on the wings of the wind;" and Habbakuk "sends the pestilence before him." Homer keeps a mighty stir with his Νεφεληγερέτα Ζεὺς, and Hesiod with his Ζεὺς ὑψιβρεμέτης. Jupiter, that raises up the clouds, and that makes a noise, or thunders on high. But a divine poet makes the "clouds but the dust of his feet; and when the highest gives his voice in the heavens, hail-stones and coals of fire follow." A divine poet "discovers the channels of the waters, and lays open the foundations of nature; at thy rebuke, O Lord at the blast of the breath of thy nostrils" When the Holy One alighted upon mount Sinai, "his glory covered the heavens: he stood and measured the earth: he beheld and drove asunder the nations, and the everlasting mountains were scattered: the perpetual hills did blow; his ways are everlasting." Then the prophet "saw the tents of Cushan in affliction, and the curtains of the land of Midian did tremble." *Hab.* iii. Nor did the Blessed Spirit which animated these writers forbid them

the use of visions, dreams, the opening of scenes dreadful and delightful, and the introduction of machines upon great occasions : the divine licence in this respect is admirable and surprising, and the images are often too bold and dangerous for an uninspired writer to imitate. Mr. Dennis has made a noble essay to discover how much superior is inspired poesy to the brightest and best descriptions of a mortal pen. Perhaps, if his Proposal of Criticism had been encouraged and pursued, the nation might have learnt more value for the word of God, and the wits of the age might have been secured from the danger of deism; while they must have been forced to confess at least the divinity of all the poetical books of scripture, when they see a genius running through them more than human.

Who is there now will dare to assert, that the doctrines of our holy faith will not endulge or endure a delightful dress? shall the French poet* affright us, by saying,

> De la foy d'un chretien les mysteres terribles,
> D' Ornemens egayez ne sont point susceptibles?

But the French critic †, in his Reflections upon Eloquence, tells us, " that the majesty of our religion, the " holiness of its laws, the purity of its morals, the " height of its mysteries, and the importance of every " subject that belongs to it requires a grandeur, a noble- " ness, a majesty, and elevation of style suited to the " theme : sparkling images and magnificent expressions " must be used, and are best borrowed from scripture : " let the preacher, that aims at eloquence, read the

---

* Boileau. † Rapin.

" prophets incessantly, for their writings are an abun-
" dant source of all the riches and ornaments of speech."
And, in my opinion, this is far better counsel than Horace gives us, when he says,

> ....Vos examplaria Græca
> Nocturna versate Manu, versate diurna.

As in the conduct of my studies with regard to divinity, I have reason to repent of nothing more than that I have not perused the Bible with more frequency; so if I were to set up for a poet, with a design to exceed all the modern writers, I would follow the advice of Rapin, and read the prophets night and day. I am sure, the composures of the following book would have been filled with much greater sense, and appeared with much more agreeable ornaments, had I derived a larger portion from the holy scriptures.

Besides, we may fetch a further answer to Mons. Boileau's objection, from other poets of his own country. What a noble use have Racine and Corneille made of christian subjects, in some of their best tragedies? what a variety of divine scenes are displayed, and pious passions awakened in those poems? the Martyrdom of Polyeucte, how doth it reign over our love and pity, and at the same time animate our zeal and devotion! may I here be permitted the liberty to return my thanks to that fair and ingenious hand * that directed me to such entertainments in a foreign language, which I had long wished for, and sought in vain in our own. Yet I must confess, that the Davideis, and the two Arthurs, have so far answered Boileau's objection, in English, as that

---

* Philomela.

the obstacles of attempting christian poesy are broken down, and the vain pretence of its being impracticable, is experimentally confuted *.

It is true indeed the christian mysteries have not such need of gay trappings as beautified, or rather composed, the heathen superstition. But this still makes for the greater ease and surer success of the poet. The wonders of our religion, in a plain narration and a simple dress, have a native grandeur, a dignity, and a beauty in them, though they do not utterly disdain all methods of ornament. The book of the Revelations seems to be a prophecy in the form of an opera, or a dramatic poem, where divine art illustrates the subject with many charming glories; but still it must be acknowledged, that the naked themes of christianity have something brighter and bolder in them, something more surprising and celestial than all the adventures of gods and heroes, all the dazzling images of false lustre that form and garnish a heathen song: here the very argument would give wonderful aids to the muse, and the heavenly theme would so relieve a dull hour, and a languishing genius, that when the muse nods, the sense would burn and sparkle upon the reader, and keep him feelingly awake.

With how much less toil and expence might a Dryden, an Otway, a Congreve, or a Dennis, furnish out a christian poem, than a modern play? there is nothing amongst all the ancient fables, or later romances, that

* Sir Richard Blackmore, in his admirable preface to his last poem entitled Alfred, has more copiously refuted all Boileau's arguments on this subject, and that with great justice and elegance, 1723. I am persuaded that many persons who despise the poem would acknowledge the just sentiments of that preface.

have two such extremes united in them, as the Eternal God becoming an infant of days; the possessor of the palace of Heaven laid to sleep in a manger; the holy Jesus, who knew no sin, bearing the sins of men in his body on the tree; agonies of sorrow loading the soul of him who was God over all, blessed for ever; and the Sovereign of Life stretching his arms on a cross, bleeding and expiring. The heaven and the hell in our Divinity are infinitely more delightful and dreadful than the childish figments of a dog with three heads, the buckets of the Belides, the furies with snaky hairs, or all the flowery stories of Elysium. And if we survey the one as themes divinely true, and the other as a medley of fooleries which we can never believe, the advantage for touching the springs of passion will fall infinitely on the side of the Christian poet; our wonder and our love, our pity, delight, and sorrow, with the long train of hopes and fears, must needs be under the command of an harmonious pen, whose every line makes a part of the reader's faith, and is the very life or death of his soul.

If the trifling and incredible tales that furnish out a tragedy, are so armed by wit and fancy, as to become sovereign of the rational powers, to triumph over all the affections, and manage our smiles and our tears at pleasure; how wonderous a conquest might be obtained over a wild world, and reduce it, at least, to sobriety, if the same happy talent were employed in dressing the scenes of religion in their proper figures of majesty, sweetness, and terror? The wonders of Creating Power, of Redeeming Love, and Renewing Grace, ought not to be thus impiously neglected by those whom Heaven has endued with a gift so proper to adorn and cultivate

them; an art whose sweet insinuations might almost convey piety in resisting nature, and melt the hardest souls to the love of virtue. The affairs of this life, with their reference to a life to come, would shine bright in a dramatic description; nor is there any need or any reason why we should always borrow the plan or history from the ancient Jews, or primitive martyrs; though several of these would furnish out noble materials for this sort of poesy: but modern scenes would be better understood by most readers, and the application would be much more easy. The anguish of inward guilt, the secret stings, and racks, and scourges of conscience; the sweet retiring hours, and seraphical joys of devotion; the victory of a resolved soul over a thousand temptations; the inimitable love and passion of a dying God; the awful glories of the last tribunal; the grand decisive sentence, from which there is no appeal; and the consequent transports or horrors of the two eternal worlds; these things may be variously disposed, and form many poems. How might such performances, under a Divine Blessing, call back the dying piety of the nation to life and beauty? This would make religion appear like itself, and confound the blasphemies of a profligate world, ignorant of pious pleasures.

But we have reason to fear, that the tuneful men of our day have not raised their ambition to so divine a pitch; I should rejoice to see more of this celestial fire kindling within them; for the flashes that break out in some present and past writings, betray an infernal source. This the incomparable Mr. Cowley, in the latter end of his Preface, and the ingenious Sir Richard Blackmore, in the beginning of his, have so pathetically described and lamented, that I rather refer the reader to

mourn with them, than detain and tire him here. These gentlemen, in their large and laboured works of poesy, have given the world happy examples of what they wish and encourage in prose; the one in a rich variety of thought and fancy, the other in all the shining colours of profuse and florid diction.

If shorter sonnets were composed on sublime subjects, such as the Psalms of David, and the holy transports interspersed in the other sacred writings, or such as the moral Odes of Horace, and the antient Lyrics; I persuade myself, that the Christian preacher would find abundant aid from the poet, in his design to diffuse virtue, and allure souls to God. If the heart were first inflamed from heaven, and the muse were not left alone to form the devotion, and pursue a cold scent, but only called in as an assistant to the worship, then the song would end where the inspiration ceases; the whole composure would be of a piece, all meridian light and meridian fervour; and the same pious flame would be propagated, and kept glowing in the heart of him that reads. Some of the shorter odes of the two poets now mentioned, and a few of the Reverend Mr. Norris's Essays in verse, are convincing instances of the success of this proposal.

It is my opinion also, that the free and unconfined Numbers of Pindar, or the noble Measures of Milton without rhyme, would best maintain the dignity of the theme, as well as give a loose to the devout soul, nor check the raptures of her faith and love. Though in my feeble attempts of this kind, I have too often fettered my thoughts in the narrow metre of our psalm translators; I have contracted and cramped the sense,

or rendered it obscure and feeble, by the too speedy and regular returns of rhyme.

If my friends expect any reason of the following composures, and of the first or second publication, I entreat them to accept of this account.

The title assures them that poesy is not the business of my life; and if I seized those hours of leisure, wherein my soul was in a more sprightly frame, to entertain them or myself with a divine or moral song, I hope I shall find an easy pardon.

In the First Book are many odes which were written to assist the meditations and worship of vulgar Christians, and with a design to be published in the volume of Hymns, which have now passed a second impression; but upon the review, I found some expressions that were not suited to the plainest capacity, and the metaphors are too bold to please the weaker Christian, therefore I have allotted them a place here.

Amongst the Songs that are dedicated to Divine Love, I think I may be bold to assert, that I never composed one line of them with any other design than what they are applied to here; and I have endeavoured to secure them all from being perverted and debased to wanton passions, by several lines in them that can never be applied to a meaner love. Are not the noblest instances of the grace of Christ represented under the figure of a conjugal state, and described in one of the sweetest odes, and the softest pastoral that ever was written? I appeal to Solomon, * in his Song, and his

* Solomon's Song was much more in use among preachers and writers of divinity when these poems were written than it is now 1736.

father David, in Psalm xlv. if David was the author: And I am well assured, that I have never indulged an equal licence: It was dangerous to imitate the sacred writers too nearly, in so nice an affair.

The Poems sacred to Virtue, &c. were formed when the frame and humour of my soul was just suited to the subject of my verse: The image of my heart is painted in them; and if they meet with a reader whose soul is akin to mine, perhaps they may agreeably entertain him. The dulness of the fancy, and coarseness of expression, will disappear; the sameness of the humour will create a pleasure, and insensibly overcome and conceal the defects of the muse. Young gentlemen and ladies, whose genius and education have given them a relish of oratory and verse, may be tempted to seek satisfaction among the dangerous diversions of the stage, and impure sonnets, if there be no provision of a safer kind made to please them. While I have attempted to gratify innocent fancy in this respect, I have not forgotten to allure the heart to virtue, and to raise it to a disdain of brutal pleasure. The frequent interposition of a devout thought may awaken the mind to a serious sense of God, religion, and eternity. The same duty that might be despised in a sermon, when proposed to their reason, may here, perhaps, seize the lower faculties with surprize, delight, and devotion at once; and thus, by degrees, draw the superior powers of the mind to piety. Amongst the infinite numbers of mankind, there is not more difference in their outward shape and features, than in their temper and inward inclination. Some are more easily susceptive of religion in a grave discourse and sedate reasoning. Some are best frighted from sin and ruin by terror,

threatning and amazement; their fear is the properest passion to which we can address ourselves, and begin the divine work: Others can feel no motive so powerful as that which applies itself to their ingenuity, and their polished imagination. Now I thought it lawful to take hold of any handle of the soul, to lead it away betimes from vicious pleasures; and if I could but make up a composition of virtue and delight, suited to the taste of well-bred youth, and a refined education, I had some hope to allure and raise them thereby above the vile temptations of degenerate nature, and custom, that is yet more degenerate. When I have felt a slight inclination to satire or burlesque, I thought it proper to suppress it. The grinning and the growling muse are not hard to be obtained; but I would disdain their assistance, where a manly invitation to virtue, and a friendly smile may be successfully employed. Could I persuade any man by a kinder method, I should never think it proper to scold or laugh at him.

Perhaps there are some morose readers, that stand ready to condemn every line that's written upon the theme of love; but have we not the cares and the felicities of that sort of social life represented to us in the sacred writings? Some expressions are there used with a design to give a mortifying influence to our softest affections; others again brighten the character of that state, and allure virtuous souls to pursue the divine advantage of it, the mutual assistance in the way to salvation. Are not the cxxvii. and cxxviii. Psalms indited on this very subject? Shall it be lawful for the press and the pulpit to treat of it with a becoming solemnity in prose, and must the mention of the same thing in poesy be pronounced for ever unlawful? Is it utterly

unworthy of a serious character to write on this argument, because it has been unhappily polluted by some scurrilous pens? Why may I not be permitted to obviate a common and a growing mischief, while a thousand vile poems of the amorous kind swarm abroad, and give a vicious taint to the unwary reader? I would tell the world that I have endeavoured to recover this argument out of the hands of impure writers, and to make it appear, that virtue and love are not such strangers as they are represented. The blissful intimacy of souls in that state will afford sufficient furniture for the gravest entertainment in verse; so that it need not be everlastingly dressed up in ridicule, nor assumed only to furnish out the lewd sonnets of the times. May some happier genius promote the same service that I proposed, and by superior sense, and sweeter sound, render what I have written contemptible and useless,

The imitations of that noblest Latin poet of modern ages, Casimire Sarbiewski of Poland, would need no excuse, did they but arise to the beauty of the original. I have often taken the freedom to add ten or twenty lines, or to leave out as many, that I might suit my song more to my own design, or because I saw it impossible to present the force, the fineness, and the fire of his expression in our language. There are a few copies wherein I borrowed some hints from the same author, without the mention of his name in the title. Methinks I can allow so superior a genius now and then to be lavish in his imagination, and to indulge some excursions beyond the limits of sedate judgment: the riches and glory of his verse make atonement in abundance. I wish some English pen would import more of his treasures, and bless our nation.

The inscriptions to particular friends, are warranted and defended by the practice of almost all the lyric writers. They frequently convey the rigid rules of morality to the mind in the softer method of applause. Sustained by their example, a man will not easily be overwhelmed by the heaviest censures of the unthinking and unknowing; especially when there is a shadow of this practice in the divine psalmist, while he incribes to Asaph or Jeduthun his songs that were made for the harp, or, which is all one, his lyric odes, though they are addressed to God himself.

In the poems of heroic measure, I have attempted in rhyme the same variety of cadence, comma and period, which blank verse glories in as its peculiar elegance and ornament. It degrades the excellency of the best versification when the lines run on by couplets, twenty together, just in the same pace, and with the same pauses. It spoils the noblest pleasure of the sound: the reader is tired with the tedious uniformity, or charmed to sleep with the unmanly softness of the numbers, and the perpetual chime of even cadences.

In the essays without rhyme, I have not set up Milton for a perfect pattern; though he shall be for ever honoured as our deliverer from the bondage. His works contain admirable and unequalled instances of bright and beautiful diction, as well as majesty and sereneness of thought. There are several episodes in his longer works, that stand in supreme dignity without a rival; yet all that vast reverence with which I read his Paradise Lost, cannot persuade me to be charmed with every page of it. The length of his periods, and sometimes of his parenthesis, runs me out of breath: some of his numbers seem too harsh and uneasy. I could never

believe that roughness and obscurity added any thing to the true grandeur of a poem: nor will I ever affect archaisms, exoticisms, and a quaint uncouthness of speech, in order to become perfectly Miltonian. It is my opinion that blank verse may be written with all due elevation of thought in a modern style, without borrowing any thing from Chaucer's Tales, or running back so far as the days of Colin the Shepherd, and the reign of the Fairy Queen. The oddness of an antique sound gives but a false pleasure to the ear, and abuses the true relish, even when it works delight. There were some such judges of poesy among the old Romans, and Martial ingeniously laughs at one of them, that was pleased even to astonishment with obsolete words and figures.

Attonitusque legis terrai frugiferai.

So the ill-drawn postures and distortions of shape that we meet with in Chinese pictures charm a sickly fancy by their very aukwardness; so a distempered appetite will chew coals and sand, and pronounce it gustful.

In the Pindarics I have generally conformed my lines to the shorter size of the ancient, and avoided to imitate the excessive lengths to which some modern writers have stretched their sentences, and especially the concluding verse. In these the ear is the truest judge; nor was it made to be enslaved by any precise model of elder or later times.

After all, I must petition my reader to lay aside the sour and sullen air of criticism, and to assume the friend. Let him choose such copies to read at particular hours, when the temper of his mind is suited to the

song. Let him come with a desire to be entertained and pleased, rather than to seek his own disgust and aversion, which will not be hard to find. I am not so vain as to think there are no faults, nor so blind as to espy none: though I hope the multitude of alterations in this second edition are not without amendment. There is so large a difference between this and the former, in the change of titles, lines, and whole poems, as well as in the various transpositions, that it would be useless and endless, and all confusion, for any reader to compare them throughout. The additions also make up almost half the book, and some of these have need of as many alterations as the former. Many a line needs the file to polish the roughness of it, and many a thought wants richer language to adorn and make it shine. Wide defects and equal superfluities may be found, especially in the larger pieces; but I have at present neither inclination or leisure to correct, and I hope I never shall. It is one of the biggest satisfactions I take in giving this volume to the world, that I expect to be for ever free from the temptation of making or mending poems again.* So that my friends may be perfectly secure against this impression's growing waste upon their hands, and useless as the former has done. Let minds that are better furnished for such performances pursue these studies, if they are convinced that poesy can be made serviceable to religion and virtue. As for myself, I almost blush to think that I have read so little, and written so much. The fol-

* *Naturam expellas furca licet, usque recurret*...Hor. Will this short note of Horace excuse a man who has resisted nature many years, but has been sometimes overcome? 1736. Edition the 7th.

lowing years of my life shall be more entirely devoted to the immediate and direct labours of my station, excepting those hours that may be employed in finishing my imitation of the psalms of David, in Christian language, which I have now promised the world.*

I cannot court the world to purchase this book for their pleasure or entertainment, by telling them that any one copy entirely pleases me. The best of them sinks below the idea which I form of a divine or moral ode. He that deals in the mysteries of heaven, or of the muses, should be a genius of no vulgar mould: and, as the name *vates* belongs to both; so the furniture of both is comprised in that line of Horace,

......Cui mens divinior, atque os
Magna sonaturum....

But what Juvenal spake in his age, abides true in ours: a complete poet or a prophet is such a one;

....Qualem nequeo monstrare, et sentio tantum.

Perhaps neither of these characters in perfection shall ever be seen on earth, till the seventh angel has sounded his awful trumpet; till the victory be compleat over the beast and his image, when the natives of heaven shall join in consort with prophets and saints, and sing to their golden harps, "salvation, honour, and glory to him that sits upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever."

May 14, 1709.

* In the year 1719 these were finished and printed.

TO DR. WATTS, ON THE FIFTH EDITION OF HIS

HORÆ LYRICÆ.

SOVEREIGN of sacred verse, accept the lays
Of a young bard that dares attempt thy praise.
A muse, the meanest of the vocal throng,
New to the bays, nor equal to the song.
Fir'd with the growing glories of thy fame,
Joins all her powers to celebrate thy name.

No vulgar themes thy pious muse engage,
No scenes of lust pollute thy sacred page;
You in majestic numbers mount the skies,
And meet descending angels as you rise,
Whose just applauses charm the crowded groves,
And *Addison* thy tuneful song approves.
Soft harmony and manly vigour join,
To form the beauties of each sprightly line,
For every grace of every muse is thine.
Milton, immortal bard, divinely bright,
Conducts his fav'rite to the realms of light.
Where *Raphael's* lyre charms the celestial throng,
Delighted cherubs list'ning to the song:
From bliss to bliss the happy beings rove,
And taste the sweets of music and of love.
But when the softer scenes of life you paint,
And join the beauteous virgin to the saint;
When you describe how few the happy pairs,
Whose hearts untied, soften all their cares;
We see to whom the sweetest joys belong,
And *Myra's* beauties consecrate your song.
Fain the unnumber'd graces I would tell,
And on the pleasing theme for ever dwell;
But the muse faints, unequal to the flight,
And hears thy strains with wonder and delight.
When tombs of princes shall in ruins lie,
And all, but heaven-born Piety, shall die,

When the last trumpet wakes the silent dead,
And each lascivious poet hides his head,
With thee shall thy divine *Urania* rise,
Crown'd with fresh laurels, to thy native skies:
Great *Howe* and *Gouge* shall hail thee on thy way,
And welcome thee to the bright realms of day,
Adopt thy tuneful notes to heavenly strings,
And join the Lyric Ode while some fair seraph sings.

Sic spirat, sic optat,
Tui amantissimus,
BRITANNICUS.

ON READING MR. WATT's POEMS

SACRED TO PIETY AND DEVOTION.

REGARD the man who in seraphic lays,
And flowing numbers, sings his Maker's praise:
He needs invoke no fabled muse's art,
The heav'nly song comes genuine from the heart;
From that pure heart, which God has deign'd t' inspire
With holy raptures, and a sacred fire.
Thrice happy man! whose soul, and guiltless breast,
Are well prepar'd to lodge th' Almighty guest!
'Tis HE that lends thy tow'ring thoughts their wing,
And tunes thy lyre, when thou attempt'st to sing:
HE to thy soul lets in celestial day,
Ev'n whilst imprison'd in this mortal clay.
By death's grim aspect thou art not alarm'd,
HE, for thy sake, has death itself disarm'd;
Nor shall the grave o'er thee a vict'ry boast,
Her triumph in thy rising shall be lost,
When thou shalt join th' angelic choirs above,
In never-ending songs of praise and love.

EUSEBIA.

XXXVI

TO DR. WATTS ON HIS
POEMS SACRED TO DEVOTION.

To murmuring streams, in tender strains,
My pensive muse no more
Of love's enchanting force complains,
Along the flow'ry shore.

No more Mirtillo's fatal face
My quiet breast alarms;
His eyes, his air, and youthful grace,
Have lost their usual charms.

No gay Alexis in the grove
Shall be my future theme:
I burn with an immortal love,
And sing a purer flame.

Seraphic heights I seem to gain,
And sacred transports feel,
While, WATTS, to thy celestial strain,
Surpiz'd, I listen still.

The gliding streams their course forbear,
When I thy lays repeat;
The bending forest lends an ear,
The birds their notes forget.

With such a graceful harmony.
Thy numbers still prolong;
And let remotest lands reply,
And echo to thy song.

Far as the distant regions, where
The beauteous morning springs,
And scatters odours through the air,
From her resplendent wings.

Unto the new-found realms, which see
The latter sun arise,
When, with an easy progress, he
Rolls down the nether skies.

July, 1706. PHILOMELA.

TO MR. I. WATTS, ON READING HIS

HORÆ LYRICÆ.

HAIL, heav'n-born Muse! that with celestial flame,
And high seraphic numbers, durst attempt
To gain thy spatious skies. No common theme
Merits thy thought, self-conscious of a soul
Superior, though on earth detain'd a-while;
Like some propitious angel, that's designed
A resident in this inferior orb,
To guide the wand'ring souls to heavenly bliss,
Thou seem'st; while thou their everlasting songs
Hast sung to mortal ears, and down to earth
Transfer'd the work of heav'n; with thought sublime,
And high sonorous words, thou sweetly sing'st
To thy immortal lyre. Amaz'd, we view
The tow'ring height stupendous, while thou soar'st
Above the reach of vulgar eyes or thought,
Hymning th' eternal Father; as of old
When first th' Almighty from the dark abyss
Of everlasting night and silence call'd
The shining worlds with one creating word,
And rais'd from nothing all the heav'nly hosts,
And with external glories fill'd the void,
Harmonious Seraphs tun'd their golden harps,
And with their chearful Hallelujahs bless'd
The bounteous author of their happiness;
From orb to orb th' alternate music rang,
And from the chrystal arches of the sky
Reach'd our then glorious world, the native seat
Of the first happy pair, who join'd their songs
To the loud echos of th' angelic choirs,
And fill'd with blissful hymns, terrestrial heaven,
The paradise of God, where all delights
Abounded, and the pure ambrosial air,
Fann'd by mild zephyrs, breath'd eternal sweets,
Forbidding death and sorrow, and bestow'd
Fresh heavenly bloom, and gay immortal youth.

Not so, alas! the vile apostate race,
Who in mad joys their brutal hours employ'd,
Assaulting with their impious blasphemies
The Power supreme, who gave 'em life and breath;
Incarnate Fiends! outrageous they defy'd
Th' Eternal's thunder, and Almighty wrath
Fearless provok'd, with all the other devils:
Would dread to meet; rememb'ring well the day
When driven from pure immortal seats above,
A fiery tempest hurl'd them down the skies,
And hung upon the rear, urging their fall
To the dark, deep, unfathomable gulph,
Where bound on sulph'rous lakes to glowing rocks
With adamantine chains, they wail their woes,
And know Jehovah great as well as good;
And fix'd for ever by eternal fate,
With horror find His arm omnipotent.

Prodigious madness! that the sacred muse,
First taught in heaven to mount immortal heights,
And trace the boundless glories of the sky,
Should now to every idol basely bow,
And curse the deity she once ador'd,
Erecting trophies to each sordid vice,
And celebrating the infernal praise
Of haughty Lucifer, the desperate foe
Of God and Man, and winning every hour
New votaries to hell, while all the fiends
Hear these accursed lays, and thus outdone,
Raging they try to match the human race,
Redoubling all their hellish blasphemies,
And with loud curses rend the gloomy vault.

Ungrateful mortals! ah! too late you'll find
What 'tis to banter heaven and laugh at hell;
To dress up vice in false delusive charms,
And with gay colours paint her hideous face,
Leading besotted souls thro' flow'ry paths,
In gaudy dreams, and vain fantastic joys
To dismal scenes of everlasting woe;
When the great judge shall rear his awful throne,
And raging flames surround the trembling globe,

XXXIX

While the loud thunders roll from pole to pole,
And the last trump awakes the sleeping dead;
And guilty souls to ghastly bodies driven,
Within those dire eternal prisons shut,
Expect their sad inexorable doom.
Say now ye men of wit! what turn of thought
Will please you then? Alas how dull and poor,
Ev'n to yourselves, will your lewd flights appear!
How will you envy then the happy fate
Of ideots! and perhaps in vain you'll wish,
You'd been as very fools as once you thought
Others, for the sublimest wisdom scorn'd;
When pointed lightnings from the wrathful judge
Shall singe your laurels, and the men
Who thought they flew so high, shall fall so low.
No more, my muse, of that tremendous thought,
Resume thy more delightful theme, and sing
Th' immortal man, that with immortal verse
Rivals the hymns of angels, and like them
Despises mortal critics' idle rules:
While the celestial flame that warms thy soul
Inspires us, and with holy transports moves
Our labouring minds, and nobler scenes presents
Than all the pagan poets ever sung,
Homer, or *Virgil;* and far sweeter notes
Than *Horace* ever taught his sounding lyre,
And purer far, tho' *Martial*'s self might seem
A modest poet in our Christian days,
May those forgotten and neglected lie,
No more let men be fond of fab'lous gods,
Nor heathen wit debauch one Christian line,
While with the coarse and daubing paint we hide
The shining beauties of eternal truth,
That in our native dress appears most bright,
And charms the eyes of angels,..Oh! like thee,
Let every nobler genius tune his voice
To subjects worthy of their tow'ring thoughts.
Let Heaven and Anna then your tuneful art
Improve, and consecrate your deathless lays
To Him who reigns above, and Her who rules below.

April 17, 1706. JOSEPH STANDEN.

TO DR. WATTS ON HIS
DIVINE POEMS.

SAY, human seraph, whence that charming force,
That flame! that soul! which animates each line;
And how it runs with such a graceful ease,
Loaded with pond'rous sense! Say, did not He,
The lovely Jesus, who commands thy breast,
Inspire thee with himself? With Jesus dwells,
Knit in mysterious bands, the Paraclete,
The Breath of GOD, the everlasting source
Of love; and what is love in souls like thine,
But air, and incense to the poet's fire?
Should an expiring saint, whose swimming eyes
Mingle the images of things about him,
But hear the least exalted of thy strains,
How greedily he'd drink the music in,
Thinking his heav'nly convoy waited near!
So great a stress of powerful harmony,
Nature unable longer to sustain,
Would sink oppress'd with joy to endless rest.

Let none henceforth of Providence complain,
As if the world of spirits lay unknown,
Fenc'd round with black impenetrable night;
What tho' no shining angel darts from thence
With leave to publish things conceal'd from sense,
In language bright as theirs, we are here told,
When life its narrow round of years hath roll'd,
What 'tis employs the bless'd, what makes their bliss;
Songs such as WATTS's are, and love like his.

But then, dear Sir, be cautious how you use,
To transports so intensely rais'd your muse,
Lest, while th' ecstatic impulse you obey,
The soul leap out, and drop the duller clay.

Sept. 4, 1706. HENRY GROVE.

CONTENTS.

BOOK I.

CONTENTS.

ON DIVINE LOVE.

CONTENTS.

BOOK II.

CONTENTS.

BOOK III.

HORÆ

HORÆ LYRICÆ.

BOOK I.

SACRED TO DEVOTION AND PIETY.

WORSHIPPING WITH FEAR.

WHO dares attempt th' Eternal Name,
  With notes of mortal sound?
Dangers and glories guard the theme,
  And spread despair around.

Destruction waits t' obey his frown,
  And heaven attends his smile;
A wreath of lightning arms his crown,
  But love adorns it still.

Celestial King, our spirits lie,
  Trembling beneath thy feet,
And wish, and cast a longing eye,
  To reach thy lofty seat.

When shall we see the Great Unknown,
And in thy presence stand?
Reveal the splendours of thy throne,
But shield us with thy hand.

In thee what endless wonders meet!
What various glory shines!
The crossing rays too fiercely beat
Upon our fainting minds.

Angels are lost in sweet surprise,
If thou unveil thy grace;
And humble awe runs thro' the skies,
When wrath arrays thy face.

When mercy joins with majesty
To spread their beams abroad,
Not all their fairest minds on high
Are shadows of a God.

Thy works the strongest seraph sings
In a too feeble strain,
And labours hard on all his strings
To reach thy thoughts in vain.

Created powers, how weak they be!
How short our praises fall!
So much akin to nothing we,
And thou th' Eternal All.

ASKING LEAVE TO SING.

YET, mighty GOD, indulge my tongue,
Nor let thy thunders roar,
Whilst the young notes and vent'rous song
To worlds of glory soar.

If thou my daring flight forbid
The muse folds up her wings;
Or at thy word her slender reed
Attempts Almighty things.

Her slender reed inspir'd by thee
Bids a new Eden grow,
With blooming life on every tree,
And spreads a heav'n below.

She mocks the trumpet's loud alarms
Fill'd with thy dreadful breath;
And calls th' angelic hosts to arms,
To give the nations death.

But when she tastes her Saviour's love,
And feels the rapture strong,
Scarce the divinest harp above
Aims at a sweeter song.

GOD'S DOMINION AND DECREES.

KEEP silence, all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod:
The muse stands trembling while she sings
The honours of her God.

Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown
Hang on his firm decree:
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

Th' Almighty voice bid ancient night
Her endless realms resign,
And lo, ten thousand globes of light
In fields of azure shine.

Now wisdom with superior sway
Guides the vast moving frame,
Whilst all the ranks of being pay
Deep rev'rence to his name.

He spake; the sun obedient stood,
And held the falling day:
Old Jordan backward drives his flood,
And disappoints the sea.

Lord of the armies of the sky,
He marshals all the stars;
Red comets lift their banners high,
And wide proclaim his wars.

Chain'd to his throne a volume lies,
With all the fates of men,
With every angel's form and size
Drawn by th' Eternal Pen.

His Providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counsels shine:
Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
Fulfils some deep design.

Here he exalts neglected worms
To sceptres and a crown;
Anon the following page he turns,
And treads the monarch down.

Not Gabriel asks the reason why,
Nor God the reason gives;
Nor dares the favourite angel pry
Between the folded leaves.

My God, I never long'd to see
My fate with curious eyes,
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes shall rise.

In thy fair book of life and grace
May I but find my name,
Recorded in some humble place
Beneath my Lord the Lamb.

DIVINE JUDGMENTS.

NOT from the dust my sorrows spring
Nor drop my comforts from the lower skies;
Let all the baneful planets shed
Their mingled curses on my head,
How vain their curses, if th' Eternal King
Look thro' the clouds, and bless me with his eyes.
Creatures with all their boasted sway
Are but his slaves, and must obey;
They wait their orders from above,
And execute his word, the vengeance, or the love.

'Tis by a warrant from his hand
The gentler gales are bound to sleep:
The north wind blusters and assumes command
Over the desert and the deep;
Old Boreas with his freezing pow'rs
Turns the earth iron, makes the ocean glass,
Arrest the dancing riv'lets as they pass,
And chains them moveless to their shores;
The grazing ox lows to the gelid skies,
Walks o'er the marble meads with withering eyes,
Walks o'er the solid lakes, snuffs up the wind, and dies.

Fly to the polar world, my song,
And mourn the pilgrims there, (a wretched throng!)
Seiz'd and bound in rigid chains,
A troop of statues on the Russian plains,
And life stands frozen in the purple veins.
Atheist, forbear; no more blaspheme:
God has a thousand terrors in his name,
A thousand armies at command,
Waiting the signal of his hand,
And magazines of frost, and magazines of flame.
Dress thee in steel to meet his wrath;
His sharp artillery from the north
Shall pierce thee to the soul, and shake thy mortal frame.
Sublime on winter's rugged wings
He rides in arms along the sky,
And scatters fate on swains and kings;
And flocks and herds, and nations die;
While impious lips, profanely bold,
Grow pale; and, quivering at his dreadful cold,
Give their own blasphemies the lie.

The mischiefs that infest the earth,
When the hot dog-star fires the realms on high,
Drought and disease, and cruel dearth,
Are but the flashes of a wrathful eye
From the incens'd Divinity.
In vain our parching palates thirst
For vital food in vain we cry,
And pant for vital breath;
The verdant fields are burnt to dust.
The sun has drunk the channels dry,
And all the air is death:
Ye scourges of our Maker's rod,
'Tis at his dread command, at his imperial nod
You deal your various plagues abroad.

Hail, whirlwinds, hurricanes and floods
That all the leafy standards strip,
And bear down with a mighty sweep
The riches of the fields, & honours of the woods;
Storms, that ravage o'er the deep,
And bury millions in the waves;
Earthquakes, that in midnight sleep
Turn cities into heaps, and make our beds our graves;
While you dispense your mortal harms,
'Tis the Creator's voice that sounds your loud alarms,
When guilt with louder cries provokes a God to arms.
O for a message from above
To bear my spirits up!
Some pledge of my Creator's love
To calm my terrors and support my hope!
Let waves and thunders mix and roar,

Be thou my God, and the whole world is mine:
While thou art Sov'reign, I'm secure;
I shall be rich till thou art poor;
For all I fear, and all I wish, heav'n, earth, and hell, are thine.

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

Hast thou not seen, impatient boy?
Hast thou not read the solemn truth,
That grey experience writes for giddy youth
On every mortal joy?
"Pleasure must be dash'd with pain:"
And yet with heedless haste,
The thirsty boy repeats the taste,
Nor hearkens to despair, but tries the bowl again.
The rills of pleasure never run sincere;
(Earth has no unpolluted spring)
From the curs'd soil some dang'rous taint they bear;
So roses grow on thorns, and honey wears a sting.

In vain we seek a heaven below the sky;
The world has false, but flatt'ring charms:
Its distant joys show big in our esteem,
But lessen still as they draw near the eye;
In our embrace the visions die,
And when we grasp the airy forms,
We lose the pleasing dream.

Earth, with her scenes of gay delight,
Is but a landscape rudely drawn,

With glaring colours, and false light;
Distance commends it to the sight,
For fools to gaze upon;
But bring the nauseous daubing nigh,
Coarse and confus'd the hideous figures lie,
Dissolve the pleasure, and offend the eye.

Look up, my soul, pant tow'rd th' eternal hills;
Those heav'ns are fairer than they seem;
There pleasures all sincere glide on in crystal rills,
There not a dreg of guilt defiles,
Nor grief disturbs the stream.
That Canaan knows no noxious thing,
No cursed soil, no tainted spring,
Nor roses grow on thorns, nor honey wears a sting.

FELICITY ABOVE.

No, 'tis in vain to seek for bliss;
For bliss can ne'er be found
'Till we arrive where Jesus is,
And tread on heav'nly ground.

There's nothing round these painted skies,
Or round his dusty clod;
Nothing, my soul, that's worth thy joys,
Or lovely as thy God.

'Tis heav'n on earth to taste his love,
To feel his quick'ning grace;
And all the heav'n I hope above
Is but to see his face.

Why move my years in slow delay?
  O God of ages! why?
Let the spheres cleave, and mark my way
  To the superior sky.

Dear Sov'reign, break these vital strings
  That bind me to my clay;
Take me, Uriel, on thy wings,
  And stretch and soar away.

SELF-CONSECRATION.

It grieves me, Lord it grieves me sore,
That I have liv'd to thee no more,
And wasted half my days;
  My inward pow'rs shall burn and flame
  With zeal and passion for thy name,
I would not speak, but for my God, nor move,
    but to his praise.

  What are my eyes but aids to see
  The glories of the Deity
    Inscrib'd with beams of light,
  On flow'rs and stars? Lord, I behold
  The shining azure green and gold;
But when I try to read thy name, a dimness veils
    my sight.

  Mine ears are rais'd when Virgil sings
  Sicilian swains, or Trojan kings,
  And drink the music in:

Why should the trumpet's brazen voice,
Or oaten reed awake my joys,
And yet my heart so stupid lie when sacred
hymns begin?

Change me, O God; my flesh shall be
An instrument of song to thee,
And thou the notes inspire:
My tongue shall keep the heav'nly chime,
My chearful pulse shall beat the time,
And sweet variety of sound shall in thy praise
conspire.

The dearest nerve about my heart,
Should it refuse to bear a part,
With my melodious breath,
I'd tear away the vital chord,
A bloody victim to my Lord,
And live without that impious string, or shew my
zeal in death.

THE CREATOR AND CREATURES.

God is a name my soul adores,
Th' Almighty Three, th' Eternal One;
Nature and grace, with all their pow'rs,
Confess the infinite unknown.

From thy great self thy being springs;
Thou art thine own original,
Made up of uncreated things,
And self-sufficience bears them all.

Thy voice produc'd the seas and spheres,
Bid the waves roar, and planets shine;
But nothing like thy self appears,
Thro' all these spacious works of thine.

Still restless nature dies and grows;
From change to change the creatures run:
Thy being no succession knows,
And all thy vast designs are one.

A glance of thine runs thro' the globes,
Rules the bright worlds, and moves their frame:
Broad sheets of light compose thy robes;
Thy guards are form'd of living flame.

Thrones and dominions round thee fall,
And worship in submissive forms;
Thy presence shakes this lower ball,
This little dwelling-place of worms.

How shall affrighted mortals dare
To sing thy glory or thy grace,
Beneath thy feet we lie so far,
And see but shadows of thy face?

Who can behold the blazing light?
Who can approach consuming flame?
None but thy wisdom knows thy might;
None but thy word can speak thy name.

THE NATIVITY OF CHRIST.

" Shepherds, rejoice, lift up your eyes,
" And send your fears away;
" News from the regions of the skies,
" Salvation's born to-day.

" Jesus, the God whom angels fear,
" Comes down to dwell with you;
" To-day he makes his entrance here,
" But not as monarchs do.

" No gold, nor purple swadling bands,
" Nor royal shining things;
" A manger for his cradle stands,
" And holds the King of kings.

" Go, shepherds, where the infant lies,
" And see his humble throne;
" With tears of joy in all your eyes,
" Go, shepherds, kiss the Son."

Thus Gabriel sang, and strait around
The heavenly armies throng,
They tune their harps to lofty sound,
" And thus conclude the song:

" Glory to God that reigns above,
" Let peace surround the earth;
" Mortals shall know their Maker's love,
" At their Redeemer's birth."

Lord! and shall angels have their songs,
  And men no tunes to raise?
O may we lose these useless tongues
  When they forget to praise!

Glory to God that reigns above,
  That pitied us forlorn,
We join to sing our Maker's love,
  For there's a Saviour born.

GOD GLORIOUS, AND SINNERS SAVED.

FATHER, how wide thy glory shines!
  How high thy wonders rise!
Known thro' the earth by thousand signs,
  By thousand thro' the skies.

Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,
  Their motions speak thy skill;
And on the wings of every hour,
  We read thy patience still.

Part of thy name divinely stands
  On all thy creatures writ,
They shew the labour of thine hands,
  Or impress of thy feet.

But when we view thy strange design
  To save rebellious worms;
Where vengeance and compassion join
  In their divinest forms.

Our thoughts are lost in reverend awe:
We love and we adore;
The first arch-angel never saw
So much of God before.

Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice or the grace.

When sinners broke the Father's laws,
The dying Son atones;
Oh the dear mysteries of his cross!
The triumph of his groans!

Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heav'nly plains;
Sweet cherubs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joys shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

THE PENITENT PARDONED.

HENCE from my soul, my sins, depart,
Your fatal friendship now I see;
Long have you dwelt too near my heart,
Hence, to eternal distance flee.

Ye gave my dying Lord his wound,
  Yet I caress'd your viperous brood,
And in my heart-strings lapp'd you round,
  You, the vile murderers of my God.

Black heavy thoughts, like mountains, roll
  O'er my poor breast, with boding fears,
And crushing hard my tortur'd soul,
  Wring thro' my eyes the briny tears.

Forgive my treasons, Prince of Grace,
  The bloody Jews were traitors too,
Yet thou hast pray'd for that curs'd race,
  "Father, they know not what they do."

Great Advocate, look down and see
  A wretch, whose smarting sorrows bleed;
O plead the same excuse for me!
  For, Lord, I knew not what I did.

Peace, my complaints; let every groan
  Be still, and silence wait his love;
Compassions dwell amidst his throne,
  And thro' his inmost bowels move.

Lo, from the everlasting skies,
  Gently, as morning-dews distil,
The Dove immortal downward flies,
  With peaceful olive in his bill.

How sweet the voice of pardon sounds!
  Sweet the relief to deep distress!
I feel the balm that heals my wounds,
  And all my powers adore the grace.

THE HUMBLE ENQUIRY:

A FRENCH SONNET IMITATED, 1692.

Grand Dieu, tes Jugemens, &c.

GRACE rules below, and sits enthron'd above,
How few the sparks of wrath! how slow they move,
And drop and die in boundless seas of love!

But me, vile wretch! should pitying love embrace
Deep in its ocean, hell itself would blaze,
And flash, and burn me thro' the boundless seas.

Yea, Lord, my guilt to such a vastness grown
Seems to confine thy choice to wrath alone,
And calls thy power to vindicate thy throne.

Thine honour bids, avenge thine injur'd name,
Thy slighted loves a dreadful glory claim,
While my moist tears might but incense thy flame.

Should heav'n grow black, almighty thunder roar,
And vengeance blast me, I could plead no more,
But own thy justice dying, and adore.

Yet can those bolts of death that cleave the flood
To reach a rebel, pierce this sacred shroud,
Ting'd in the vital stream of my Redeemer's blood.

A HYMN OF PRAISE FOR THREE GREAT SALVATIONS, *viz.*

1. From the Spanish Invasion, 1588.
2. From the Gunpowder Plot, Nov. 5.
3. From Popery and Slavery by King William, of glorious Memory, who landed Nov. 5, 1688.

Composed, Nov. 5, 1695.

INFINITE God, thy counsels stand
Like mountains of eternal brass,
Pillars to prop our sinking land,
Or guardian rocks to break the seas.

From pole to pole thy name is known,
Thee a whole heaven of angels praise;
Our labouring tongues would reach thy throne
With the loud triumphs of thy grace.

Part of thy church, by thy command,
Stands rais'd upon the British isles;
"There," said the Lord, "to ages stand,
"Firm as the everlasting hills."

In vain the Spanish ocean roar'd;
Its billows swell'd against our shore,
Its billows sunk beneath thy word,
With all the floating war they bore.

"Come," said the sons of bloody Rome,
"Let us provide new arms from hell:"
And down they digg'd thro' earth's dark womb,
And ransack'd all the burning cell.

Old Satan lent them fiery stores,
Infernal coal, and sulph'rous flame,
And all that burns, and all that roars,
Outrageous fires of dreadful name.

Beneath the senate and the throne,
Engines of hellish thunder lay;
There the dark seeds of fire were sown,
To spring a bright, but dismal day.

Thy love beheld the black design,
Thy love that guards our island round;
Strange! how it quench'd the fiery mine,
And crush'd the tempest under ground.

THE SECOND PART.

Assume, my tongue, a nobler strain,
Sing the new wonders of the Lord;
The foes revive their pow'rs again,
Again they die beneath his sword.

Dark as our thoughts our minutes roll,
While tyranny possess'd the throne,
And murderers of an Irish soul
Ran, threatning death, thro' every town.

The Roman priest, and British prince,
Join'd their best force, and blackest charms,
And the fierce troops of neighbouring France
Offer'd the service of their arms.

'Tis done, they cry'd, and laugh'd aloud,
  The courts of darkness rang with joy,
Th' old serpent hiss'd, and hell grew proud,
  While Zion mourn'd her ruin nigh.

But, lo, the great Deliverer sails
  Commission'd from Jehovah's hand,
And smiling seas, and wishing gales,
  Convey him to the longing land.

The happy day, and happy year,*
  Both in our new salvation meet:
The day that quench'd the burning snare,
  The year that burnt the invading fleet.†

Now did thine arm, O God of Hosts,
  Now did thine arm shine dazling bright,
The sons of might their hands had lost,
  And men of blood forgot to fight.

Brigades of angels lin'd the way,
  And guarded William to his throne;
There, ye celestial warriors, stay,
  And make his palace like your own.

Then, mighty God, the earth shall know
  And learn'd the worship of the sky:
Angels and Britons join below,
  To raise their hallelujahs high.

* Nov. 5, 1688. † Nov. 5, 1588.

All hallelujah, heavenly King;
While distant lands thy victory sing,
And tongues their utmost powers employ,
The world's bright roof repeats the joy.

THE INCOMPREHENSIBLE.

Far in the heav'ns my God retires,
My God, the mark of my desires,
And hides his lovely face;
When he descends within my view,
He charms my reason to pursue,
But leaves it tir'd and fainting in th' unequal chase.

Or if I reach unusual height
'Till near his presence brought,
There floods of glory check my flight,
Cramp the bold pinions of my wit,
And all untune my thought;
Plung'd in a sea of light I roll,
Where wisdom, justice, mercy, shines;
Infinite rays in crossing lines
Beat thick confusion on my sight, and overwhelm my soul.

Come to my aid, ye fellow-minds,
And help me reach the throne;
(What single strength, in vain designs,
United force hath done;
Thus worms may join, and grasp the poles,
Th[illegible] atoms fill the sea)

But the whole race of creature-souls
Stretch'd to their last extent of thought, plunge
and are lost in thee.

Great God, behold my reason lies
Adoring; yet my love would rise
On pinions not her own:
Faith shall direct her humble flight,
Thro' all the trackless seas of light,
To thee, th' eternal fair, the infinite unknown.

DEATH AND ETERNITY.

My thoughts, that often mount the skies,
Go, search the world beneath,
Where nature in all ruin lies,
And owns her sovereign, death.

The tyrant, how he triumphs here!
His trophies spread around!
And heaps of dust and bones appear
Thro' all the hollow ground.

These skulls, what ghastly figures now!
How loathsome to the eyes?
These are the heads we lately knew
So beauteous and so wise.

But where the souls, those deathless things,
That left his dying clay?
My thoughts, now stretch out all your wings,
And trace eternity.

O that unfathomable sea!
  Those deeps without a shore;
Where living waters gently play,
  Or fiery billows roar.

Thus must we leave the banks of life,
  And try this doubtful sea;
Vain are our groans, and dying strife,
  To gain a moment's stay.

There we shall swim in heav'nly bliss,
  Or sink in flaming waves,
While the pale carcass thoughtless lies,
  Amongst the silent graves.

Some hearty friend shall drop his tear
  On our dry bones, and say,
" These once were strong, as mine appear,
  " And mine must be as they."

Thus shall our mould'ring members teach
  What now our senses learn:
For dust and ashes loudest preach
  Man's infinite concern.

A SIGHT OF HEAVEN IN SICKNESS.

Oft have I sat in secret sighs,
  To feel my flesh decay,
Then groan'd aloud with frighted eyes,
  To view the tott'ring clay.

But I forbid my sorrows now,
  Nor dares the flesh complain;
Diseases bring their profit too;
  The joy o'ercomes the pain.

My chearful soul now all the day
  Sits waiting here and sings;
Looks thro' the ruins of her clay,
  And practises her wings.

Faith almost changes into sight,
  While from afar she spies,
Her fair inheritance, in light
  Above created skies.

Had but the prison walls been strong,
  And firm without a flaw,
In darkness she had dwelt too long,
  And less of glory saw.

But now the everlasting hills
  Thro' every chink appear,
And something of the joy she feels
  While she's a pris'ner here.

The shines of heaven rush sweetly in
  At all the gaping flaws;
Visions of endless bliss are seen;
  And native air she draws.

O may these walls stand tott'ring still,
  The breaches never close,
If I must here in darkness dwell,
  And all this glory lose!

Or rather let this flesh decay,
The ruins wider grow,
'Till glad to see th' enlarged way,
I stretch my pinions through.

THE UNIVERSAL HALLELUJAH.

Psalm cxlviii. Paraphrased.

PRAISE ye the Lord with joyful tongue,
Ye pow'rs that guard his throne;
JESUS the man shall lead the song,
The God inspire the tune.

Gabriel, and all th' immortal choir
That fill the realms above,
Sing; for he form'd you of his fire,
And feeds you with his love.

Shine to his praise, ye crystal skies,
The floor of his abode,
Or veil your little twinkling eyes
Before a brighter God.

Thou restless globe of golden light,
Whose beams create our days,
Join with the silver queen of night,
To own your borrow'd rays.

Blush and refund the honours paid
To your inferior names:
Tell the blind world, your orbs are fed
By his o'erflowing flames.

Winds, ye shall bear his name aloud
  Thro' the ethereal blue,
For when his chariot is a cloud,
  He makes his wheels of you.

Thunder and hail, and fires and storms,
  The troops of his command,
Appear in all your dreadful forms,
  And speak his awful hand.

Shout to the Lord, ye surging seas,
  In your eternal roar;
Let wave to wave resound his praise,
  And shore reply to shore:

While monsters sporting on the flood,
  In scaly silver shine,
Speak terribly their Maker-God,
  And lash the foaming brine.

But gentler things shall tune his name
  To softer notes than these,
Young zephyrs breathing o'er the stream,
  Or whispering thro' the trees.

Wave your tall heads, ye lofty pines,
  To him that bid you grow,
Sweet clusters, bend the fruitful vines
  On every thankful bough.

Let the shrill birds his honour raise,
  And climb the morning sky:
While groveling beasts attempt his praise
  In hoarser harmony.

Thus while the meaner creatures sing,
  Ye mortals, take the sound,
Echo the glories of your king
  Thro' all the nations round.

Th' eternal name must fly abroad
  From Britain to Japan;
And the whole race shall bow to God,
  That owns the name of man.

THE ATHEIST'S MISTAKE.

LAUGH, ye prophane, and swell and burst
  With bold impiety:
Yet shall ye live for ever curs'd,
  And seek in vain to die.

The gasp of your expiring breath
  Consigns your souls to chains,
By the last agonies of death
  Sent down to fiercer pains.

Ye stand upon a dreadful steep,
  And all beneath is hell;
Your weighty guilt will sink you deep,
  Where the old serpent fell.

When iron slumbers bind your flesh,
  With strange surprise you'll find
Immortal vigour spring afresh,
  And tortures wake the mind!

Then you'll confess the frightful names
Of plagues you scorn'd before,
No more shall look like idle dreams,
Like foolish tales no more.

Then shall ye curse that fatal day,
(With flames upon your tongues)
When you exchang'd your souls away
For vanity and songs.

Behold the saints rejoice to die,
For heav'n shines round their heads;
And angel-guards prepar'd to fly,
Attend their fainting beds.

Their longing spirits part, and rise
To their celestial seat;
Above these ruinable skies
They make their last retreat.

Hence, ye prophane, I hate your ways,
I walk with pious souls;
There's a wide difference in our race,
And distant are our goals.

THE LAW GIVEN AT SINAI.

ARM thee with thunder, heavenly muse,
And keep th' expecting world in awe;
Oft hast thou sung in gentler mood
The melting mercies of thy God;

Now give thy fiercest fires a loose,
And sound his dreadful law:
To Israel first the words were spoke,
To Israel freed from Egypt's yoke,
Inhuman bondage! The hard galling load
Over-press'd their feeble souls,
Bent their knees to senseless bulls,
And broke their ties to God.

Now had they pass'd the Arabian bay,
And march'd between the cleaving sea;
The rising waves stood guardians of their won-
d'rous way,
But fell with most impetuous force,
On the pursuing swarms,
And bury'd Egypt all in arms,
Blending in wat'ry death the rider and his horse:
O'er struggling Pharaoh roll'd the mighty tide,
And sav'd the labours of a pyramid.
Apis and Ore in vain he cries,
And all his horned Gods beside,
He swallows fate with swimming eyes,
And curs'd the Hebrews as he dy'd.

Ah! foolish Israel to comply
With Memphian idolatry!
And bow to brutes, (a stupid slave)
To idols impotent to save!
Behold thy God, the Sovereign of the sky,
Has wrought salvation in the deep,
Has bound thy foes in iron sleep,
And rais'd thine honours high;

His grace forgives thy follies past,
Behold he comes in majesty,
And Sinai's top proclaims his law:
Prepare to meet thy God in haste;
But keep an awful distance still:
Let Moses round the sacred hill
The circling limits draw.

Hark! The shrill echoes of the trumpet roar,
And call the trembling armies near;
Slow and unwilling they appear,
Rails kept them from the mount before,
Now from the rails their fear:
'Twas the same herald, and the trump the same
Which shall be blown by high command,
Shall bid the wheels of nature stand,
And Heav'n's eternal will proclaim,
That time shall be no more.

Thus while the labouring angel swell'd the sound,
And rent the skies, and shook the ground,
Up rose th' Almighty; round his sapphire seat
Adoring thrones in order fell;
The lesser powers at distance dwell.
And cast their glories down successive at his feet:
Gabriel the Great prepares his way,
Lift up your heads, eternal doors, he cries;
Th' eternal doors his word obey,
Open and shoot celestial day
Upon the lower skies.
Heav'n's mighty pillars bow'd their head,
As their Creator bid,
And down Jehovah rode from the superior sphere,
A thousand guards before, & myriads in the rear.

His chariot was a pitchy cloud,
The wheels beset with burning gems;
The winds in harness with the flames
Flew o'er th' ethereal road:
Down thro' his magazines he past
Of hail, and ice, and fleecy snow,
Swift roll'd thy triumph, and as fast
Did hail, and ice, in melted rivers flow.
The day was mingled with the night,
His feet on solid darkness trod,
His radiant eyes proclaim'd the God,
And scatter'd dreadful light;
He breath'd, and sulphur ran, a fiery stream:
He spoke, & (tho' with unknown speed he came)
Chid the slow tempest, and the lagging flame.

Sinai receiv'd his glorious flight,
With axle red, and glowing wheel
Did the winged chariot light,
And rising smoke obscur'd the burning hill.
Lo, it mounts in curling waves,
Lo, the gloomy pride out-braves
The stately pyramids of fire
The pyramids to heav'n aspire,
And mix with stars, but see their gloomy offspring higher,
So you have seen ungrateful ivy grow
Round the tall oak that six score years has stood,
And proudly shoot a leaf or two
Above its kind supporter's utmost bough,
And glory there to stand the loftiest of the wood.

Forbear, young muse, forbear;
The flow'ry things that poets say,

The little arts of simile
Are vain and useless here;
Nor shall the burning hills of old
With Sinai be compar'd,
Nor all that lying Greece has told,
Or learned Rome has heard;
Ætna shall be nam'd no more,
Ætna the torch of Sicily;
Not half so high
Her lightnings fly,
Not half so loud her thunders roar
Cross the Sicanian sea, to fright th' Italian shore.
Behold the sacred hill: its trembling spire
Quakes at the terrors of the fire,
While all below its verdant feet
Stagger and reel under th' Almighty weight:
Press'd with a greater than feign'd Atlas' load
Deep groan'd the mount; it never bore
Infinity before,
It bow'd, and shook beneath the burden of a God.

Fresh horror seize the camp, despair,
And dying groans, torment the air,
And shrieks, and swoons, and deaths were there;
The bellowing thunder, and the lightning's blaze
Spread thro' the host a wild amaze;
Darkness on every soul, and pale was every face:
Confus'd and dismal were the cries,
Let Moses speak, or Israel dies:
Moses the spreading terror feels,
No more the man of God conceals
His shivering and surprize:
Yet, with recovering mind, commands
Silence, & deep attention, thro' the Hebrew bands.

Hark! from the centre of the flame,
All arm'd and feather'd with the same,
Majestic sounds break thro' the smokey cloud:
Sent from the All-creating tongue,
A flight of cherubs guard the words along,
And bear their fiery law to the retreating crowd.

" I am the Lord: 'Tis I proclaim
" That glorious and that fearful name,
" Thy God and King: 'Twas I, that broke
" Thy bondage, and th' Egyptian yoke;
" Mine is the right to speak my will,
" And thine the duty to fulfil.
" Adore no God beside me, to provoke mine eyes;
" Nor worship me in shapes and forms that men devise;
" With rev'rence use my name, nor turn my words to jest;
" Observe my sabbath well, nor dare profane my rest;
" Honour, & due obedience to thy parents give;
" Nor spill the guiltless blood, nor let the guilty live:
" Preserve thy body chaste, and flee th' unlawful bed;
" Nor steal thy neighbour's gold, his garment, or his bread;
" Forbear to blast his name with falshood, or deceit;
" Nor let thy wishes loose upon his large estate."

REMEMBER YOUR CREATOR, &c.

Ecclesiastes xii.

CHILDREN, to your Creator, God,
Your early honours pay, [illegible],
While vanity and youthful blood
Would tempt your thoughts astray.

The memory of his mighty name,
Demands your first regard.
Nor dare indulge a meaner flame,
'Till you have lov'd the Lord.

Be wise, and make his favour sure,
Before the mournful days,
When youth and mirth are known no more,
And life and strength decays.

No more the blessings of a feast
Shall relish on the tongue,
The heavy ear forgets the taste
And pleasure of a song.

Old age, with all her dismal train,
Invades your golden years
With sighs and groans, and raging pain,
And death, that never spares.

What will ye do when light departs,
And leaves your withering eyes,
Without one beam to chear your hearts,
From the superior skies?

How will you meet God's frowning brow,
Or stand before his seat,
While nature's old supporters bow,
Nor bear their tott'ring weight?

Can you expect your feeble arms
Shall make a strong defence,
When death, with terrible alarms,
Summons the pris'ner hence?

The silver bands of nature burst,
And let the building fall;
The flesh goes down to mix with dust,
Its vile original.

Laden with guilt, (a heavy load)
Uncleans'd and unforgiv'n,
The soul returns t' an angry God,
To be shut out from heav'n.

SUN, MOON, AND STARS, PRAISE YE THE LORD.

Fairest of all the lights above,
Thou sun, whose beams adorn the spheres,
And with unweary'd swiftness move,
To form the circles of our years;

Praise the Creator of the skies,
That dress'd thine orb in golden rays:
Or may the sun forget to rise,
If he forget his Maker's praise.

Thou reigning beauty of the night,
  Fair queen of silence, silver moon,
Whose gentle beams, and borrow'd light,
  Are softer rivals of the noon;

Arise, and to that Sov'reign Pow'r
  Waxing and waning honours pay,
Who bid thee rule the dusky hour,
  And half supply the absent day.

Ye twinkling stars, who gild the skies
  When darkness has its curtains drawn,
Who keep your watch, with wakeful eyes,
  When business, cares, and day are gone:

Proclaim the glories of your Lord,
  Dispers'd thro' all the heav'nly street,
Whose boundless treasures can afford
  So rich a pavement for his feet.

Thou Heav'n of heav'ns, supremely bright,
  Fair palace of the court divine,
Where, with inimitable light,
  The Godhead condescends to shine.

Praise thou thy great Inhabitant,
  Who scatters lovely beams of grace
On every angel, every saint,
  Nor veils the lustre of his face.

O God of glory, God of love,
  Thou art the Sun that makes our days:
With all thy shining works above,
  Let earth and dust attempt thy praise.

THE WELCOME MESSENGER.

LORD, when we see a saint of thine
  Lie gasping on his breath,
With longing eyes, and looks divine,
  Smiling and pleas'd in death;

How we could e'en contend to lay
  Our limbs upon that bed!
We ask thine envoy to convey
  Our spirits in his stead.

Our souls are rising on the wing,
  To venture in his place;
For when grim death has lost his sting.
  He has an angel's face.

Jesus, then purge my crimes away,
  'Tis guilt creates my fears,
'Tis guilt gives death its fierce array,
  And all the arms it bears.

Oh! if my threat'ning sins were gone,
  And death had lost his sting,
I could invite the angel on,
  And chide his lazy wing.

Away these interposing days,
  And let the lovers meet;
The angel has a cold embrace,
  But kind, and soft, and sweet.

I'd leap at once my seventy years,
  I'd rush into his arms,
And lose my breath, and all my cares,
  Amidst those heav'nly charms.

Joyful I'd lay this body down,
  And leave the lifeless clay,
Without a sigh, without a groan,
  And stretch and soar away.

SINCERE PRAISE.

Almighty Maker, God!
  How wond'rous is thy name!
Thy glories how diffus'd abroad
  Thro' the creation's frame!

Nature in every dress
  Her humble homage pays,
And finds a thousand ways t' express
  Thine undissembled praise.

In native white and red
  The rose and lily stand,
And free from pride, their beauties spread,
  To shew thy skilful hand.

The lark mounts up the sky,
  With unambitious song,
And bears her Maker's praise on high
  Upon her artless tongue.

My soul would rise and sing
  To her Creator too,
Fain would my tongue adore my King,
  And pay the worship due.

But pride, that busy sin,
  Spoils all that I perform;
Curs'd pride, that creeps securely in,
  And swells a haughty worm.

Thy glories I abate,
  Or praise thee with design;
Some of thy favours I forget,
  Or think the merit mine.

The very songs I frame,
  Are faithless to thy cause,
And steal the honours of thy name
  To build their own applause.

Create my soul anew,
  Else all my worship's vain;
This wretched heart will ne'er be true,
  Until 'tis form'd again.

Descend, celestial fire,
  And seize me from above,
Melt me in flames of pure desire,
  A sacrifice to love.

Let joy and worship spend
  The remnant of my days,
And to my God, my soul, ascend,
  In sweet perfumes of praise.

TRUE LEARNING.

Partly imitated from a French Sonnet of Mr. Poiret.

HAPPY the feet that shining truth has led
With her own hand to tread the path she please,
To see her native lustre round her spread,
Without a veil, without a shade,
All beauty, and all light, as in herself she is.

Our senses cheat us with the pressing crowds
Of painted shapes they thrust upon the mind:
The truth they shew lies wrap'd in sev'nfold shrouds,
Our senses cast a thousand clouds
On unenlighten'd souls, & leave them doubly blind.

I hate the dust that fierce disputers raise,
And lose the mind in a wild maze of thought:
What empty triflings, and what subtil ways,
To fence and guard by rule and rote!
Our God will never charge us, that we knew them not.

Touch, heavenly Word, O touch these curious souls;
Since I have heard but one soft hint from thee,
From all the vain opinions of the schools
(That pageanty of knowing fools)
I feel my powers releas'd, and stand divinely free.

'Twas this Almighty Word that all things made,
He grasps whole nature in his single hand;
All the eternal truths in him are laid,
The ground of all things, and their head,
The circle where they move, & centre where they stand.

Without his aid I have no sure defence,
From troops of errors that besiege me round;
But he that rests his reason and his sense
  Fast here, and never wanders hence,
Unmoveable he dwells upon unshaken ground.

Infinite truth, the life of my desires,
Come from the sky, and join thyself to me;
I'm tir'd with hearing, and this reading tires;
  But never tir'd of telling thee,
'Tis thy fair face alone my spirit burns to see.

Speak to my soul, alone, no other hand
Shall mark my path out with delusive art:
All nature silent in his presence stand,
  Creatures be dumb at his command,
And leave his single voice to whisper to my heart.

Retire, my soul, within thyself retire,
Away from sense and every outward show:
Now let my thoughts to loftier themes aspire,
  My knowledge now on wheels of fire
May mount and spead above, surveying all below.

The Lord grows lavish of his heav'nly light,
And pours whole floods on such a mind as this:
Fled from the eyes she gains a piercing sight,
  She dives into the infinite,
And sees unutterable things in that unknown abyss.

TRUE WISDOM.

PRONOUNCE him blest, my muse, whom wisdom guides
In her own path to her own heavenly seat;
Thro' all the storms his soul securely glides,
Nor can the tempests, nor the tides,
That rise & roar around, supplant his steady feet.

Earth, you may let your golden arrows fly,
And seek, in vain, a passage to his breast,
Spread all your painted Toys to court his eye,
He smiles, and sees them vainly try
To lure his soul aside from her eternal rest.

Our head-strong lusts, like a young fiery horse,
Start, and flee raging in a violent course;
He tames and breaks them, manages & rides 'em,
Checks their career, and turns and guides 'em,
And bids his reason bridle their licentious force.

Lord of himself, he rules his wildest thoughts,
And boldly acts what calmly he design'd,
Whilst he looks down and pities human faults;
Nor can he think, nor can he find
A plague like reigning passions, & a subject mind.

But oh! 'tis mighty toil to reach this height,
To vanquish self is a laborious art;
What manly courage to sustain the fight
To bear the noble pain, and part
With those dear charming tempters rooted in the heart!

'Tis hard to stand when all the passions move,
Hard to awake the eye that passion blinds
To rend and tear out this unhappy love,
That clings so close about our minds, [finds.
And where th' inchanted soul so sweet a poison

Hard; but it may be done. Come, heavenly fire,
Come to my breast, and with one powerful ray
Melt off my lusts, my fetters: I can bear
A while to be a tenant here,
But not be chain'd and prison'd in a cage of clay.

Heav'n is my home and I must use my wings;
Sublime above the globe my flight aspires:
I have a soul was made to pitty kings,
And all their little glitt'ring things;
I have a soul was made for infinite desires.

Loos'd from the earth, my heart is upward flown;
Farewel, my friends, and all that once was mine;
Now, should you fix my feet on Cæsar's throne,
Crown me, and call the world my own,
The gold that binds my brows could ne'er my soul confine.

I am the Lord's, and Jesus is my love;
He, the dear God, shall fill my vast desire.
My flesh below; yet I can dwell above,
And nearer to my Saviour move;
There all my soul shall center, all my pow'rs conspire.

Thus I with angels live; thus half divine
I sit on high, nor mind inferior joys:

Fill'd with his love, I feel that God is mine,
His glory is my great design,
That everlasting project all my thoughts employs.

A SONG TO CREATING WISDOM.

PART I.

Eternal Wisdom, thee we praise,
Thee the creation sings:
With thy loud name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heaven's high palace rings.

Place me on the bright wings of day
To travel with the sun;
With what amaze shall I survey
The wonders thou hast done?

Thy hand how wide it spread the sky!
How glorious to behold?
Ting'd with a blue of heavenly dye,
And starr'd with sparkling gold.

There thou hast bid the globes of light
Their endless circles run;
There the pale planet rules the night,
And day obeys the sun.

PART II.

DOWNWARD I turn my wond'ring eyes
On clouds and storms below,
Those under regions of the skies
Thy num'rous glories show.

The noisy winds stand ready there
Thy orders to obey,
With sounding wings they sweep the air,
To make thy chariot way.

There, like a trumpet, loud and strong,
Thy thunder shakes our coast:
While the red lightnings wave along,
The banners of thine host.

On the thin air, without a prop,
Hang fruitful show'rs around:
At thy command they sink, and drop
Their fatness on the ground.

PART III.

Now to the earth I bend my song,
And cast my eyes abroad,
Glancing the British isles along;
Blest isles, confess your God.

How did his wond'rous skill array
Your fields in charming green;
A thousand herbs his art display,
A thousand flowers between!

Tall oaks for future navies grow,
  Fair Albion's best defence,
While corn and vines rejoice below,
  Those luxuries of sense.

The bleating flocks his pasture feeds:
  And herds of larger size,
That bellow thro' the Lindian meads,
  His bounteous hand supplies.

PART IV.

We see the Thames caress the shores,
  He guides her silver flood:
While angry Severn swells and roars,
  Yet hears her ruler God.

The rolling mountains of the deep
  Observe his strong command;
His breath can raise the billows steep,
  Or sink them to the sand.

Amidst thy wat'ry kingdoms, Lord,
  The finny nations play,
And scaly monsters, at thy word,
  Rush thro' the northern sea.

PART V.

Thy glories blaze all nature round,
  And strike the gazing sight,
Thro' skies, and seas, and solid ground,
  With terror and delight.

Infinite strength, and equal skill,
  Shine thro' the worlds abroad,
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
  And speak the builder God.

But the sweet beauties of thy grace
  Our softer passions move;
Pity divine in Jesus face
  We see, adore, and love.

GOD'S ABSOLUTE DOMINION.

LORD, when my thoughtful soul surveys
  Fire, air and earth, and stars and seas,
  I call them all thy slaves;
Commission'd by my Father's will,
Poisons shall cure, or balms shall kill;
  Vernal suns, or Zephyr's breath,
May burn or blast the plants to death
  That sharp December saves;
  What can winds or planets boast
  But a precarious pow'r?
The sun is all in darkness lost,
Frost shall be fire, and fire be frost,
  When he appoints the hour.

Lo, the Norwegians near the polar sky
  Chafe their frozen limbs with snow,
  Their frozen limbs awake and glow,
  The vital flame touch'd with a strange supply
Rekindles, for the God of life is nigh;

He bids the vital flood in wonted circles flow.
Cold steel sxpos'd to northern air,
Drinks the meridian fury of the midnight bear,
And burns th' unwary stranger there.

Enquire, my soul, of antient fame,
Look back two thousand years, and see
Th' Assyrian prince transform'd a brute,
For boasting to be absolute:
Once to his court the God of Israel came.
A King more absolute than he.
I see the furnace blaze with rage
Sevenfold: I see amidst the flame
Three Hebrews of immortal name;
They move, they walk across the burning stage
Unhurt, and fearless, while the tyrant stood
A statue; fear congeal'd his blood:
Nor did the raging element dare
Attempt their garments, or their hair;
It knew the Lord of nature there.
Nature, compell'd by a superior cause,
Now breaks her own eternal laws,
Now seems to break them, and obeys
Her Sov'reign King in different ways.
Father, how bright thy glories shine!
How broad thy kingdom, how divine!
Nature, and miracle, and fate, & chance are thine.

Hence from my heart, ye idols, flee,
Ye sounding names of vanity!
No more my lips shall sacrifice
To chance and nature, tales and lies:
Creatures without a God can yield me no supplies.

What is the sun, or what the shade,
Or frosts, or flames, to kill or save?
His favour is my life, his lips pronounce me dead;
And as his awful dictates bid,
Earth is my mother, or my grave.

CONDESCENDING GRACE.

In Imitation of Psalm cxivth.

When the Eternal bows the skies,
To visit earthly things,
With scorn divine he turns his eyes
From towers of haughty kings.

Rides on a cloud disdainful by
A Sultan, or a Czar,
Laughs at the worms that rise so high,
Or frowns 'm from afar.

He bids his awful chariot roll
Far downward from the skies,
To visit every humble soul,
With pleasure in his eyes.

Why should the Lord that reigns above
Disdain so lofty kings?
Say, Lord, and why such looks of love
Upon such worthless things?

Mortals, be dumb; what creature dares
Dispute his awful will?
Ask no account of his affairs,
But tremble, and be still.

Just like his nature is his grace,
  All sovereign, and all free;
Great God, how searchless are thy ways!
  How deep thy judgments be!

THE INFINITE.

Some seraph, lend your heavenly tongue,
  Or harp of golden string,
That I may raise a lofty song
  To our Eternal King.

Thy names, how infinite they be!
  Great Everlasting One!
Boundless thy might and majesty,
  And unconfin'd thy throne.

Thy glories shine of wondrous size,
  And wondrous large thy grace;
Immortal day breaks from thine eyes,
  And Gabriel veils his face.

Thine essence is a vast abyss,
  Which angels cannot sound,
An ocean of infinites
  Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

The mysteries of creation lie
  Beneath enlighten'd minds,
Thoughts can ascend above the sky,
  And fly before the winds.

Reason may grasp the massy hills,
And stretch from pole to pole,
But half thy name our spirit fills,
And overloads our soul.

In vain our haughty reason swells,
For nothing's found in thee
But boundless unconceivables,
And vast eternity.

CONFESSION AND PARDON.

Alas, my aching heart!
Here the keen torment lies;
It racks my waking hours with smart,
And frights my slumbring eyes.

Guilt will be hid no more,
My griefs take vent apace,
The crimes that blot my conscience o'er
Flush crimson in my face.

My sorrows, like a flood,
Impatient of restraint,
Into thy bosom, O my God,
Pour out a long complaint.

This impious heart of mine
Could once defy the Lord,
Could rush with violence on to sin,
In presence of thy sword.

How often have I stood
A rebel to the skies,
The calls, the tenders of a God,
And mercy's loudest cries!

He offers all his grace,
And all his heaven to me;
Offers! but 'tis to senseless brass,
That cannot feel nor see.

JESUS the Saviour stands
To court me from above,
And looks and spreads his wounded hands,
And shews the prints of love.

But I, a stupid fool,
How long have I withstood
The blessings purchas'd with his soul,
And paid for all in blood?

The heav'nly Dove came down
And tender'd me his wings
To mount me upwards to a crown,
And bright immortal things.

Lord, I'm asham'd to say
That I refus'd thy Dove,
And sent thy Spirit griev'd away,
To his own realms of love.

Not all thine heav'nly charms,
Nor terrors of thy hand,
Could force me to lay down my arms,
And bow to thy command.

Lord, 'tis against thy face
My sins like arrows rise,
And yet, and yet (O matchless grace!)
Thy thunder silent lies.

O shall I never feel
The meltings of thy love?
Am I of such hell-harden'd steel
That mercy cannot move?

Now for one powerful glance,
Dear, Saviour, from thy face!
This rebel-heart no more withstands,
But sinks beneath thy grace.

O'ercome by dying love I fall,
Here at thy cross I lie;
And throw my flesh, my soul, my all,
And weep, and love, and die.

" Rise, says the Prince of Mercy, rise,
" With joy and pity in his eyes:
" Rise, and behold my wounded veins,
" Here flows the blood to wash thy stains.

" See my great Father reconcil'd:"
He said. And lo, the Father smil'd;
The joyful cherubs clap'd their wings,
And sounded grace on all their strings.

YOUNG MEN AND MAIDENS, OLD MEN AND BABES, PRAISE YE THE LORD.

Psalm cxlviii. 12.

Sons of Adam, bold and young,
In the wild mazes of whose veins
A flood of fiery vigour reigns,
And weilds your active limbs, with hardy sinews strung;
Fall prostrate at th' eternal throne
Whence your precarious pow'rs depend;
Nor swell as if your lives were all your own,
But choose your Maker for your friend;
His favour is your life, his arm is your support,
His hand can stretch your days, or cut your minutes short.

Virgins, who roll your artful eyes,
And shoot delicious danger thence;
Swift the lovely lightning flies,
And melts our reason down to sense;
Boast not of those withering charms
That must yield their youthful grace
To age and wrinkles, earth and worms;
But love the author of your smiling face;
That heavenly Bridegroom claims your blooming hours;
O make it your perpetual care
To please that Everlasting Fair;
His beauties are the sun, and but the shade is yours.

Infants, whose different destinies
Are wove with threads of different size;
But from the same spring-tide of tears,
Commence your hopes and joys and fears,
(A tedious train!) and date your following years:

Break your first silence in his praise
 Who wrought your wondrous frame:
With sounds of tenderest accent raise
 Young honours to his name;
And consecrate your early days
 To know the pow'r supreme.

Ye heads of venerable age,
Just marching off the mortal stage,
Fathers, whose vital threads are spun
As long as e'er the glass of life would run,
Adore the hand that led your way
Thro' flow'ry fields a fair long summer's day;
Gasp out your soul in praises to the Sovereign Pow'r
That set your west so distant from your dawning hour.

FLYING FOWL, AND CREEPING THINGS, PRAISE YE THE LORD,

Psalm cxlviii. 10.

Sweet flocks, whose soft enamel'd wing
Swift and gently cleaves the sky;
Whose charming notes address the spring
 With an artless harmony.
 Lovely minstrels of the field,
 Who in leafy shadows sit,
 And your wondrous structures build,
Awake your tuneful voices with the dawning light;
To nature's God your first devotions pay,
 E'er you salute the rising day,
'Tis he calls up the sun, and gives him every ray.

Serpents, who o'er the meadows slide,
And wear upon your shining back
Num'rous ranks of gaudy pride,
Which thousand mingling colours make;
Let the fierce glances of your eyes
Rebate their baleful fire:
In harmless play twist and unfold
The volumes of your scaly gold:
That rich embroidery of your gay attire,
Proclaims your Maker kind and wise.

Insects and mites, of mean degree,
That swarm in myriads o'er the land,
Moulded by wisdom's artful hand,
And curl'd and painted with a various die;
In your innumerable forms
Praise him that wears th' ethereal crown,
And bend his lofty counsels down
To despicable worms.

THE COMPARISON AND COMPLAINT.

INFINITE power, eternal Lord,
How sovereign is thy hand!
All nature rose t' obey thy word,
And moves at thy command.

With steady course thy shining sun
Keeps his appointed way;
And all the hours obedient run
The circle of the day.

But ah! how wide my spirit flies,
  And wanders from her God!
My soul forgets the heavenly prize,
  And treads the downward-road.

The raging fire, and stormy sea,
  Perform thine awful will,
And every beast and every tree,
  Thy great designs fulfil.

While my wild passions rage within,
  Nor thy commands obey;
And flesh and sense, enslav'd to sin,
  Draw my best thoughts away.

Shall creatures of a meaner frame
  Pay all their dues to thee;
Creatures, that never knew thy name,
  That never lov'd like me?

Great God, create my soul anew,
  Conform my heart to thine,
Melt down my will, and let it flow,
  And take the mould divine.

Seize my whole frame into thy hand;
  Here all my pow'rs I bring;
Manage the wheels by thy command,
  And govern every spring.

Then shall my feet no more depart,
  Nor wand'ring senses rove;
Devotion shall be all my heart,
  And all my passions love.

Than not the sun shall more than I
His Maker's law perform,
Nor travel swifter thro' the sky,
Nor with a zeal so warm.

GOD SUPREME AND SELF-SUFFICIENT.

WHAT is our God, or what his name
Nor men can learn, nor angels teach;
He dwells conceal'd in radiant flame,
Where neither eyes nor thoughts can reach.

The spacious worlds of heav'nly light,
Compar'd with him, how short they fall?
They are too dark, and he too bright,
Nothing are they, and God is all.

He spoke the wondrous word, and lo
Creation rose at his command:
Whirlwinds and seas their limits know,
Bound in the hollow of his hand.

There rests the earth, there roll the spheres,
There nature leans, and feels her prop:
But his own self-sufficience bears
The weight of his own glories up.

The tide of creatures ebbs and flows,
Measuring their changes by the moon:
No ebb his sea of glory knows;
His age is one eternal noon.

Then fly, my song, an endless round,
  The lofty tune let Michael raise;
All nature dwell upon the sound,
  But we can ne'er fulfil the praise.

JESUS THE ONLY SAVIOUR.

ADAM, our father and our head
Transgrest; and justice doom'd us dead:
The fiery law speaks all despair,
There's no reprieve, nor pardon there.

Call a bright council in the skies;
" Seraphs the mighty and the wise,
" Say, what expedient can you give,
" That sin be damn'd, and sinners live?

" Speak, are you strong to bear the load,
" The weighty vengeance of a God?
" Which of you loves our wretched race,
" Or dares to venture in our place?"

In vain we ask: for all around
Stands silence thro' the heavenly ground:
There's not a glorious mind above
Has half the strength, or half the love.

But, O unutterable Grace!
Th' eternal Son takes Adam's place:
Down to our world the Saviour flies,
Stretches his naked arms, and dies.

Justice was pleas'd to bruise the God,
And pay its wrongs with heavenly blood;
What unknown racks and pangs he bore!
Then rose: The law could ask no more.

Amazing work! look down, ye skies,
Wonder and gaze with all your eyes;
Ye heavenly thrones, stoop from above,
And bow to this mysterious love.

See, how they bend! See, how they look!
Long they had read th' Eternal Book,
And studied dark decrees in vain,
The cross and Calvary makes them plain.

Now they are struck with deep amaze,
Each with his wings conceals his face;
Nor clap their sounding plumes, and cry,
The wisdom of a Deity!

Low they adore th' incarnate Son,
And sing the glories he hath won;
Sing how he broke our iron chains,
How deep he sunk, how high he reigns.

Triumph and reign, victorious Lord,
By all thy flaming hosts ador'd:
And say, dear Conqueror, say, how long,
E'er we shall rise to join their song.

Lo, from afar the promis'd day
Shines with a well distinguish'd ray;
But my wing'd passion hardly bears
These lengths of slow delaying years.

Send down a chariot from above,
With fiery wheels, and pav'd with love;
Raise me beyond th' ethereal blue,
To sing and love as angels do.

LOOKING UPWARD.

THE heavens invite mine eye,
  The stars salute me round;
Father, I blush, I mourn to lie
  Thus groveling on the ground.

My warmer spirits move,
  And make attempts to fly;
I wish aloud for wings of love
  To raise me swift and high.

Beyond those crystal vaults,
  And all their sparkling balls;
They're but the porches to thy courts,
  And paintings on thy walls.

Vain world, farewell to you;
  Heaven is my native air:
I bid my friends a short adieu,
  Impatient to be there.

I feel my powers releast
  From their old fleshy clod;
Fair guardian, bear me up in haste
  And set me near my God.

CHRIST DYING, RISING, AND REIGNING.

HE dies! the heav'nly Lover dies!
The tidings strike a doleful sound
On my poor heart-strings: deep he lies
In the cold caverns of the ground.

Come, saints, and drop a tear or two,
On the dear bosom of your God,
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood.

Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of Glory dies for men!
But lo, what sudden joys I see!
Jesus the dead revives again.

The rising God forsakes the tomb,
Up to his Father's court he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our Great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster Death in chains.

Say, live for ever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save!
Then ask the monster, Where's his sting?
And where's thy victory, boasting Grave?

THE GOD OF THUNDER.

O THE immense, th' amazing height,
  The boundless grandeur of our God,
Who treads the worlds beneath his feet,
  And sways the nations with his nod!

He speaks; and lo, all nature shakes,
  Heav'n's everlasting pillars bow;
He rends the clouds with hideous cracks,
  And shoots his fiery arrows through.

Well, let the nations start and fly
  At the blue lightning's horrid glare,
Atheists and emperors shrink and die,
  When flame and noise torment the air.

Let noise and flame confound the skies,
  And drown the spacious realms below,
Yet will we sing the thunderer's praise,
  And send our loud hosannas through.

Celestial King, thy blazing power
  Kindles our hearts to flaming joys,
We shout to hear thy thunders roar,
  And echo to our Father's voice.

Thus shall the God our Saviour come,
  And lightnings round his chariot play,
Ye lightnings, fly to make him room,
  Ye glorious storms, prepare his way.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

AN ODE.

Attempted in English Sapphick.

WHEN the fierce north wind with his airy forces
Rears up the Baltic to a foaming fury;
And the red lightning, with a storm of hail comes
Rushing amain down.

How the poor sailors stand amaz'd and tremble!
While the hoarse thunder, like a bloody trumpet,
Roars a loud onset to the gaping waters
Quick to devour them.

Such shall the noise be, and the wild disorder,
(If things eternal may be like these earthly)
Such the dire terror when the great Archangel
Shakes the creation.

Tears the strong pillars of the vault of heaven,
Breaks up old marble, the repose of princes;
See the graves open, and the bones arising,
Flames all around 'em!

Hark, the shrill outcries of the guilty wretches!
Lively bright horror, and amazing anguish,
Stare thro' their eye-lids, while the living worm lies
Gnawing within them.

Thoughts, like old vultures, prey upon their heart-strings,
And the smart twinges, when the eye beholds the
Lofty Judge frowning, and a flood of vengeance
Rolling afore him.

Hopeless immortals! how they scream and shiver
While devils push them to the pit wide-yawning
Hideous and gloomy to receive them headlong
Down to the centre.

Stop here, my fancy: (all away, ye horrid
Doleful ideas,) come, arise to Jesus,
How he sits God-like! and the saints around him
Thron'd, yet adoring!

O may I sit there when he comes triumphant,
Dooming the nations! then ascend to glory,
While our hosannas all along the passage
Shout the Redeemer.

THE SONG OF ANGELS ABOVE.

Earth has detain'd me prisoner long,
And I'm grown weary now:
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
There's nothing here for you.

Tir'd in my thoughts I stretch me down,
And upward glance mine eyes.
Upward (my Father) to thy throne,
And to my native skies.

There the dear Man, my Saviour sits,
The God, how bright he shines!
And scatters infinite delights
On all the happy minds.

Seraphs with elevated strains
  Circle the throne around,
And move and charm the starry plains
  With an immortal sound.

Jesus the Lord their harps employs,
  Jesus my love they sing,
Jesus the name of both our joys
  Sounds sweet from every string.

Hark, how beyond the narrow bounds
  Of time and space they run,
And speak in most majestic sounds,
  The Godhead of the Son.

How on the Father's breast he lay,
  The darling of his soul,
Infinite years before the day
  Or heavens began to roll.

And now they sink the lofty tone,
  And gentler notes they play,
And bring th' Eternal Godhead down
  To dwell in humble clay.

O sacred beauties of the Man!
  (The God resides within)
His flesh all pure, without a stain,
  His soul without a sin.

Then, how he look'd, and how he smil'd,
  What wondrous things he said!
Sweet cherubs, stay, dwell here a while,
  And tell what Jesus did.

At his command the blind awake,
And feel the gladsome rays;
He bids the dumb attempt to speak,
They try their tongues in praise.

He shed a thousand blessings round
Whene'er he turn'd his eye;
He spoke, and at the Sov'reign sound
The hellish legions fly.

Thus while with unambitious strife
Th' ethereal minstrels rove
Thro' all the labours of his life,
And wonders of his love.

In the full choir a broken string
Groans with a strange surprize;
The rest in silence mourn their king,
That bleeds, and loves, and dies.

Seraph and saint, with drooping wings,
Cease their harmonious breath;
No blooming trees, nor bubbling springs,
While Jesus sleeps in death.

Then all at once to living strains
They summon every chord,
Break up the tomb, and burst his chains,
And shew their rising Lord.

Around the flaming army throngs
To guard him to the skies,
With loud Hosannas on their tongues,
And triumph in their eyes.

In awful state the conquering God
  Ascends his shining throne,
While tuneful angels sound abroad
  The vict'ries he has won.

Now let me rise, and join their song,
  And be an angel too;
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
  Here's joyful work for you.

I would begin the music here,
  And so my soul should rise:
Oh for some heavenly notes to bear
  My spirit to the skies!

There, ye that love my Saviour, sit,
  There I would fain have place,
Amongst your thrones, or at your feet,
  So I might see his face.

I am confin'd to earth no more,
  But mount in haste above,
To bless the God that I adore,
  And sing the Man I love.

FIRE, AIR, EARTH, AND SEA, PRAISE YE THE LORD.

EARTH, thou great footstool of our God
Who reigns on high; thou fruitful source
Of all our raiment, life, and food;
Our house, our parent, and our nurse;

Mighty stage of mortal scenes,
Drest with strong and gay machines,
Hung with golden lamps around;
(And flow'ry carpets spread the ground)
Thou bulky globe, prodigious mass,
That hangs unpillar'd in an empty space!
While thy unweildy weight rests on the feeble air,
Bless that Almighty Word that fix'd & holds thee
there.

Fire, thou swift herald of his face,
Whose glorious rage, at his command,
Levels a palace with the sand,
Blending the lofty spires in ruin with the base:
Ye heav'nly flames, that singe the air,
Artillery of a jealous God;
Bright arrows that his sounding quivers bear
To scatter deaths abroad;
Lightnings, adore the sovereign arm that flings
His vengeance, and your fires, upon the heads of
kings.

Thou vital element, the air,
Whose boundless magazines of breath
Our fainting flame of life repair,
And save the bubble man from the cold arms of
death:
And ye, whose vital moisture yields
Life's purple stream a fresh supply;
Sweet waters, wand'ring thro' the flow'ry fields,
Or dropping from the sky;
Confess the Pow'r whose all-sufficient name
Nor needs your aid to build, or to support our
frame.

Now the rude air, with noisy force,
Beats up and swells the angry sea,
They join to make our lives a prey,
And sweep the sailor's hopes away,
Vain hopes, to reach their kindred on the shores!
Lo, the wild seas and surging waves
Gape hideous in a thousand graves:
Be still, ye floods, & know your bounds of sand,
Ye storms, adore your Master's hand;
The winds are in his fist,the waves at his command.

From the eternal emptiness
His fruitful word by secret springs
Drew the whole harmony of things
That form this noble universe:
Old Nothing knew his pow'rful hand,
Scarce had he spoke his full command,
Fire, air, & earth, & sea heard the creating call,
And leap'd from empty nothing to this beauteous
And still they dance, and still obey [All;
The orders they receiv'd the great creation-day.

THE FAREWEL.

DEAD be my heart to all below,
To mortal joys and mortal cares;
To sensual bliss that charms us so
Be dark, my eyes, and deaf, mine ears.

Here I renounce my carnal taste
Of the fair fruit that sinners prize:
Their paradise shall never waste
One thought of mine, but to despise.

All earthly joys are over-weigh'd
With mountains of vexatious care;
And where's the sweet that is not laid
A bait to some destructive snare?

Be gone for ever, mortal things!
Thou mighty mole-hill, earth, farewel!
Angels aspire on lofty wings,
And leave the globe for ants to dwell.

Come, heaven, and fill my vast desires,
My soul pursues the sov'reign good:
She was all made of heavenly fires,
Nor can she live on meaner food.

GOD ONLY KNOWN TO HIMSELF.

Stand and adore! how glorious he
That dwells in bright eternity!
We gaze, and we confound our sight
Plung'd in th' abyss of dazzling light.

Thou sacred One, Almighty Three,
Great Everlasting Mystery,
What lofty numbers shall we frame
Equal to thy tremendous name?

Seraphs, the nearest to the throne,
Begin, and speak the Great Unknown:
Attempt the song, wind up your strings,
To notes untry'd, and boundless things.

You, whose capacious pow'rs survey
Largely beyond our eyes of clay:
Yet what a narrow portion too
Is seen, or known, or thought by you?

How flat your highest praises fall
Below the immense Original!
Weak creatures we, that strive in vain
To reach an uncreated strain!

Great God, forgive our feeble lays,
Sound out thine own eternal praise;
A song so vast, a theme so high,
Calls for the voice that tun'd the sky.

PARDON AND SANCTIFICATION.

My crimes awake; and hideous fear
  Distracts my restless mind,
Guilt meets my eyes with horrid glare,
  And hell pursues behind.

Almighty vengeance frowns on high,
  And flames array the throne;
While thunder murmurs round the sky,
  Impatient to be gone.

Where shall I hide this noxious head;
  Can rocks or mountains save?
Or shall I wrap me in the shade
  Of midnight and the grave?

Is there no shelter from the eye
 Of a revenging God?
Jesus, to thy dear wounds I fly,
 Bedew me with thy blood.

Those guardian drops my soul secure,
 And wash away my sin;
Eternal justice frowns no more,
 And conscience smiles within.

I bless that wondrous purple stream
 That whitens every stain;
Yet is my soul but half redeem'd,
 If Sin the tyrant reign.

Lord, blast his empire with thy breath,
 That cursed throne must fall;
Ye flattering plagues, that work my death,
 Fly, for I hate you all.

SOVEREIGNTY AND GRACE.

THE Lord! how fearful is his name?
 How wide is his command?
Nature, with all her moving frame,
 Rests on his mighty hand.

Immortal glory forms his throne,
 And light his awful robe;
Whilst with a smile, or with a frown,
 He manages the globe.

A word of his almighty breath
  Can swell or sink the seas;
Build the vast empires of the earth,
  Or break them as he please.

Adoring angels round him fall
  In all their shining forms,
His sovereign eye looks thro' them all,
  And pities mortal worms.

His bowels, to our worthless race,
  In sweet compassion move;
He clothes his looks with softest grace,
  And takes his title, Love.

Now let the Lord for ever reign,
  And sway us as he will,
Sick, or in health, in ease, or pain,
  We are his favourites still.

No more shall peevish passion rise,
  The tongue no more complain;
'Tis sovereign love that lends our joys,
  And love resumes again.

THE LAW AND GOSPEL.

" Curst be the man, for ever curst,
  " That doth one wilful sin commit;
" Death and damnation for the first,
  " Without relief and infinite.

Thus Sinai roars; and round the earth
  Thunder, and fire, and vengeance flings;
But Jesus, thy dear gasping breath,
  And Calvary, say gentler things.

" Pardon, and grace, and boundless love,
  " Streaming along a Saviour's blood,
" And life, and joys, and crowns above,
  " Dear-purchas'd by a bleeding God.

Hark, how he prays, (the charming sound
  Dwells on his dying lips) forgive;
And every groan, and gaping wound,
  Cries, " Father, let the rebels live.

Go, you that rest upon the law,
  And toil, and seek salvation there,
Look to the flames that Moses saw,
  And shrink, and tremble, and despair.

But I'll retire beneath the cross,
  Saviour, at thy dear feet I lie;
And the keen sword that justice draws,
  Flaming and red, shall pass me by.

SEEKING A DIVINE CALM IN A RESTLESS WORLD.

O Mens, quæ stabili fata Regis vice, &c.

Casimiri, Book III. Od. 23.

Eternal mind, who rul'st the fates
Of dying realms, and rising states,

With one unchang'd decree,
While we admire thy vast affairs,
Say, can our little trifling cares
Afford a smile to thee?

Thou scatterest honours, crowns, and gold;
We fly to seize, and fight to hold
The bubbles and the ore:
So emmets struggle for a grain;
So boys their petty wars maintain
For shells upon the shore.

Here a vain man his scepter breaks,
The next a broken scepter takes,
And warriors win and lose;
This rolling world will never stand,
Plunder'd and snatch'd from hand to hand,
As power decays or grows.

Earth's but an atom: greedy swords
Carve it amongst a thousand lords,
And yet they can't agree:
Let greedy swords still fight and slay,
I can be poor; but Lord, I pray
To sit and smile with thee.

HAPPY FRAILTY.

How meanly dwells th' immortal mind!
" How vile these bodies are!
Why was a clod of earth design'd
" T' enclose a heavenly star?

" Weak cottage where our souls reside!
" This flesh a tott'ring wall;
" With frightful breaches gaping wide
" The building bends to fall.

" All round it storms of trouble blow,
" And waves of sorrow roll;
" Cold waves and winter storms beat through,
" And pain the tenant-soul.

" Alas! how frail our state!" said I;
And thus went mourning on,
Till sudden from the cleaving sky
A gleam of glory shone.

My soul all felt the glory come,
And breath'd her native air;
Then she remember'd heaven her home,
And she a prisoner here.

Straight she began to change her key,
And joyful in her pains,
She sung the frailty of her clay
In pleasurable strains.

" How weak the pris'n is where I dwell!
" Flesh but a tottering wall,
" The breaches chearfully foretel,
" The house must shortly fall.

" No more, my friends, shall I complain,
" Tho' all my heart-strings ache;
" Welcome, disease, and every pain,
" That makes the cottage shake.

"Now let the tempest blow all round,
"Now swell the surges high,
"And beat this house of bondage down,
"To let the stranger fly.

"I have a mansion built above
"By the Eternal Hand;
"And should the earth's old basis move
"My heav'nly house must stand.

"Yes, for 'tis there my Saviour reigns,
"(I long to see the God)
"And his immortal strength sustains
"The courts that cost him blood.

Hark! from on high my Saviour calls:
"I come, my Lord, my love:"
Devotion breaks the prison-walls,
And speeds my last remove.

LAUNCHING INTO ETERNITY.

It was a brave attempt! adventurous he,
Who in the first ship broke the unknown sea:
And leaving his dear native shores behind,
Trusted his life to the licentious wind.
I see the surging brine: the tempest raves:
He on the pine-plank rides across the waves,
Exulting on the edge of thousand gaping graves:
He steers the winged boat, and shifts the sails,
Conquers the flood, and manages the gales.

Such is the soul that leaves this mortal land
Fearless when the great Master gives command.
Death is the storm: she smiles to hear it roar,
And bids the tempest waft her from the shore:
Then with a skilful helm she sweeps the seas,
And manages the raging storm with ease;
(Her faith can govern death) she spreads her wings
Wide to the wind, and as she sails she sings,
And loses by degrees the sight of mortal things.
As the shores lessen, so her joys arise,
The waves roll gentler, and the tempest dies,
Now vast eternity fills all her sight,
She floats on the broad deep with infinite delight,
The seas for ever calm, the skies for ever bright.

A PROSPECT OF THE RESURRECTION.

How long shall Death the tyrant reign
And triumph o'er the just,
While the rich blood of martyrs slain
Lies mingled with the dust?

When shall the tedious night be gone?
When will our Lord appear?
Our fond desires would pray him down,
Our love embrace him here.

Let faith arise and climb the hills,
And from afar descry
How distant are his chariot wheels,
And tell how fast they fly.

Lo, I behold the scatt'ring shades,
  The dawn of heav'n appears,
The sweet immortal morning spreads
  Its blushes round the spheres.

I see the Lord of glory come,
  And flaming guards around:
The skies divide to make him room,
  The trumpet shakes the ground.

I hear the voice, "Ye dead arise,"
  And lo, the graves obey,
And waking saints with joyful eyes
  Salute th' expected day.

They leave the dust, and on the wing
  Rise to the middle air,
In shining garments meet their King,
  And low adore him there.

O may my humble spirit stand
  Amongst them cloth'd in white!
The meanest place at his right hand
  Is infinite delight.

How will our joy and wonder rise,
  When our returning King
Shall bear us homeward thro' the skies,
  On love's triumphant wing!

AD DOMINUM NOSTRUM ET SERVATOREM JESUM CHRISTUM.

ODA.

Te, grande numen, corporis incola,
Te, magna magni progenies patris,
  Nomen verendum nostri Jesu
    Vox, citharæ, calami sonabunt.

Aptentur auro grandisonæ fides,
Christi triumphos incipe barbite,
  Fractosque terrores Averni,
    Victum Erebum, domitamque mortem.

Immensa vastos sæcula circulos
Volvêre, blando dum patris in sinû
  Toto fruebatur Jehovah
    Gaudia mille bibens Jesus;

Donec superno vidit ab æthere
Adam cadentem, tartara hiantia,
  Unâque mergendos ruinâ
    Heu nimium miseros nepotes:

Vidit minaces vindicis angeli
Ignes et ensem, telaque sanguine
  Tingenda nostro, dum rapinæ
    Spe fremuere Erebæa monstra.

Commota sacras viscera protinus
Sensêre flammas, Omnipotens furor
  Ebullit, immensique amoris
    Æthereum calet igne pectus,

"Non tota prorsus gens hominum dabit
"Hosti triumphos: quid patris et labor
"Dulcisque imago? num peribunt
"Funditus? O prius astra cæcis.

"Mergantur undis, et redeat chaos:
"Aut ipse disperdam Satanæ dolos,
"Aut ipse disperdar, et isti
"Sceptra dabo moderanda dextræ.

"Testor paternum numen, et hoc caput
"Æquale testor, dixit; et ætheris
Inclinat ingens culmen, alto
Desiliitque ruens olympo.

Mortale corpus impiger induit
Artusque nostros, heu tenues nimis
Nimisque viles! vindicique
Corda dedit fodienda ferro.

Vitamque morti; proh dolor! O graves
Tonandis iræ! O lex satis aspera!
Mercesque peccati severa
Adamici, vetitique fructus.

Non pœna lenis! quò ruis impotens!
Quò musa! largas fundere lachrymas,
Bustique divini triumphos
Sacrilego temerare fletu?

Sepone questus, læta Deum cane
Majore chordâ. Psalle sonoriùs
Ut ferreas mortis cavernas
Et rigidam penetravit aulam.

Sensêre numen regna feralia,
Mugit barathrum, contremuit chaos,
Dirùm fremebat rex Gehennæ,
Perque suum tremebundus orcum.

Latè refugit. "Nil agis impie,
"Mergat vel imis te Phlegethon vadis,
"Hoc findet undas fulmen, inquit,
Et patrios jaculatus ignes.

Trajecit hostem. Nigra silentia
Umbræque flammas æthereas pavent
Dudum perosæ, ex quo corusco
Præcipites cecidere cœlo.

Immane rugit jam tonitru; fragor
Latè ruinam mandat: ab infimis
Lectæque designata genti
Tartara disjiciuntur antris.

Heîc strata passim vincula, et heîc jacent
Unci cruenti, tormina mentium
Invisa; ploratuque vasto
Spicula mors sibi adempta plangit.

En, ut resurgit victor ab ultimo
Ditis profundo, curribus aureis
Astricta raptans monstra noctis
Perdomitumque Erebi tyrannum.

Quanta angelorum gaudia jubilant
Victor paternum dum repetit polum?
En qualis ardet, dum beati
Limina scandit ovans olympi!

Io triumphe plectra seraphica,
Io triumphe grex hominum sonet,
Dum læta quaquaversus ambos
Astra repercutiunt triumphos.

SUI-IPSIUS INCREPATIO.

EPIGRAMMA.

Corpore cur hæres, Wattsi? cur incola terræ?
Quid cupis indignum, mens habitare lutum?
Te caro mille malis premit; hinc juvenes gravat artus
Languor, et hinc vegetus crimina sanguis alit.
Cura, amor, ira, dolor mentem malè distrahit; auceps
Undique adest Satanas retia sæva struens.
Suspice ut æthereum signant tibi nutibus astra.
Tramitem, et aula vocat parta cruore Dei.
Te manet Uriel dux; et tibi subjicit alas
Stellatas seraphin officiosa cohors.
Te superûm chorus optat amans, te invitat Jesus,
"Huc ades et nostro tempora conde sinû.
Verè amat ille lutum quem nec dolor aut Satan arcet
Inde, nec alliciunt angelus, astra, deus.

EXCITATIO CORDIS CÆLUM VERSUS.

1694.

Heu quot sêcla teris carcere corporis,
Wattsi? quid refugis limen et exitum?
Nec mens æthereum culmen, et atria
Magni patris anhelitat?

Corpus vile creat mille molestias,
Circum corda volant et dolor, et metus,
Peccatumque malis durius omnibus
Cæcas insidias struit.

Non hoc grata tibi gaudia de solo
Surgunt: Christus abest, deliciæ tuæ,
Longè Christus abest, inter et angelos
Et picta astra perambulans.

* Cœli summa petas, nec jaculabitur.
Iracunda tonans fulmina: te Deus
Hortatur; Vacuum tende per Æra
Pennas nunc homini datas.

BREATHING TOWARD THE HEAVENLY COUNTRY.

CASIMIRE, BOOK I. OD. 19. IMITATED.

Urit me Patriæ Decor, &c.

THE beauty of my native land
Immortal love inspires;
I burn, I burn with strong desires,
And sigh, and wait the high command.
There glides the moon her shining way,
And shoots my heart thro' with a silver ray,
Upward my heart aspires:

* Vide Horat. Lib. I. Od. 3.

A thousand lamps of golden light
Hung high, in vaulted azure, charm my sight,
And wink and beckon with their amorous fires,
O ye fair glories of my heavenly home,
Bright centinels who guard my Father's court,
Where all the happy minds resort,
When will my Father's chariot come?
Must ye for ever walk the ethereal round,
For ever see the mourner lie
An exile of the sky,
A prisoner of the ground?
Descend some shining servants from on high,
Build me a hasty tomb;
A grassy turf will raise my head;
The neighbouring lilies dress my bed;
And shed a cheap perfume.
Here I put off the chains of death,
My soul too long has worn:
Friends, I forbid one groaning breath,
Or tear to wet my urn;
Raphael, behold me all undrest,
Here gently lay this flesh to rest;
Then mount, and lead the path unknown,
Swift I pursue thee, flaming guide, on pinions of
my own.

CASIMIRI EPIGRAMMA 100.

In Sanctum Ardalionem qui ex Mimo Christianus factus Martyrium passus est.

ARDALIO sacros deridet carmine ritus,
Festaque non æquâ voce Theatra quatit,

Audiit Omnipotens; "Non est opus, inquit, hiulco
"Fulmine; tam facilem, gratia, vince virum.
Deserit illa polos, et deserit iste theatrum,
Et tereti sacrum volvit in ense caput.
"Sic, sic, inquit, abit nostræ comœdia vitæ;
"Terra vale, cœlum plaude, tyranne feri.

ENGLISHED.

On Saint Ardalio, who from a Stage-player became a Christian, and suffered Martyrdom.

ARDALIO jeers, and in his comic strains
The mysteries of our bleeding God profanes
While his loud laughter shakes the painted scenes.

Heaven heard, & strait around the smoking throne
The kindling lightning in thick flashes shone,
And vengeful thunder murmur'd to be gone.

Mercy stood near, and with a smiling brow
Calm'd the loud thunder; "There's no need of you;
"Grace shall descend, & the weak man subdue.

Grace leaves the skies, and he the stage forsakes,
He bows his head down to the martyring axe,
And as he bows, this gentle farewel speaks;

"So goes the comedy of life away;
"Vain earth, adieu; heaven will applaud to-day;
"Strike courteous tyrant, and conclude the play.

When the Protestant Church at Montpelier was demolished by the French King's order, the Protestants laid stones up in their burying-place, whereon a Jesuit made a Latin Epigram.

ENGLISHED THUS:

A Hug'not church, once at Montpelier built,
Stood & proclaim'd their madness & their guilt;
Too long it stood beneath Heav'n's angry frown,
Worthy when rising to be thunder'd down.
Lewis, at last, th' avenger of the skies,
Commands, and level with the ground it lies:
The stones dispers'd, their wretched offspring come,
Gather, and heap them on their father's tomb.
Thus the curs'd house falls on the builder's head:
And tho' beneath the ground their bones are laid,
Yet the just vengeance still pursues the guilty dead.

THE ANSWER BY A FRENCH PROTESTANT.

ENGLISHED THUS:

A Christian church once at Montpelier stood,
And nobly spoke the builder's zeal for God.
It stood the envy of the fierce dragoon,
But not deserv'd to be destroy'd so soon:
Yet Lewis, the wild tyrant of the age,
Tears down the walls, a victim to his rage.
Young faithful hands pile up the sacred stones
(Dear monument!) o'er their dead father's bones;

The stones shall move when the dead fathers rise,
Start up before the pale destroyer's eyes,
And testify his madness to th' avenging skies.

TWO HAPPY RIVALS, DEVOTION AND THE MUSE.

WILD as the lightning, various as the moon,
Roves my Pindaric song:
Here she glows like burning noon
In fiercest flames, and here she plays
Gentle as star-beams on the midnight seas;
Now in a smiling angel's form,
Anon she rides upon the storm,
Loud as the noisy thunder, as a deluge strong.
Are my thoughts and wishes free,
And know no number nor degree?
Such is the muse: lo, she disdains
The links and chains,
Measures and rules of vulgar strains
And o'er the laws of harmony a sovereign queen
she reigns.

If she roves
By streams or groves
Tuning her pleasures or her pains,
My passion keeps her still in sight,
My passion holds an equal flight
Thro' love's, or nature's wide campaigns.
If with bold attempt she sings
Of the biggest mortal things,
Tottering thrones and nations slain;

A long farewel to all below,
Farewel to all that sense can show,
To golden scenes, and flow'ry fields,
To all the worlds that fancy builds,
And all-that poets know.
Now the swift transports of the mind
Leave the fluttering muse behind,
A thousand loose Pindaric plumes fly scatt'ring down the wind.
Amongst the clouds I lose my breath,
The rapture grows too strong:
The feeble pow'rs that nature gave
Faint, and drop downward to the grave;
Receive their fall, thou treasurer of death;
I will no more demand my tongue,
Till the gross organ well refin'd
Can trace the boundless flights of an unfetter'd mind,
And raise an equal song.

The following Poems of this Book are peculiarly dedicated to Divine Love.*

THE HAZARD OF LOVING THE CREATURES.

Where-e'er my flatt'ring passions rove
I find a lurking snare;
'Tis dangerous to let loose our love
Beneath th' Eternal Fair.

---

* Different ages have their different airs and fashions of writing. It was much more the fashion of the age, when these poems were written, to treat of Divine subjects in the style of Solomon's Song than it is at this day, which will afford some apology for the writer, in his youngest years.

Souls whom the tye of friendship binds,
And partners of our blood,
Seize a large portion of our minds,
And leave the less for God.

Nature has soft but powerful bands,
And reason she controuls;
While children with their little hands
Hang closest to our souls.

Thoughtless they act the Old Serpent's part;
What tempting things they be!
Lord, how they twine about our heart,
And draw it off from thee!

Our hasty wills rush blindly on
Where rising passion rolls,
And thus we make our fetters strong
To bind our slavish souls.

Dear Sovereign, break those fetters off,
And set our spirits free;
God in himself is bliss enough,
For we have all in thee.

DESIRING TO LOVE CHRIST.

COME, let me love: or is thy mind
Harden'd to stone, or froze to ice?
I see the blessed Fair One bend
And stoop t' embrace me from the skies!

O! 'tis a thought would melt a rock,
And make a heart of iron move,
That those sweet lips, that heavenly look,
Should seek and wish a mortal love!

I was a traitor doom'd to fire,
Bound to sustain eternal pains;
He flew on wings of strong desire,
Assum'd my guilt, and took my chains.

Infinite Grace! Almighty Charms!
Stand in amaze, ye whirling skies,
Jesus the God, with naked arms,
Hangs on a cross of love, and dies.

Did pity ever stoop so low,
Dress'd in divinity and blood?
Was ever rebel courted so
In groans of an expiring God?

Again he lives; and spreads his hands,
Hands that were nail'd to tort'ring smart;
By these dear wounds, says he; and stands
And prays to clasp me to his heart.

Sure I must love; or are my ears
Still deaf, nor will my passion move?
Then let me melt this heart to tears;
This heart shall yield to death or love.

THE HEART GIVEN AWAY.

If there are passions in my soul,
(And passions sure they be)
Now they are all at thy controul,
My Jesus, all for thee.

If love, that pleasing power, can rest
In hearts so hard as mine,
Come, gentle Saviour, to my breast,
For all my love is thine.

Let the gay world, with treacherous art,
Allure my eyes in vain:
I have convey'd away my heart,
Ne'er to return again.

I feel my warmest passions dead
To all that earth can boast;
This soul of mine was never made
For vanity and dust.

Now I can fix my thoughts above,
Amidst their flatt'ring charms,
Till the dear Lord that hath my love
Shall call me to his arms.

So Gabriel at his King's command,
From yon celestial hill,
Walks downward to our worthless land,
His soul points upward still.

He glides along my mortal things,
Without a thought of love,
Fulfils his task, and spreads his wings
To reach the realms above.

MEDITATION IN A GROVE.

Sweet muse, descend and bless the shade,
And bless the evening grove;
Business, and noise, and day are fled,
And every care, but love.

But hence, ye wanton young and fair,
Mine is a purer flame;
No Phillis shall infect the air,
With her unhallowed name.

Jesus has all my powers possest,
My hopes, my fears, my joys:
He, the dear Sovereign of my breast,
Shall still command my voice.

Some of the fairest choirs above
Shall flock around my song,
With joy to hear the name they love
Sound from a mortal tongue.

His charms shall make my numbers flow,
And hold the falling floods,
While silence sits on every bough,
And bends the list'ning woods.

I'll carve our passion on the bark,
And every wounded tree
Shall drop and bear some mystic mark
That Jesus dy'd for me.

The swains shall wonder when they read,
Inscrib'd on all the grove,
That Heaven itself came down, and bled
To win a mortal's love.

THE FAIREST AND THE ONLY BELOVED.

HONOUR to that diviner ray
That first allur'd my eyes away
From every mortal fair;
All the gay things that held my sight
Seem but the twinkling sparks of night,
And languishing in doubtful light
Die at the morning-star.

Whatever speaks the Godhead great,
And fit to be ador'd,
Whatever makes the creature sweet,
And worthy of my passion, meet
Harmonious in my Lord.
A thousand graces ever rise
And bloom upon his face;
A thousand arrows from his eyes
Shoot thro' my heart with dear surprize,
And guard around the place.

All nature's art shall never cure
  The heavenly pains I found,
And 'tis beyond all beauty's power
    To make another wound:
  Earthly beauties grow and fade;
  Nature heals the wounds she made,
    But charms so much divine
Hold a long empire of the heart;
What heaven has join'd shall never part,
    And Jesus must be mine.

In vain the envious shades of night,
  Or flatteries of the day
Would veil his image from my sight,
  Or tempt my soul away;
Jesus is all my waking theme,
His lovely form meets every dream
  And knows not to depart:
    The passion reigns
    Thro' all my veins,
And floating round the crimson stream,
  Still finds him at my heart.

Dwell there, for ever dwell, my love;
  Here I confine my sense;
Nor dare my wildest wishes rove
  Nor stir a thought from thence.
Amidst thy glories and thy grace
Let all my remnant minutes pass;
  Grant, thou Everlasting Fair,
  Grant my soul a mansion there:
My soul aspires to see thy face
Tho' life shou'd for the vision pay;

So rivers run to meet the sea,
And lose their nature in th' embrace.

Thou art my ocean, thou my God;
In thee the passions of the mind
With joys and freedom unconfin'd
Exult, and spread their powers abroad.
Not all the glittering things on high
Can make my heaven, if thou remove;
I shall be tir'd and long to die;
Life is a pain without thy love;
Who could ever bear to be
Curst with immortality
Among the stars, but far from thee?

MUTUAL LOVE STRONGER THAN DEATH.

NOT the rich world of minds above
Can pay the mighty debt of love
I owe to Christ my God:
With pangs which none but he could feel
He brought my guilty soul from hell:
Not the first Seraph's tongue can tell
The value of his blood.

Kindly he seiz'd me in his arms,
From the false world's pernicious charms
With force divinely sweet.
Had I ten thousand lives my own,
At his demand,
With chearful hand,

I'd pay the vital treasure down
In hourly tributes at his feet.

But, Saviour, let me taste thy grace
With every fleeting breath?
And thro' that heaven of pleasure pass
To the cold arms of death;
Then I could lose successive souls
Fast as the minutes fly;
So billow after billow rolls
To kiss the shore, and die.

A SIGHT OF CHRIST.

The Substance of the following Copy, and many of the Lines, were sent me by an esteemed Friend, Mr. W. Nokes, with a desire that I would form them into a Pindaric Ode; but I retained his measures, lest I should too much alter his sense.

Angels of light, your God and King surround
With noble songs; in his exalted flesh
He claims your worship; while his saints on earth,
Bless their Redeemer-God with humble tongues.
Angels with lofty honours crown his head;
We bowing at his feet, by faith, may feel
His distant influence, and confess his love.

Once I beheld his face, when beams divine
Broke from his eye-lids, and unusual light
Wrapt me at once in glory and surprize.
My joyful heart high leaping in my breast
With transport cry'd, This is the Christ of God;

Then threw my arms around in sweet embrace,
And clasp'd, and bow'd adoring low, till I was
lost in him.

While he appears, no other charms can hold
Or draw my soul, asham'd of former things,
Which no remembrance now deserve or name,
Tho' which contempt; best in oblivion hid.

But the bright shine & presence soon withdrew;
I sought him whom I love, but found him not;
I felt his absence; and with strongest cries
Proclaim'd, Where Jesus is not, all is vain.
Whether I hold him with a full delight,
Or seek him panting with extreme desire,
'Tis he alone can please my wond'ring soul;
To hold or seek him is my only choice.
If he refrain on me to cast his eye
Down from his palace, nor my longing soul
With upward look can spy my dearest Lord
Thro' his blue pavement, I'll behold him still
With sweet reflection on the peaceful cross,
All in his blood and anguish groaning deep,
Gasping and dying there ——————
This sight I ne'er can lose, by it I live:
A quick'ning virtue from his death inspir'd
Is life and breath to me; his flesh my food;
His vital blood I drink, and hence my strength.

I live, I'm strong, and now eternal life
Beats quick within my breast; my vigorous mind
Spurns the dull earth, and on her fiery wings
Reaches the mount of purposes divine,

Counsels of peace betwixt th' Almighty Three
Conceiv'd at once, and sign'd without debate,
In perfect union of th' eternal mind.
With vast amaze I see the unfathom'd thoughts,
Infinite schemes, and infinite designs
Of God's own heart, in which he ever rests.
Eternity lies open to my view;
Here the beginning and the end of all
I can discover; Christ the end of all,
And Christ the great beginning; he my head,
My God, my Glory, and my All in All.

O that the day, the joyful day were come,
When the first Adam from his ancient dust
Crown'd with new honours shall revive, and see
Jesus his Son and Lord; while shouting saints
Surround their King, and God's eternal Son
Shines in the midst, but with superior beams,
And like himself; then the mysterious word
Long hid behind the letter shall appear
All spirit and life, and in the fullest light
Stand forth to public view; and there disclose
His Father's sacred works, and wond'rous ways:
Then wisdom, righteousness and grace divine,
Thro' all the infinite transactions past,
Inwrought and shining, shall with double blaze
Strike our astonish'd eyes, and ever reign
Admir'd and glorious in triumphant light.

Death, and the Tempter, and the Man of Sin
Now at the bar arraign'd, in judgment cast,
Shall vex the saints no more: but perfect love
And loudest praises perfect joy create, [state.
While ever-circling years maintain the blissful

LOVE ON A CROSS, AND A THRONE.

Now let my faith grow strong, and rise,
  And view my Lord in all his love;
Look back to hear his dying cries,
  Then mount and see his throne above.

See where he languish'd on the cross;
  Beneath my sins he groan'd and dy'd;
See where he sits to plead my cause
  By his Almighty Father's side.

If I behold his bleeding heart,
  There love in floods of sorrow reigns,
He triumphs o'er the killing smart,
  And buys my pleasure with his pains.

Or if I climb th' eternal hills
  Where the dear Conqueror sits enthron'd,
Still in his heart compassion dwells,
  Near the memorials of his wound.

How shall a pardon'd rebel show
  How much I love my dying God?
Lord, here I banish every foe,
  I hate the sins that cost thy blood.

I hold no more commerce with hell,
  My dearest lusts shall all depart;
But let thine image ever dwell
  Stampt as a seal upon my heart.

A PREPARATORY THOUGHT FOR THE LORD'S SUPPER.

In imitation of Isaiah lxiii. 1, 2, 3.

WHAT heavenly Man, or lovely God,
  Comes marching downward from the skies,
Array'd in garments roll'd in blood,
  With joy and pity in his eyes.

The Lord! the Saviour! yes, 'tis he,
  I know him by the smiles he wears;
Dear glorious Man that dy'd for me,
  Drench'd deep in agonies and tears!

Lo, he reveals his shining breast;
  I own those wounds, and I adore:
Lo, he prepares a royal feast,
  Sweet fruit of the sharp pangs he bore!

Whence flow these favours so divine!
  Lord! why so lavish of thy blood?
Why for such earthly souls as mine,
  This heav'nly flesh, this sacred food?

'Twas his own love that made him bleed,
  That nail'd him to the cursed tree;
'Twas his own love this table spread
  For such unworthy worms as we.

Then let us taste the Saviour's love,
  Come, faith, and feed upon the Lord:
With glad consent our lips shall move
  And sweet Hosannas crown the board.

CONVERSE WITH CHRIST.

I'M tir'd with visits, modes, and forms,
And flatteries paid to fellow-worms;
Their conversation cloys;
Their vain amours, and empty stuff:
But I can ne'er enjoy enough
Of thy best company, my Lord, thou life of all my joys.

When he begins to tell his love,
Through every vein my passions move,
The captives of his tongue:
In midnight shades, on frosty ground,
I could attend the pleasing sound,
Nor should I feel December cold, nor think the darkness long.

There, while I hear my Saviour God
Count o'er the sins (a heavy load)
He bore upon the tree,
Inward I blush with secret shame,
And weep, and love, and bless the name
That knew not guilt nor grief his own, but bare it all for me.

Next he describes the thorns he wore,
And talks his bloody passion o'er,
Till I am drown'd in tears:
Yet with the sympathetic smart
There's a strange joy beats round my heart;
The cursed tree has blessings in't, my sweetest balm it bears.

I hear the glorious sufferer tell,
How on his cross he vanquish'd hell,
And all the powers beneath:
Transported and inspir'd, my tongue
Attempts his triumphs in a song;
"How has the Serpent lost his sting, and where's thy victory, Death?

But when he shews his hands and heart,
With those dear prints of dying smart,
He sets my soul on fire:
Not the beloved John could rest
With more delight upon that breast,
Nor Thomas pry into those wounds with more intense desire.

Kindly he opens me his ear,
And bids me pour my sorrow there,
And tell him all my pains:
Thus while I ease my burden'd heart,
In every woe he bears a part,
His arms embrace me, and his hand my drooping head sustains.

Fly from my thoughts, all human things,
And sporting swains, and fighting kings,
And tales of wanton love:
My soul disdains that little snare
The tangles of Amira's hair;
Thine arms, my God, are sweeter bands, nor can my heart remove.

GRACE SHINING, AND NATURE FAINTING.

Solomon's Song, i. 3. and ii. 5. and vi. 5.

TELL me, fairest of thy kind,
Tell me, Shepherd, all divine,
Where this fainting head reclin'd
May relieve such cares as mine:
Shepherd, lead me to thy grove;
If burning noon infect the sky
The sick'ning sheep to covert fly,
The sheep not half so faint as I,
Thus overcome with love.

Say, thou dear Sovereign of my breast,
Where dost thou lead thy flock to rest:
Why should I appear like one
Wild and wand'ring all alone,
Unbeloved and unknown?
O my Great Redeemer, say,
Shall I turn my feet astray!
Will Jesus bear to see me rove,
To see me seek another love?

Ne'er had I known his dearest name,
Ne'er had I felt his inward flame,
Had not his heart-strings first began the tender sound:
Nor can I bear the thought, that he
Shou'd leave the sky,
Shou'd bleed and die,
Should love a wretch so vile as me
Without returns of passion for his dying wound.

His eyes are glory mix'd with grace;
In his delightful awful face
Sits majesty and gentleness.
So tender is my bleeding heart
That with a frown he kills;
His absence in perpetual smart
Nor is my soul refin'd enough
To bear the beaming of his love,
And feel his warmer smiles.
Where shall I rest this drooping head?
I love, I love the Sun, and yet I want the shade.

My sinking spirits feebly strive
T' endure the extasy;
Beneath these rays I cannot live.
And yet without them die.
None knows the pleasure and the pain
That all my inward powers sustain
But such as feel a Saviour's love, and love the God
again.

Oh why should beauty heavenly bright
Stoop to charm a mortal's sight,
And torture with the sweet excess of light?
Our hearts, alas! how frail their make!
With their own weight of joy they break,
Oh, why is love so strong, & nature's self so weak?

Turn, turn away thine eyes,
Ascend the azure hills, and shine
Amongst the happy tenants of the skies,
They can sustain a vision so divine.
O turn thy lovely glories from me,
The joys are too intense, the glories overcome me.

Dear Lord, forgive my rash complaint,
And love me still
Against my froward will;
Unveil thy beauties, tho' I faint.
Send the great herald from the sky,
And at the trumpet's awful roar
This feeble state of things shall fly,
And pain and pleasure mix no more:
Then shall I gaze with strength'ned sight
On glories infinitely bright,
My heart shall all be love, my Jesus all delight.

LOVE TO CHRIST PRESENT OR ABSENT.

Of all the joys we mortals know,
Jesus, thy love exceeds the rest;
Love, the best blessing here below,
And nearest image of the blest.

Sweet are my thoughts, and soft my cares,
When the celestial flame I feel;
In all my hopes, and all my fears,
There's something kind and pleasing still.

While I am held in his embrace
There's not a thought attempts to rove;
Each smile he wears upon his face
Fixes, and charms, and fires my love.

He speaks, and strait immortal joys
Run thro' my ears, and reach my heart;
My soul all melts at that dear voice,
And pleasure shoots thro' every part.

If he withdraw a moment's space,
He leaves a sacred pledge behind;
Here in this breast his image stays,
The grief and comfort of my mind.

While of his absence I complain,
And long, and weep as lovers do,
There's a strange pleasure in the pain,
And tears have their own sweetness too.

When round his courts by day I rove,
Or ask the watchmen of the night
For some kind tidings of my love,
His very name creates delight.

Jesus, my God; yet rather come;
Mine eyes would dwell upon thy face;
'Tis best to see my Lord at home,
And feel the presence of his grace.

THE ABSENCE OF CHRIST.

Come, lead me to some lofty shade
Where turtles moan their loves;
Tall shadows were for lovers made;
And grief becomes the groves.

'Tis no mean beauty of the ground
That has enslav'd mine eyes;
I faint beneath a nobler wound,
Nor love below the skies.

Jesus, the spring of all that's bright,
The Everlasting Fair,
Heaven's Ornament, and Heaven's Delight,
Is my Eternal Care.

But, ah! how far above this grave
Does the bright Charmer dwell?
Absence, thou keenest wound to love,
That sharpest pain, I feel.

Pensive I climb the sacred hills,
And near him vent my woes;
Yet his sweet face he still conceals,
Yet still my passion grows.

I murmur to the hollow vale,
I tell the rocks my flame,
And bless the echo in her cell
That best repeats her name.

My passion breathes perpetual sighs,
Till pitying winds shall hear,
And gently bear them up the skies,
And gently wound his ear.

DESIRING HIS DESCENT TO EARTH.

Jesus, I love. Come, dearest name,
Come and possess this heart of mine;
I love, tho' 'tis a fainter flame,
And infinitely less than thine.

O! if my Lord would leave the skies,
  Drest in the rays of mildest grace,
My soul should hasten to my eyes
  To meet the pleasures of his face.

How would I feast on all his charms,
  Then round his lovely feet entwine!
Worship and love, in all their forms,
  Shou'd honour beauty so divine.

In vain the tempter's flatt'ring tongue,
  The world in vain shall bid me move,
In vain; for I should gaze so long
  Till I were all transform'd to love.

Then (mighty God) I'd sing and say,
  "What empty names are crowns and kings!
"Amongst 'em give these worlds away,
  "These little despicable things.

I would not ask to climb the sky
  Nor envy angels their abode,
I have a heav'n as bright and high
  In the blest vision of my God.

ASCENDING TO HIM IN HEAVEN.

'Tis pure delight, without alloy.
  Jesus, to hear thy name,
My spirit leaps with inward joy,
  I feel the sacred flame.

My passions hold a pleasing reign,
  While love inspires my breast,
Love, the divinest of the train,
  The Sovereign of the rest.

This is the grace must live and sing,
  When faith and fear shall cease,
Must sound from every joyful string
  Thro' the sweet groves of bliss.

Let life immortal seize my clay;
  Let love refine my blood;
Her flames can bear my soul away,
  Can bring me near my God.

Swift I ascend the heavenly place,
  And hasten to my home,
I leap to meet thy kind embrace,
  I come, O Lord, I come.

Sink down, ye separating hills,
  Let guilt and death remove,
'Tis love that drives my chariot-wheels,
  And death must yield to love.

THE PRESENCE OF GOD WORTH DYING FOR: OR, THE DEATH OF MOSES.

LORD, 'tis an infinite delight
  To see thy lovely face,
To dwell whole ages in thy sight,
  And feel thy vital rays.

This Gabriel knows; and sings thy name
With rapture on his tongue;
Moses the saint enjoys the same,
And heaven repeats the song.

While the bright nation sounds thy praise
From each eternal hill,
Sweet odours of exhaling grace
The happy region fill.

Thy love, a sea without a shore,
Spreads life and joy abroad:
O 'tis a heaven worth dying for
To see a smiling God!

Shew me thy face, and I'll away
From all inferior things;
Speak, Lord, and here I quit my clay,
And stretch my airy wings.

Sweet was the journey to the sky
The wond'rous prophet try'd;
"Climb up the mount," says God, "and die;"
The prophet climb'd and dy'd.

Softly his fainting head he lay
Upon his Maker's breast,
His Maker kiss'd his soul away,
And laid his flesh to rest.

In God's own arms he left the breath
That God's own Spirit gave;
His was the noblest road to death,
And his the sweetest grave.

LONG FOR HIS RETURN.

O 'TWAS a mournful parting day!
" Farewel, my Spouse," he said;
(How tedious, Lord, is thy delay!
How long my Love hath staid!)

Farewel! at once he left the ground,
And climb'd his Father's sky;
Lord, I would tempt thy chariot down,
Or leap to thee on high.

Round the creation wild I rove,
And search the globe in vain;
There's nothing here that's worth my love
Till thou return again.

My passions fly to seek their King,
And send their groans abroad,
They beat the air with heavy wing,
And mourn an absent God:

With inward pain my heart-strings sound,
My soul dissolves away;
Dear Sovereign, whirl the seasons round,
And bring the promis'd day.

HOPE IN DARKNESS.

1694.

YET, gracious God,
Yet will I seek thy smiling face;

What tho' a short eclipse his beauties shroud
  And bar the influence of his rays,
'Tis but a morning vapour, or a summer cloud·
He is my Sun tho' he refuse to shine,
  Tho' for a moment he depart
  I dwell for ever on his heart,
    For ever he on mine.
  Early before the light arise
  I'll spring a thought away to God;
  The passion of my heart and eyes
  Shall shout a thousand groans and sighs,
  A thousand glances strike the skies,
    The floor of his abode.

  Dear Sovereign, hear thy servant pray,
  Bend the blue heavens, Eternal King,
  Downward thy chearful graces bring;
Or shall I breathe in vain & pant my hours away?
Break, glorious Brightness, thro' the gloomy veil,
  Look how the armies of despair
  Aloft their sooty banners rear
  Round my poor captive soul, and dare
  Pronounce me prisoner of hell.
  But thou, my Sun, and thou, my Shield,
  Wilt save me in the bloody field;
Break, glorious Brightness, shoot one glimmering
        ray,
  One glance of thine creates a day,
  And drives the troops of hell away.

Happy the times, but ah! the times are gone
  When wond'rous power and radiant grace
Round the tall arches of the temple shone,
  And mingled their victorious rays:

Sin, with all its ghastly train,
Fled to the deeps of death again,
And smiling triumph sat on every face:
Our spirits raptur'd with the sight,
Where all devotion, all delight,
And loud Hosannas sounded the Redeemer's praise.
Here could I say,
(And point the place whereon I stood)
Here I enjoy'd a visit half the day
From my descending God:
I was regal'd with heavenly fare,
With fruit and manna from above;
Divinely sweet the blessings were
While mine Emanuel was there:
And o'er my head
The Conqueror spread
The banner of his love.

Then why my heart sunk down so low?
Why do my eyes dissolve and flow,
And hopeless nature mourn?
Review, my soul, those pleasing days,
Read his unalterable grace
Thro' the displeasure of his face,
And wait a kind return.
A father's love may raise a frown
To chide the child, or prove the son,
But love will ne'er destroy;
The hour of darkness is but short,
Faith be thy life, and patience thy support,
The morning brings the joy.

COME, LORD JESUS.

When shall thy lovely face be seen?
  When shall our eyes behold our God?
What lengths of distance lie between,
  And hills of guilt? a heavy load!

Our months are ages of delay,
  And slowly every minute wears:
Fly, winged time, and roll away
  These tedious rounds of sluggish years.

Ye heavenly gates, loose all your chains,
  Let the eternal pillars bow;
Blest Saviour, cleave the starry plains,
  And make the crystal mountains flow.

Hark, how thy saints unite their cries,
  And pray and wait the general doom;
Come, thou, the Soul of all our joys,
  Thou, the Desire of nations, come.

Put thy bright robes of triumph on,
  And bless our eyes, and bless our ears,
Thou absent Love, thou dear Unknown,
  Thou Fairest of ten thousand fairs.

Our heart-strings groan with deep complaint,
  Our flesh lies panting, Lord, for thee,
And every limb, and every joint,
  Stretches for immortality.

Our spirits shake their eager wings,
And burn to meet thy flying throne;
We rise away from mortal things
T' attend thy shining chariot down.

Now let our chearful eyes survey
The blazing earth and melting hills,
And smile to see the lightnings play,
And flash along before thy wheels.

O for a shout of violent joys
To join the trumpet's thund'ring sound!
The angel herald shakes the skies,
Awakes the graves, and tears the ground.

Ye slumb'ring saints, a heavenly host
Stands waiting at your gaping tombs;
Let every sacred sleeping dust
Leap into life, for Jesus comes.

Jesus, the God of might and love,
New-moulds our limbs of cumb'rous clay;
Quick as seraphic flames we move,
Active and young, and fair as they.

Our airy feet with unknown flight
Swift as the motions of desire,
Run up the hills of heavenly light,
And leave the welt'ring world in fire.

BEWAILING MY OWN INCONSTANCY.

I LOVE the Lord; but ah! how far
My thoughts from the dear object are
This wanton heart, how wide it roves!
And fancy meets a thousand loves.

If my soul burn to see my God,
I tread the courts of his abode,
But troops of rivals throng the place
And tempt me off before his face.

Would I enjoy my Lord alone,
I bid my passions all be gone,
All but my love; and charge my will
To bar the door and guard it still.

But cares, or trifles, make, or find,
Still new avenues to the mind,
Till I with grief and wonder see,
Huge crowds betwixt the Lord and me.

Oft I am told the muse will prove
A friend to piety and love;
Strait I begin some sacred song,
And take my Saviour on my tongue.

Strangely I lose his lovely face,
To hold the empty sounds in chase;
At best the chimes divide my heart,
And the muse shares the larger part.

False confident! and falser breast!
Fickle, and fond of every guest:
Each airy image as it flies
Here finds admittance thro' my eyes.

This foolish heart can leave her God,
And shadows tempt her thoughts abroad:
How shall I fix this wand'ring mind?
Or throw my fetters on the wind?

Look gently down, Almighty Grace,
Prison me round in thine embrace;
Pity the soul that would be thine,
And let thy power my love confine.

Say, when shall thy bright moment be
That I shall live alone for thee,
My heart no foreign lords adore,
And the wild muse prove false no more?

FORSAKEN, YET HOPING.

HAPPY the hours, the golden days,
When I could call my Jesus mine,
And sit and view his smiling face,
And melt in pleasures all divine.

Near to my heart, within my arms
He lay, till sin defil'd my breast,
Till broken vows, and earthly charms,
Tir'd and provok'd my heavenly guest.

And now he's gone, (O mighty woe!)
Gone from my soul, and hides his love!
Curse on you, sins, that griev'd him so,
Ye sins, that forc'd him to remove.

Break, break, my heart; complain, my tongue;
Hither, my friends, your sorrows bring:
Angels, assist my doleful song,
If you have e'er a mourning string.

But, ah! your joys are ever nigh,
Ever his lovely face you see;
While my poor spirits pant and die,
And groan for thee, my God, for thee.

Yet let my hope look thro' my tears,
And spy afar his rolling throne;
His chariot thro' the cleaving spheres
Shall bring the bright Beloved down.

Swift as a roe flies o'er the hills,
My soul springs out to meet him high,
Then the fair Conqueror turns his wheels,
And climbs the mansions of the sky.

There smiling joy for ever reigns
No more the turtle leaves the dove;
Farewel to jealousies, and pains,
And all the ills of absent love.

THE CONCLUSION.

GOD EXALTED ABOVE ALL PRAISE.

ETERNAL Power! whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God;
Infinite length beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds.

The lowest step above thy seat
Rises too high for Gabriel's feet,
In vain the tall arch-angel tries
To reach thine height with wond'ring eyes.

Thy dazzling beauties whilst he sings
He hides his face behind his wings;
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.

Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too;
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
"The Great, the Holy, and the High!"

Earth from afar has heard thy fame,
And worms have learnt to lisp thy name;
But O, the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

God is in heaven, and men below;
Be short, our tunes; our words be few;
A sacred reverence check our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

END OF BOOK I.

Tibi silet Laus, O Deus. *Psal.* lxv. 1.

BOOK II.

SACRED TO

VIRTUE, HONOUR, AND FRIENDSHIP.

TO HER MAJESTY.

QUEEN of the northern world whose gentle sway
Commands our love, & charms our hearts t' obey,
Forgive the nation's groan when William dy'd:
Lo, at thy feet in all the loyal pride
Of blooming joy, three happy realms appear,
And William's urn almost without a tear
Stands; nor complains: while from thy gracious tongue
Peace flows in silver streams amidst the throng.
Amazing balm, that on those lips was found
To sooth the torment of that mortal wound,
And calm the wild affright! The terror dies,
The bleeding wound cements, the danger flies,
And Albion shouts thine honours as her joys arise.

The German eagle feels her guardian dead,
Not her own thunder can secure her head;

Her trembling eaglets hasten from afar,
And Belgia's lion dreads the Gallic war:
All hide behind thy shield. Remoter lands
Whose lives lay trusted in Nassovian hands
Transfer their souls, and live; secure they play
In thy mild rays, and love the growing day.

Thy beamy wing at once defends and warms
Fainting religion, whilst in various forms
Fair piety shines thro' the British isles:
Here at thy side, and in thy kindest smiles *
Blazing in ornamental gold she stands,
To bless thy councils, and assist thy hands,
And crowds wait round her to receive commands.
There, at a humble distance from the throne †,
Beauteous she lies; her lustre all her own,
Ungarnish'd; yet not blushing, nor afraid,
Nor knows suspicion, nor affects the shade:
Chearful and pleas'd, she not presumes to share
In thy parental gifts, but owns thy guardian care.
For thee, dear sovereign, endless vows arise,
And zeal, with earthly wing, salutes the skies
To gain thy safety: here a solemn form *
Of ancient words keeps the devotion warm,
And guides, but bounds our wishes: there the mind †
Feels its own fire, and kindles, unconfin'd,

* The established church of England.

† The protestant dissenters.

With bolder hopes: yet still beyond our vows,
Thy lovely glories rise, thy spreading terror
grows.

Princess, the world already owns thy name:
Go, mount the chariot of immortal fame,
Nor die to be renown'd: Fame's loudest breath
Too dear is purchas'd by an angel's death.
The vengeance of thy rod, with general joy,
Shall scourge rebellion and the rival boy *:
Thy sounding arms his Gallic patron hears
And speeds his flight; not overtakes his fears,
Till hard despair wring from the tyrant's soul
The iron tears out. Let thy frown controul
Our angry jars at home, till wrath submit
Her impious banners to thy sacred feet.
Mad zeal, and frenzy, with their murderous train,
Flee these sweet realms in thine auspicious reign,
Envy expire in rage, and Treason bite the
chain.

Let no black scenes affright fair Albion's stage:
Thy thread of life prolong our golden age,
Long bless the earth, and late ascend thy throne
Ethereal; (not thy deeds are there unknown,
Nor there unsung; for, by thine awful hands,
Heaven rules the waves, and thunders o'er the
lands,
Creates inferior kings †, and gives 'em their
commands.)

* The Pretender.

† She made Charles the emperor's second son king of Spain, who is now emperor of Germany.

Legions attend thee at the radiant gates;
For thee thy sister-seraph, blest Maria, waits.

But oh! the parting stroke! some heavenly power
Chear thy sad Britons in the gloomy hour;
Some new propitious star appear on high
The fairest glory of the western sky,
And Anna be its name; with gentle sway
To check the planets of malignant ray,
Sooth the rude north wind, and the rugged bear,
Calm rising wars, heal the contagious air,
And reign with peaceful influence to the southern sphere.

---

[t] *Note*, This poem was written in the year 1705, in that honourable part of the reign of our late queen, when she had broke the French power at Blenheim, asserted the right of Charles, the present emperor, to the crown of Spain, exerted her zeal for the protestant succession, and promised, inviolably, to maintain the toleration to the protestant dissenters. Thus she appeared the chief support of the reformation, and the patroness of the liberties of Europe.

The latter part of her reign was of a different colour, and was by no means attended with the accomplishment of those glorious hopes which we had conceived. Now the Muse cannot satisfy herself to publish this new edition without acknowledging the mistake of her former presages; and while she does the world this justice, she does herself the honour of a voluntary retractation.

August 1, 1721.

PALINODIA.

Britons, forgive the forward Muse
That dar'd prophetic seals to loose,
(Unskill'd in Fate's eternal book)
And the deep characters mistook.

George is the name, that glorious star;
Ye saw his splendors beaming far;
Saw, in the East, your joys arise,
When Anna sunk in western skies,
Streaking the heavens with crimson gloom,
Emblems of Tyranny and Rome,
Portending blood and night to come.
'Twas George diffus'd a vital ray,
And gave the dying nations day:
His influence sooths the Russian bear,
Calms rising wars, and heals the air;
Join'd with the sun his beams are hurl'd
To scatter blessings round the world,
Fulfil whate'er the Muse has spoke,
And crown the work that Anne forsook.

Aug. 1, 1721.

TO JOHN LOCKE, Esq.

Retired from Business.

Angels are made of heavenly things,
And light and love our souls compose,
Their bliss within their bosom springs,
Within their bosom flows.

But narrow minds still make pretence
To search the coasts of flesh and sense,
And fetch diviner pleasures thence.
Men are akin to ethereal forms,
But they belye their nobler birth,
Debase their honour down to earth,
And claim a share with worms.

He that has treasures of his own
May leave the cottage or the throne,
May quit the globe, and dwell alone
Within his spacious mind.
Locke hath a soul wide as the sea,
Calm as the night, bright as the day,
There may his vast ideas play,
Nor feel a thought confin'd.

TO

JOHN SHUTE, Esq.

(NOW LORD BARRINGTON)

On Mr. Locke's dangerous Sickness, some time after he had retired to study the Scriptures.

June, 1704.

And must the man of wondrous mind
(Now his rich thoughts are just refin'd)
Forsake our longing eyes?
Reason, at length, submits to wear
The wings of Faith; and lo, they rear
Her chariot high, and nobly bear
Her prophet to the skies.

Go, friend, and wait the prophet's flight,
Watch if his mantle chance to light,
And seize it for thy own;
Shute is the darling of his years,
Young Shute his better likeness bears;
All but his wrinkles and his hairs
Are copy'd in his son.

Thus when our follies, or our fau'ts,
Call for the pity of thy thoughts,
Thy pen shall make us wise:
The sallies of whose youthful wit
Could pierce the British fogs with light,
Place our true * interest in our sight,
And open half our eyes.

TO MR. WILLIAM NOKES.

FRIENDSHIP.

1702.

Friendship, thou charmer of the mind,
Thou sweet deluding ill,
The brightest minute mortals find,
And sharpest hour we feel.

Fate has divided all our shares
Of pleasure and of pain;
In love the comforts and the cares
Are mix'd and join'd again.

* The Interest of England, written by I. S. esq.

But whilst in floods our sorrow rolls,
And drops of joy are few,
This dear delight of mingling souls
Serves but to swell our woe.

Oh! why should bliss depart in haste,
And friendship stay to moan?
Why the fond passion cling so fast,
When every joy is gone?

Yet never let our hearts divide,
Nor death dissolve the chain:
For love and joy were once ally'd,
And must be join'd again.

TO NATHANIEL GOULD, Esq.

1704.

'Tis not by splendour, or by state,
Exalted mien, or lofty gait,
My muse takes measure of a king:
If wealth, or height, or bulk will do,
She calls each mountain of Peru
A more majestic thing.
Frown on me, friend, if e'er I boast
O'er fellow-minds enslav'd in clay,
Or swell when I shall have engrost
A larger heap of shining dust,
And wear a bigger load of earth than they.
Let the vain world salute me loud,
My thoughts look inward, and forget
The sounding names of high and great,
The flatteries of the crowd.

When Gould commands his ships to run
And search the traffick of the sea,
His fleet o'ertakes the falling day,
And bears the western mines away,
Or richer spices from the rising sun:
While the glad tenants of the shore
Shout, and pronounce him senator *,
Yet still the man's the same:
For well the happy merchant knows
The soul with treasure never grows,
Nor swells with airy fame.

But trust me, Gould, 'tis lawful pride
To rise above the mean controul
Of flesh and sense, to which we're ty'd;
This is ambition that becomes a soul.
We steer our course up thro' the skies;
Farewel this barren land:
We ken the heavenly shore with longing eyes,
There the dear wealth of spirits lies,
And beckoning angels stand.

TO DR. THOMAS GIBSON.

THE LIFE OF SOULS.

1704.

Swift as the sun revolves the day,
We hasten to the dead,
Slaves to the wind, we puff away,
And to the ground we tread.

* Member of Parliament for a port in Sussex.

'Tis air that lends us life, when first
The vital bellows heave:
Our flesh we borrow of the dust;
And when a mother's care has nurst
The babe to manly size, we must
With usury pay the grave.

Rich juleps drawn from precious ore
Still tend the dying flame:
And plants, and roots, of barbarous name,
Torn from the Indian shore.
Thus we support our tott'ring flesh,
Our cheeks resume the rose afresh,
When bark and steel play well their game
To save our sinking breath,
And Gibson, with his awful power,
Rescues the poor precarious hour
From the demands of death.

But art and nature, powers and charms,
And drugs, and recipes, and forms,
Yield us, at last, to greedy worms
A despicable prey;
I'd have a life to call my own.
That shall depend on heaven alone;
Nor air, nor earth, nor sea.
Mix their base essences with mine,
Nor claim dominion so divine
To give me leave to be.

Sure there's a mind within, that reigns
O'er the dull current of my veins;
I feel the inward pulse beat high
With vig'rous immortality.

Let earth resume the flesh it gave,
And breath dissolve amongst the winds;
Gibson, the things that fear a grave,
That I can lose, or you can save,
Are not akin to minds.

We claim acquaintance with the skies,
Upward our spirits hourly rise,
And there our thoughts employ:
When Heaven shall sign our grand release,
We are no strangers to the place,
The business, or the joy.

FALSE GREATNESS.

MYLO, forbear to call him blest
That only boasts a large estate,
Should all the treasures of the west
Meet, and conspire to make him great.
I know thy better thoughts, I know
Thy reason can't descend so low.
Let a broad stream, with golden sands,
Thro' all his meadows roll,
He's but a wretch, with all his lands,
That wears a narrow soul.

He swells amidst his wealthy store,
And proudly poizing what he weighs,
In his own scale he fondly lays
Huge heaps of shining ore.
He spreads the balance wide to hold
His manors and his farms,
And cheats the beam with loads of gold
He hugs between his arms.

So might the plough-boy climb a tree,
When Crœsus mounts his throne,
And both stand up, and smile to see
How long their shadow's grown.
Alas! how vain their fancies be
To think that shape their own!

Thus mingled still with wealth and state,
Crœsus himself can never know;
His true dimensions and his weight
Are far inferior to their show.
Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I must be measur'd by my soul:
The mind's the standard of the man.

TO SARISSA.

AN EPISTLE.

Bear up, Sarissa, thro' the ruffling storms
Of a vain vexing world: tread down the cares
Those rugged thorns that lie across the road,
Nor spend a tear upon them. Trust the Muse,
She sings experienced truth: this briny dew,
This rain of eyes will make the briars grow.
We travel thro' a desart, and our feet
Have measur'd a fair space, have left behind
A thousand dangers, and a thousand snares
Well scap'd. Adieu, ye horrors of the dark,
Ye finish'd labours, and ye tedious toils
Of days and hours: the twinge of real smart,
And the false terrors of ill-boding dreams

Vanish together, be alike forgot,
For ever blended in one common grave.

Farewel, ye waxing and ye waning moons,
That we have watch'd behind the flying clouds
On Night's dark hill, or setting or ascending,
Or in meridian height: then silence reign'd
O'er half the world; then ye beheld our tears,
Ye witness'd our complaints, our kindred groans,
(Sad harmony!) while with your beamy horns
Or richer orb ye silver'd o'er the green
Where trod our feet, and lent a feeble light
To mourners. Now ye have fulfill'd your round,
Those hours are fled, farewel. Months that are gone
Are gone for ever, and have borne away
Each his own load. Our woes and sorrows past,
Mountainous woes, still lessen as they fly
Far off. So billows in a stormy sea,
Wave after wave (a long succession) roll
Beyond the ken of sight: the sailors safe,
Look far a-stern till they have lost the storm,
And shout their boisterous joys. A gentler muse
Sings thy dear safety, and commands thy cares
To dark oblivion; bury'd deep in night
Lose them, Sarissa, and assist my song.

Awake thy voice, sing how the slender line
Of Fate's immortal now divides the past
From all the future, with eternal bars
Forbidding a return. The past temptations
No more shall vex us; every grief we feel
Shortens the destin'd number; every pulse
Beats a sharp moment of the pain away,

And the last stroke will come. By swift degrees
Time sweeps us off, and we shall soon arrive
At Life's sweet period: O celestial point
That ends this mortal story!

But if a glimpse of light, with flatt'ring ray,
Breaks thro' the clouds of life, or wandering fire
Amidst the shades invite your doubtful feet,
Beware the dancing meteor; faithless guide,
That leads the lonesome pilgrim wide astray
To bogs, and fens, and pits, and certain death!
Should vicious pleasure take an angel form
And at a distance rise, by slow degrees,
Treacherous, to wind herself into your heart,
Stand firm aloof; nor let the gaudy phantom
Too long allure your gaze: the just delight
That heaven indulges lawful must obey
Superior powers; nor tempt your thoughts too far
In slavery to sense, nor swell your hope
To dang'rous size: If it approach your feet
And court your hand, forbid th' intruding joy
To sit too near your heart: Still may our souls
Claim kindred with the skies, nor mix with dust
Our better-born affections; leave the globe
A nest for worms, and hasten to our home.

O there are gardens of th' immortal kind
That crown the heavenly Eden's rising hills
With beauty & with sweets; no lurking mischief
Dwells in the fruit, nor serpent twines the boughs;
The branches bend laden with life and bliss
Ripe for the taste, but 'tis a steep ascent:

Hold fast the * golden chain let down from heav'n,
'Twill help your feet and wings; I feel its force
Draw upwards; fasten'd to the pearly gate
It guides the way unerring: Happy clue
Thro' this dark wild! 'Twas Wisdom's noblest
work,
All join'd by Power Divine, & every link is love.

TO MR. T. BRADBURY.

PARADISE.

1708.

Young as I am I quit the stage,
Nor will I know th' applauses of the age;
Farewel to growing fame. I leave below
A life not half worn out with cares,
Or agonies, or years;
I leave my country all in tears,
But Heaven demands me upward, & I dare to go.
Amongst ye, friends, divide and share
The remnant of my days,
If ye have patience, and can bear
A long fatigue of life, and can drudge thro' all
the race.

Hark, my fair guardian chides my stay,
And waves his golden rod:
"Angel, I come; lead on the way:

---

* The Gospel.

And now by swift degrees
I sail aloft thro' azure seas,
Now tread the milky road:
Farewel, ye planets, in your spheres;
And as the stars are lost, a brighter sky appears.
In haste for Paradise
I stretch the pinions of a bolder thought;
Scarce had I will'd, but I was past
Deserts of trackless light & all th' ethereal waste,
And to the sacred borders brought;
There on the wing a guard of cherubs lies,
Each waves a keen flame as he flies,
And well defends the walls from sieges & surprize.

With pleasing rev'rence I behold
The pearly portals wide unfold:
Enter, my soul, and view th' amazing scenes;
Sit fast upon the flying muse,
And let thy roving wonder loose
O'er all th' empyreal plains.
Noon stands eternal here: here may thy sight
Drink in the rays of primogenial light;
Here breathe immortal air:
Joy must beat high in ev'ry vein,
Pleasure thro' all thy bosom reign;
The laws forbid the stranger, pain,
And banish every care.

See how the bubbling springs of love
Beneath the throne arise;
The streams in crystal channels move,
Around the golden streets they rove,
And bless the mansions of the upper skies.

There a fair grove of knowledge grows,
Nor sin nor death infects the fruit;
Young life hangs fresh on all the boughs,
And springs from ev'ry root;
Here may thy greedy senses feast
While extasy and health attends on every taste.
With the fair prospect charm'd I stood;
Fearless I feed on the delicious fare,
And drink profuse Salvation from the SilverFlood.
Nor can excess be there.

In sacred order rang'd along
Saints new-releas'd by death
Join the bold Seraph's warbling breath,
And aid th' immortal song.
Each has a voice that tunes his strings
To mighty sounds, and mighty things,
Things of everlasting weight,
Sounds, like the softer viol, sweet,
And, like the trumpet, strong.
Divine attention held my soul,
I was all ear!
Thro' all my pow'rs the heavenly accents roll,
I long'd and wish'd my Bradbury there;
" Could he but hear these notes, I said,
" His tuneful soul wou'd never bear
" The dull unwinding of life's tedious thread,
" But burst the vital cords to reach the happy dead.

And now my tongue prepares to join
The harmony, and with a noble aim
Attempts th' unutterable name,
But faints, confounded by the notes divine:

Again my soul th' unequal honour sought,
Again her utmost force she brought,
And bow'd beneath the burden of th' unwieldy thought.
Thrice I essay'd, and fainted thrice;
Th' immortal labour strain'd my feeble frame,
Broke the bright vision, and dissolv'd the dream;
I sunk at once and lost the skies:
In vain I sought the scenes of light
Rolling abroad my longing eyes,
For all around 'em stood my curtains & the night.

STRICT RELIGION VERY RARE.

I'M borne aloft, and leave the crowd,
I sail upon a morning cloud
Skirted with dawning gold:
Mine eyes beneath the opening day
Command the globe with wide survey,
Where ants in busy millions play,
And tug and heave the mould.

" Are these the things (my passion cry'd)
" That we call men? Are these ally'd
" To the fair worlds of light?
" They have rais'd out their Maker's name,
" Grav'n on their minds with pointed flame
" In strokes divinely bright.

" Wretches! they hate their native skies;
" If an ethereal thought arise,
" Or spark of virtue shine,

" With cruel force they damp its plumes,
" Choke the young fire with sensual fumes,
  " With business, lust, or wine.

" Lo! how they throng with panting breath
  " The broad descending road
" That leads unerring down to death,
  " Nor miss the dark abode."
Thus while I drop a tear or two
On the wild herd, a noble few
Dare to stray upward, and pursue
  Th' unbeaten way to God.

I meet Myrtillo mounting high,
I know his candid soul afar;
Here Dorylus and Thyrsis fly
  Each like a rising star,
Charin I saw and Fidea there,
I saw them help each other's flight,
  And bless them as they go;
They soar beyond my lab'ring sight,
And leave their loads of mortal care,
  But not their love below.
On heav'n, their home, they fix their eyes,
  The temple of their God:
With morning incense up they rise
Sublime, and thro' the lower skies
  Spread the perfumes abroad.

Across the road a Seraph flew,
" Mark, (said he) that happy pair,
" Marriage helps devotion there:

" When kindred minds their God pursue
" They break with double vigour thro'
" The dull incumbent air."
Charm'd with the pleasure and surprize
My soul adores and sings,
" Blest be the pow'r that springs their flight,
" That streaks their path with heavenly light,
" That turns their love to sacrifice,
" And joins their zeal for wings.

TO MR. C. AND S. FLEETWOOD.

FLEETWOODS, young generous pair,
Despise the joys that fools pursue;
Bubbles are light and brittle too,
Born of the water and the air.
Try'd by a standard bold and just
Honour and gold, and paint and dust;
How vile the last is and as vain the first?
Things that the crowd call great and brave,
With me how low their value's brought?
Titles and names, and life and breath,
Slaves to the wind and born for death;
The soul's the only thing we have
Worth an important thought.

The soul! 'tis of th' immortal kind,
Nor form'd of fire, or earth, or wind,
Out-lives the mouldring corps, and leaves the globe behind.

In limbs of clay tho' she appears,
Array'd in rosy skin, & deck'd with ears & eyes,
The flesh is but the soul's disguise,
There's nothing in her frame kin to the dress she wears:
From all the laws of matter free,
From all we feel, from all we see,
She stands eternally distinct, and must for ever be.

Rise then, my thoughts, on high,
Soar beyond all that's made to die;
Lo! on an awful throne
Sits the Creator and the Judge of Souls,
Whirling the planets round the poles,
Winds off our threads of life, and brings our periods on.
Swift the approach, and solemn is the day,
When this immortal mind
Stript of the body's coarse array
To endless pain, or endless joy,
Must be at once consign'd.

Think of the sands run down to waste,
We possess none of all the past,
None but the present is our own;
Grace is not plac'd within our power,
'Tis but one short, one shining hour,
Bright and declining as a setting sun,
See the white minutes wing'd with haste;
The NOW that flies may be the last;
Seize the Salvation e'er 'tis past,
Nor mourn the blessing gone:

A thought's delay is ruin here,
A closing eye, a gasping breath
Shuts up the golden scene in death,
And drowns you in despair.

TO WILLIAM BLACKBOURN, ESQ.

Casimir, Lib. II. *Od.* 2. *imitated.*

Quæ tegit canas modo Bruma valles, &c.

MARK how it snows! how fast the valley fills!
And the sweet groves the hoary garment wear;
Yet the warm sun-beams bounding from the hills
Shall melt the veil away, and the young green appear.

But when old age has on your temples shed
Her silver-frost, there's no returning sun;
Swift flies our autumn, swift our summer's fled,
When youth, and love, and spring, and golden joys are gone.

Then cold, and winter, and your aged snow,
Stick fast upon you; not the rich array,
Not the green garland, nor the rosy bough
Shall cancel or conceal the melancholy grey.

The chase of pleasures is not worth the pains,
While the bright sands of health run wasting down;
And honour calls you from the softer scenes,
To sell the gaudy hour for ages of renown.

'Tis but one youth, and short, that mortals have,
And one old age dissolves our feeble frame;
But there's a heavenly art t' elude the grave,
And with the hero-race immortal kindred claim.

The man that has his country's sacred tears
Bedewing his cold hearse, has liv'd his day:
Thus, Blackbourn, we should leave our names
our heirs;
Old time & waning moons sweep all the rest away.

TRUE MONARCHY.

1701.

The rising year beheld th' imperious Gaul
Stretch his dominion, while a hundred towns
Crouch'd to the victor: but a steady soul
Stands firm on its own base, and reigns as wide,
As absolute; and sways ten thousand slaves,
Lusts and wild fancies with a sovereign hand.

We are a little kingdom; but the man
That chains his rebel will to reason's throne,
Forms it a large one, whilst his royal mind
Makes Heaven its council, from the rolls above
Draws its own statutes, and with joy obeys.

'Tis not a troop of well-appointed guards
Create a monarch, not a purple robe
Dy'd in the people's blood, not all the crowns
Or dazzling tiars that bend about the head,
Tho' gilt with sun-beams and set round with stars.

A monarch he that conquers all his fears,
And treads upon them; when he stands alone,
Makes his own camp; four guardian virtues wait
His nightly slumbers, and secure his dreams.
Now dawns the light; he ranges all his thoughts
In square battalions, bold to meet the attacks
Of time and chance, himself a num'rous host,
All eye, all ear, all wakeful as the day,
Firm as a rock, and moveless as the centre.

In vain the harlot, Pleasure, spreads her charms,
To lull his thoughts in luxury's fair lap,
To sensual ease, (the bane of little kings,
Monarchs whose waxen images of souls
Are moulded into softness) still his mind
Wears its own shape, nor can the heavenly form
Stoop to be model'd by the wild decrees
Of the mad vulgar, that unthinking herd.

He lives above the crowd, nor hears the noise
Of wars and triumphs, nor regards the shouts
Of popular applause, that empty sound;
Nor feels the flying arrows of reproach,
Or spite or envy. In himself secure,
Wisdom his tower, and conscience is his shield,
His peace all inward, and his joys his own.

Now my ambition swells, my wishes soar,
This be my kingdom: sit above the globe
My rising soul, and dress thyself around
And shine in virtue's armour, climb the height
Of wisdom's lofty castle, there reside
Safe from the smiling and the frowning world.

Yet once a day drop down a gentle look
On the great mole-hill, and with pitying eye
Survey the busy emmets round the heap,
Crouding and bustling in a thousand forms
Of strife and toil, to purchase wealth and fame,
A bubble or a dust: then call thy thoughts
Up to thyself to feed on joys unknown,
Rich without gold, and great without renown.

TRUE COURAGE.

HONOUR demands my song. Forget the ground,
My generous muse, and sit amongst the stars!
There sing the soul, that, conscious of her birth,
Lives like a native of the vital world,
Amongst these dying clods, and bears her state
Just to herself: how nobly she maintains
Her character, superior to the flesh,
She wields her passions like her limbs, and knows
The brutal powers were only born t' obey.

This is the man whom storms could never make
Meanly complain; nor can a flatt'ring gale
Make him talk proudly: he hath no desire
To read his secret fate; yet unconcern'd
And calm could meet his unborn destiny,
In all its charming, or its frightful shapes.

He that unshrinking, and without a groan,
Bears the first wound, may finish all the war
With meer courageous silence, and come off

Conqueror: for the man that well conceals
The heavy strokes of fate, he bears 'em well.

He, tho' the Atlantic and the Midland seas
With adverse surges meet, and rise on high
Suspended 'twixt the winds, then rush amain
Mingled with flames, upon his single head,
And clouds, and stars, and thunder, firm he stands,
Secure of his best life; unhurt, unmov'd;
And drops his lower nature, born for death.
Then from the lofty castle of his mind
Sublime looks down, exulting, and surveys
The ruins of creation; (souls alone
Are heirs of dying worlds;) a piercing glance
Shoots upwards from between his closing lids,
To reach his birth-place, and without a sigh
He bids his batter'd flesh lie gently down
Amongst his native rubbish; whilst the spirit
Breathes and flies upward, an undoubted guest
Of the third heaven, th' unruinable sky.

Thither, when fate has brought our willing souls,
No matter whether 'twas a sharp disease,
Or a sharp sword that help'd the travellers on,
And push'd us to our home. Bear up, my friend,
Serenely, and break thro' the stormy brine
With steady prow; know, we shall once arrive
At the fair heaven of eternal bliss.
To which we ever steer; whether as kings
Of wide command we've spread the spacious sea
With a broad painted fleet, or row'd along
In a thin cock-boat with a little oar.

There let my native plank shift me to land
And I'll be happy: Thus I'll leap ashore
Joyful and fearless on th' immortal coast,
Since all I leave is mortal, and it must be lost.

TO THE MUCH HONOURED

MR. THOMAS ROWE,

THE DIRECTOR OF MY YOUTHFUL STUDIES.

FREE PHILOSOPHY.

CUSTOM, that tyranness of fools,
That leads the learned round the schools,
In magic chains of forms and rules!
My genius storms her throne:
No more, ye slaves, with awe profound
Beat the dull track, nor dance the round;
Loose hands, and quit th' inchanted ground:
Knowledge invites us each alone.

I hate these shackles of the mind
Forg'd by the haughty wise;
Souls were not born to be confin'd,
And led, like Sampson, blind and bound;
But when his native strength he found
He well aveng'd his eyes.
I love thy gentle influence, Rowe,
Thy gentle influence like the sun,
Only dissolves the frozen snow,
Then bids our thoughts like rivers flow,
And chuse the channels where they run.

Thoughts should be free as fire or wind;
The pinions of a single mind
Will thro' all nature fly:
But who can drag up to the poles
Long fetter'd ranks of leaden souls?
A genius which no chain controuls
Roves with delight, or deep, or high:
Swift I survey the globe around,
Dive to the centre thro' the solid ground,
Or travel o'er the sky.

TO THE REVEREND

MR. BENONI ROWE.

THE WAY OF THE MULTITUDE.

ROWE, if we make the croud our guide
Thro' life's uncertain road,
Mean is the chase; and wandering wide
We miss th' immortal good;
Yet if my thoughts could be confin'd
To follow any leader-mind,
I'd mark thy steps, and tread the same:
Drest in thy notions I'd appear
Not like a soul of mortal frame,
Nor with a vulgar air.

Men live at random and by chance,
Bright reason never leads the dance;
Whilst in the broad and beaten way
O'er dales and hills from truth we stray,

To ruin we descend, to ruin we advance.
Wisdom retires; she hates the croud.
And with a decent scorn
Aloof she climbs her steepy seat,
Where nor the grave nor giddy feet,
Of the learn'd vulgar or the rude,
Have e'er a passage worn.

Meer hazard first began the track,
Where custom leads her thousands blind
In willing chains and strong;
There's scarce one bold, one noble mind,
Dares tread the fatal error back;
But hand in hand ourselves we bind
And drag the age along.

Mortals, a savage herd, and loud
As billows on a noisy flood
In rapid order roll:
Example makes the mischief good:
With jocund heel we beat the road,
Unheedful of the gaol.
Me let *Ithuriel's friendly wing
Snatch from the croud, and bear sublime
To wisdom's lofty tower,
Thence to survey that wretched thing,
Mankind; and in exalted rhime
Bless the delivering power.

* Ithuriel is the name of an angel in Milton's Paradise Lost.

TO THE REV. MR. JOHN HOWE.

1704.

GREAT man, permit the muse to climb
And seat her at thy feet,
Bid her attempt a thought sublime,
And consecrate her wit.
I feel, I feel th' attractive force
Of thy superior soul:
My chariot flies her upward course,
The wheels divinely roll.
Now let me chide the mean affairs
And mighty toil of men:
How they grow grey in trifling cares,
Or waste the motions of the spheres
Upon delights as vain!

A puff of honour fills the mind,
And yellow dust is solid good;
Thus like the ass of savage kind,
We snuff the breezes of the wind,
Or steal the serpent's food.
Could all the choirs
That charm the poles
But strike one doleful sound,
'Twould be employ'd to mourn our souls,
Souls that were fram'd of sprightly fires
In floods of folly drown'd.
Souls made of glory seek a brutal joy;
How they disclaim their heavenly birth,
Melt their bright substance down with drossy earth,
And hate to be refin'd from that impure alloy.

Oft has thy genius rous'd us hence
With elevated song,
Bid us renounce this world of sense,
Bid us divide th' immortal prize
With the seraphic throng:
" Knowledge and love make spirits blest,
" Knowledge their food, and love their rest;
But flesh, th' unmanageable beast,
Resists the pity of thine eyes,
And music of thy tongue.
Then let the worms of grovelling mind
Round the short joys of earthy kind
In restless windings roam;
Howe hath an ample orb of soul,
Where shining worlds of knowledge roll,
Where love the centre and the pole
Compleats the heaven at home.

THE DISAPPOINTMENT AND RELIEF.

VIRTUE, permit my fancy to impose
Upon my better pow'rs:
She casts sweet fallacies on half our woes,
And gilds the gloomy hours.
How could we bear this tedious round
Of waning moons, and rolling years,
Of flaming hopes, and chilling fears,
If (where no sovereign cure appears)
No opiates could be found.

Love, the most cordial stream that flows,
Is a deceitful good:
Young Doris who nor guilt nor danger knows,
On the green margin stood,
Pleas'd with the golden bubbles as they rose,
And with more golden sands her fancy pav'd the
Then fond to be entirely blest, [flood:
And tempted by a faithless youth,
As void of goodness as of truth,
She plunges in with heedless haste,
And rears the nether mud:
Darkness and nauseous dregs arise
O'er thy fair current, love, with large supplies
Of pain, to teaze the heart, & sorrow for the eyes.
The golden bliss that charm'd her sight
Is dash'd, and drown'd, and lost:
A spark, or glimmering streak at most,
Shines here and there, amidst the night,
Amidst the turbid waves, & gives a faint delight.

Recover'd from the sad surprize,
Doris awakes at last,
Grown by the disappointment wise;
And manages with art th' unlucky cast;
When the low'ring frown she spies
On her haughty tyrant's brow,
With humble love she meets his wrathful eyes,
And makes her sovereign beauty bow;
Chearful she smiles upon his grizzly form;
So shines the setting sun on adverse skies,
And paints a rainbow on the storm.
Anon she lets the sullen humour spend,
And with a virtuous book, or friend,
Beguiles th' uneasy hours:

Well-colouring every cross she meets,
With heart serene she sleeps and eats,
She spreads her board with fancy'd sweets,
And strews her bed with flow'rs.

THE HERO'S SCHOOL OF MORALITY.

THERON, amongst his travels, found
A broken statue on the ground;
And searching onward as he went
He trac'd a ruin'd monument.
Mould, moss, and shades had overgrown
The sculpture of the crumbling stone,
Yet e'er he past, with much ado,
He guess'd, and spell'd out, Sci-pi-o.

" Enough," he cry'd; " I'll drudge no more
" In tuning the dull Stoics o'er;
" Let pedants waste their hours of ease
" To sweat all night at Socrates;
" And feed their boys with notes and rules,
" Those tedious recipes of schools,
" To cure ambition: I can learn
" With greater ease the great concern
" Of mortals; how we may despise
" All the gay things below the skies.

" Methinks a mould'ring pyramid
" Says all that the old sages said;
" For me these shatter'd tombs contain
" More morals than the Vatican.
" The dust of heroes cast abroad,
" And kick'd, and trampled in the road,

" The relics of a lofty mind,
" That lately wars and crowns design'd,
" Tost for a jest from wind to wind,
" Bid me be humble, and forbear
" Tall monuments of fame to rear,
" They are but castles in the air.
" The tow'ring heights, and frightful falls,
" The ruin'd heaps, and funerals,
" Of smoking kingdoms and their kings,
" Tell me a thousand mournful things
" In melancholy silence................
" ....He
" That living could not bear to see
" An equal, now lies torn and dead;
" Here his pale trunk, and there his head;
" Great Pompey! while I meditate,
" With solemn horror, thy sad fate,
" The carcass, scatter'd on the shore
" Without a name, instructs no more
" Than my whole library before.

" Lie still, my Plutarch, then, and sleep,
" And my good Seneca may keep
" Your volumes clos'd for ever too,
" I have no further use for you:
" For when I feel my virtue fail,
" And my ambitious thoughts prevail,
" I'll take a turn among the tombs,
" And see whereto all glory comes:
" There the vile foot of every clown
" Tramples the sons of honour down.
" Beggars with awful ashes sport,
" And treads the Cæsars in the dirt.

FREEDOM.

1697.

Tempt me no more. My soul can ne'er compart
With the gay slaveries of a court:
I've an aversion to those charms,
And hug dear liberty in both mine arms.
Go, vassal souls, go, cringe and wait,
And dance attendance at Honoria's gate,
Then run in troops before him to compose his state:
Move as he moves: and when he loiters, stand:
You're but the shadows of a man.
Bend when he speaks; and kiss the ground:
Go, catch th' impertinence of sound:
Adore the follies of the great;
Wait till he smiles: but lo, the idol frown'd
And drove them to their fate.

Thus base-born minds: but as for me,
I can and will be free:
Like a strong mountain, or some stately tree,
My soul grows firm upright,
And as I stand, and as I go,
It keeps my body so;
No, I can never part with my creation-right.
Let slaves and asses stoop and bow,
I cannot make this iron knee [it free.
Bend to a meaner power than that which form'd

Thus my bold harp profusely play'd
Pindarical; then on a branchy shade
I hung my harp aloft, myself beneath it laid.

Nature that listen'd to my strain,
Resum'd the theme, and acted it again.
Sudden rose a whirling wind
Swelling like Honoria proud,
Around the straws and feathers crowd,
Types of a slavish mind;
Upwards the stormy forces rise,
The dust flies up and climbs the skies,
And as the tempest fell th' obedient vapours sunk:
Again it roars with bellowing sound,
The meaner plants that grew around,
The willow, and the asp, trembled and kiss'd
the ground:
Hard by there stood the iron trunk
Of an old oak, and all the storm defy'd;
In vain the winds their forces try'd,
In vain they roar'd; the iron oak
Bow'd only to the heavenly thunder's stroke.

TRUE RICHES.

I AM not concern'd to know
What, to-morrow, fate will do:
'Tis enough that I can say,
I've possest myself to-day:
Then, if haply midnight death
Seize my flesh, and stop my breath,
Yet to-morrow I shall be
Heir to the best part of me.

Glittering stones, and golden things,
Wealth and honours that have wings,

Ever fluttering to be gone
I could never call my own:
Riches that the world bestows,
She can take, and I can lose;
But the treasures that are mine
Lie afar beyond her line.
When I view my spacious soul,
And survey myself awhole,
And enjoy myself alone,
I'm a kingdom of my own.

I've a mighty part within
That the world hath never seen,
Rich as Eden's happy ground,
And with choicer plenty crown'd.
Here on all the shining boughs
Knowledge fair and useless grows;
On the same young flow'ry tree
All the seasons you may see;
Notions in the bloom of light,
Just disclosing to the sight;
Here are thoughts of larger growth,
Rip'ning into solid truth;
Fruits refin'd, of noble taste;
Seraphs feed on such repast.
Here, in a green and shady grove,
Streams of pleasure mix with love:
There, beneath the smiling skies,
Hills of contemplation rise;
Now, upon some shining top,
Angels light, and call me up;
I rejoice to raise my feet,
Both rejoice when there we meet.

There are endless beauties more
Earth hath no resemblance for;
Nothing like them round the pole,
Nothing can describe the soul:
'Tis a region half unknown,
That has treasures of its own,
More remote from public view
Than the bowels of Peru;
Broader 'tis, and brighter far,
Than the golden Indies are;
Ships that trace the wat'ry stage
Cannot coast it in an age;
Harts, or horses, strong and fleet,
Had they wings to help their feet,
Could not run it half way o'er
In ten thousand days and more.

Yet the silly wand'ring mind,
Loth to be too much confin'd,
Roves and takes her daily tours,
Coasting round the narrow shores,
Narrow shores of flesh and sense,
Picking shells and pebbles thence:
Or she sits at Fancy's door,
Calling shapes and shadows to her,
Foreign visits still receiving,
And t' herself a stranger living.
Never, never would she buy
Indian dust, or Tyrian dye,
Never trade abroad for more,
If she saw her native store,
If her inward worth were known
She might ever live alone.

ON MR. LOCKE'S ANNOTATIONS UPON SEVERAL PARTS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT,

Left behind him at his Death.

THUS Reason learns, by slow degrees,
What faith reveals; but still complains
Of intellectual pains,
And darkness from the too exuberant light.
The blaze of those bright mysteries
Pour'd all at once on Nature's eyes
Offend and cloud her feeble sight.

Reason could scarce sustain to see
Th' Almighty One, th' Eternal Three,
Or bear the infant deity;
Scarce could her pride descend to own
Her Maker stooping from his throne,
And drest in glories so unknown.
A ransom'd world, a bleeding God,
And Heav'n appeas'd with flowing blood,
Were themes too painful to be understood.

Faith, thou bright cherub, speak, and say
Did ever mind of mortal race
Cost thee more toil, or larger grace,
To melt and bend it to obey.
'Twas hard to make so rich a soul submit,
And lay her shining honours at thy sovereign [feet.

Sister of Faith, fair Charity.
Shew me the wondrous man on high,
Tell how he sees the Godhead Three in One;
The bright conviction fills his eye,
His noblest powers in deep prostration lie
At the mysterious throne.

"Forgive, he cries, ye saints below,
"The wav'ring and the cold assent
"I gave to themes divinely true;
"Can you admit the blessed to repent?
"Eternal darkness veil the lines
"Of that unhappy book, [shines,
"Where glimmering Reason with false lustre
"Where the mere mortal pen mistook
"What the celestial meant!

See Mr. Locke's Annotations on Rom. iii. 25, and Paraphrase on Rom. ix. 5, which has inclined some readers to doubt whether he believed the Deity and satisfaction of Christ. Therefore, in the fourth stanza, I invoke charity, that, by her help, I may find him out in heaven, since his Notes on 2 Cor. v. ult. and some other places, give me reason to believe he was no Socinian, though he has darkened the glory of the Gospel, and debased christianity, in the book which he calls the Reasonableness of it, and in some of his other works.

THE ADVENTUROUS MUSE.

URANIA takes her morning flight
With an inimitable wing:
Thro' rising deluges of dawning light
She cleaves her wondrous way,
She tunes immortal anthems to the growing day:
Nor * Rapin gives her rules to fly, nor † Purcell notes to sing.

* A French critic. † An English master of music.

She nor inquires, nor knows, nor fears
Where lie the pointed rocks, or where th' ingulphing sand
Climbing the liquid mountains of the skies
She meets descending angels as she flies,
Nor asks them where their country lies,
Or where the sea-marks stand.
Touch'd with an empyreal ray
She springs, unerring, upward to eternal day,
Spreads her white sails aloft, and steers,
With bold and safe attempt, to the celestial land.

Whilst little skiffs along the mortal shores
With humble toil in order creep,
Coasting in sight of one another's oars,
Nor venture thro' the boundless deep.
Such low pretending souls are they
Who dwell inclos'd in solid orbs of skull;
Plodding along their sober way,
The snail o'ertakes them in their wildest play,
While the poor labourers sweat to be correctly dull.

Give me the chariot whose diviner wheels
Mark their own route, and unconfin'd
Bound o'er the everlasting hills, [behind,
And lose the clouds below, and leave the stars
Give me the muse whose generous force,
Impatient of the reins,
Pursues an unattempted course,
Breaks all the critics' iron chains,
And bears to paradise the raptur'd mind.

There Milton dwells: the mortal sung
Themes not presum'd my mortal tongue;
New terrors, or new glories, shine
In every page, and flying scenes divine [along.
Surprise the wond'ring sense, and draw our souls
Behold his muse sent out t' explore
The unapparent deep where waves of Chaos roar,
And realms of night unknown before.
She trac'd a glorious path unknown, [thrown,
Thro' fields of heavenly war, and seraphs over-
Where his advent'rous genius led:
Sovereign she fram'd a model of her own,
Nor thank'd the living nor the dead.
The noble hater of degenerate rhime
Shook off the chains, and built his verse sublime,
A monument too high for coupled sounds to
climb.
He mourn'd the garden lost below;
(Earth is the scene for tuneful woe)
Now bliss beats high in all his veins,
Now the lost Eden he regains, [strains.
Keeps his own air, and triumphs in unrival'd

Immortal bard! Thus thy own Raphael sings,
And knows no rule but native fire:
All heav'n sits silent, while to his sovereign strings
He talks unutterable things;
With graces infinite his untaught fingers rove
Across the golden lyre:
From every note devotion springs.
Rapture, and harmony, and love,
O'erspread the list'ning choir.

TO MR. NICHOLAS CLARK.

THE COMPLAINT.

'TWAS in a vale where osiers grow
By murm'ring streams we told our woe,
And mingled all our care:
Friendship sat pleas'd in both our eyes,
In both the weeping dews arise,
And drop alternate tears.

The vigorous monarch of the day
Now mounting half his morning way
Shone with a fainter bright;
Still sickning, and decaying still,
Dimly he wander'd up the hill,
With his expiring light.

In dark eclipse his chariot roll'd,
The queen of night obscur'd his gold
Behind her sable wheels;
Nature grew sad to lose the day,
The flow'ry vales in mourning lay,
In mourning stood the hills.

Such are our sorrows, Clark, I cry'd,
Clouds of the brain grow black, and hide
Our dark'ned souls behind;
In the young morning of our years
Distempering fogs have climb'd the spheres,
And choke the lab'ring mind.

Lo, the gay planet rears his head,
And overlooks the lofty shade,
New-bright'ning all the skies:
But say, dear partner of my moan,
When will our long eclipse be gone,
Or when our suns arise?

In vain are potent herbs apply'd,
Harmonious sounds in vain have try'd
To make the darkness fly:
But drugs would raise the dead as soon,
Or clatt'ring brass relieve the moon,
When fainting in the sky.

Some friendly Spirit from above,
Born of the light, and nurst with love,
Assist our feeble fires:
Force these invading glooms away;
Souls should be seen quite thro' their clay,
Bright as your heav'nly choirs.

But if the fogs must damp the flame,
Gently, kind death, dissolve our frame,
Release the prisoner-mind:
Our souls shall mount, at thy discharge,
To their bright source, and shine at large
Nor clouded, nor confin'd.

THE AFFLICTIONS OF A FRIEND.

1702.

Now let my cares all bury'd lie,
  My griefs for ever dumb:
Your sorrows swell my heart so high,
  They leave my own no room.

Sickness and pains are quite forgot,
  The spleen itself is gone;
Plung'd in your woes I feel them not,
  Or feel them all in one.

Infinite grief puts sense to flight,
  And all the soul invades:
So the broad gloom of spreading night
  Devours the evening shades.

Thus am I born to be unblest!
  This sympathy of woe
Drives my own tyrants from my breast
  T' admit a foreign foe.

Sorrows in long succession reign;
  Their iron rod I feel:
Friendship has only chang'd the chain,
  But I'm the pris'ner still.

Why was this life for misery made?
  Or why drawn out so long?
Is there no room amongst the dead?
  Or is a wretch too young?

Move faster on great nature's wheel,
  Be kind, ye rolling powers,
Hurl my days headlong down the hill
  With undistinguish'd hours.

Be busy, all my rising suns,
  Nor smile upon a slave:
Darkness, and death, make haste at once
  To hide me in the grave.

THE REVERSE.

OR, THE COMFORTS OF A FRIEND.

Thus nature tun'd her mournful tongue,
  Till Grace lift up her head,
Revers'd the sorrow and the song,
  And smiling, thus she said:

Were kindred spirits borne for cares?
  Must every grief be mine?
Is there a sympathy in tears,
  Yet joys refuse to join?

Forbid it, Heav'n, and raise my love,
  And make our joys the same:
So bliss and friendship join'd above
  Mix an immortal flame.

Sorrows are lost in vast delight
  That brightens all the soul,
As deluges of dawning light
  O'erwhelm the dusky pole.

Pleasures in long succession reign,
  And all my powers employ:
Friendship but shifts the pleasing scene,
  And fresh repeats the joy.

Life has a soft and silver thread,
  Nor is it drawn too long;
Yet when my vaster hopes persuade,
  I'm willing to be gone.

Fast as ye please roll down the hill,
  And haste away, my years;
Or I can wait my Father's will,
  And dwell beneath the spheres.

Rise glorious, every future sun,
  Gild all my following days,
But make the last dear moment known
  By well-distinguish'd rays.

TO THE

RIGHT HON. LORD JOHN CUTS.

At the Siege of Namur.

THE HARDY SOLDIER.

" O WHY is man so thoughtless grown?
" Why guilty souls in haste to die?
" Vent'ring the leap to the worlds unknown,
" Heedless to arms and blood they fly.

" Are lives but worth a soldier's pay?
" Why will ye join such wide extremes,
" And stake immortal souls, in play
" At desperate chance, and bloody games?

" Valour's a nobler turn of thought,
" Whose pardon'd guilt forbids her fears:
" Calmly she meets the deadly shot
" Secure of life above the stars.

" But Frenzy dares eternal fate,
" And spur'd with honour's airy dreams,
" Flies to attack th' infernal gate,
" And force a passage to the flames."

Thus hov'ring o'er Namuria's plains,
Sung heav'nly love in Gabriel's form:
Young Thraso left the moving strains,
And vow'd to pray before the storm.

Anon the thundering trumpet calls;
Vows are but wind, the hero cries;
Then swears by heav'n, and scales the walls,
Drops in the ditch, despairs and dies.

BURNING SEVERAL POEMS OF OVID, MARTIAL, OLDHAM, DRYDEN, &c.

1708.

I JUDGE the muse of lewd desire;
Her sons to darkness, and her works to fire.
In vain the flatteries of their wit
Now with a melting strain, now with an heavenly flight,
Would tempt my virtue to approve
Those gaudy tinders of a lawless love.
So harlots dress: They can appear
Sweet, modest, cool, divinely fair,
To charm a Cato's eye; but all within,
Stench, impudence and fire, and ugly raging sin.

Die, Flora, die in endless shame,
Thou prostitute of blackest fame,
Stript of thy false array.
Ovid, and all ye wilder pens
Of modern lust, who gild our scenes,
Poison the British stage, & paint damnation gay,
Attend your mistress to the dead;
When Flora dies, her imps should wait upon her shade.

* Strephon, of noble blood and mind,
(For ever shine his name!)

* Earl of Rochester.

As death approach'd, his soul refin'd,
And gave his looser sonnets to the flame.
"Burn, burn," he cry'd, "with sacred rage,
"Hell is the due of every page,
"Hell be the fate. (But O indulgent heaven!
"So vile the muse, and yet the man forgiv'n!
"Burn on my songs: for not the silver Thames
"Nor Tyber with his yellow streams
"In endless currents rolling to the main,
"Can e'er dilute the poison, or wash out the stain."
So Moses by Divine command
Forbid the leprous house to stand
When deep the fatal spot was grown.
"Break down the timber, and dig up the stone."

TO MRS. B. BENDISH.

AGAINST TEARS.

1699.

Madam, persuade me tears are good
To wash our mortal cares away;
These eyes shall weep a sudden flood,
And stream into a briny sea.

Or if these orbs are hard and dry,
(These orbs that never use to rain)
Some star direct me where to buy
One sovereign drop for all my pain.

Were both the golden Indies mine,
  I'd give both Indies for a tear:
I'd barter all but what's divine:
  Nor shall I think the bargain dear.

But tears, alas! are trifling things,
  They rather feed than heal our woe;
From trickling eyes new sorrow springs,
  As weeds in rainy seasons grow.

Thus weeping urges weeping on;
  In vain our miseries hope relief,
For one drop calls another down,
  Till we are drown'd in seas of grief.

Then let these useless streams be staid,
  Wear native courage on your face:
These vulgar things were never made
  For souls of a superior race.

If 'tis a rugged path you go,
  And thousand foes your steps surround,
Tread the thorns down, charge thro' the foe:
  The hardest fight is highest crown'd.

FEW HAPPY MATCHES.

August, 1701.

SAY, mighty love, and teach my song,
To whom my sweetest joys belong,
  And who the happy pairs

Whose yielding hearts, and joining hands,
Find blessings twisted with their bands,
To soften all their cares.

Not the wild herd of nymphs and swains
That thoughtless fly into the chains,
As custom leads the way:
If there be bliss without design,
Ivies and oaks may grow and twine,
And be as blest as they.

Not sordid souls of earthy mould
Who drawn by kindred charms of gold
To dull embraces move:
So two rich mountains of Peru
May rush to wealthy marriage too,
And make a world of love.

Not the mad tribe that hell inspires
With wanton flames; those raging fires
The purer bliss destroy:
On Ætna's top let furies wed,
And sheets of lightning dress the bed
T' improve the burning joy.

Nor the dull pairs whose marble forms
None of the melting passions warms,
Can mingle hearts and hands:
Logs of green wood that quench the coals
Are marry'd just like Stoic souls,
With osiers for their bands.

Not minds of melancholy strain,
Still silent, or that still complain,

Can the dear bondage bless:
As well may heavenly concerts spring
From two old lutes with ne'er a string,
Or none besides the bass.

Nor can the soft enchantments hold
Two jarring souls of angry mould,
The rugged and the keen:
Sampson's young foxes might as well
In bonds of chearful wedlock dwell,
With firebrands ty'd between.

Nor let the cruel fetters bind
A gentle to a savage mind;
For love abhors the sight:
Loose the fierce tyger from the deer,
For native rage and native fear
Rise and forbid delight.

Two kindest souls alone must meet,
'Tis friendship makes the bondage sweet,
And feeds their mutual loves:
Bright Venus on her rolling throne
Is drawn by gentlest birds alone,
And cupids yoke the doves.

TO DAVID POLHILL, ESQ.

AN EPISTLE.

Dec. 1702.

LET useless souls to woods retreat;
Polhill should leave a country seat
When virtue bids him dare be great.

Nor Kent,* nor Sussex,* should have charms,
While liberty, with loud alarms,
Calls you to counsels and to arms.

Lewis, by fawning slaves ador'd,
Bids you receive a † base-born lord;
Awake your cares! awake your sword!

Factions amongst the ‡ Britons rise,
And warring tongues, and wild surmise,
And burning zeal without her eyes.

A vote decides the blind debate;
Resolv'd, 'Tis of diviner weight,
To save the steeple, than the state.

The || bold machine is form'd and join'd
To stretch the conscience, and to bind
The native freedom of the mind.

Your grandsire shades with jealous eye
Frown down to see their offspring lie
Careless, and let their country die.

If § Trevia fear to let you stand
Against the Gaul with spear in hand,
At least ¶ Petition for the land.

---

* His country-seat and dwelling.
† The pretender proclaimed king in France.
‡ The parliament.
|| The bill against occasional conformity, 1702.
§ Mrs. Polhill, of the family of Lord Trevor.
¶ Mr. Polhill was one of those five zealous gentlemen who presented the famous Kentish petition to parlia-

THE CELEBRATED VICTORY OF THE POLES OVER OSMAN THE TURKISH EMPEROR IN THE DACIAN BATTLE*.

Translated from Casimire, Book iv. Od. 4. with large Additions.

GADOR, the old, the wealthy, and the strong,
Cheerful in years (nor of the heroic muse
Unknowing, nor unknown) held fair possessions
Where flows the fruitful Danube: seventy springs
Smil'd on his seed, and seventy harvest moons
Fill'd his wide granaries with autumnal joy:
Still he resum'd the toil: and fame reports,
While he broke up new ground,& tir'd his plough
In grassy furrows, the torn earth disclos'd
Helmets and swords, (bright furniture of war
Sleeping in rust) and heaps of mighty bones.
The sun descending to the western deep
Bid him lie down and rest; he loos'd the yoke,
Yet held his wearied oxen from their food
With charming numbers, and uncommon song.

Go, fellow-labourers, you may rove secure,
Or feed beside me; taste the greens and boughs
That you have long forgot; crop the sweet herb,
And graze in safety, while the victor-pole
Leans on his spear,& breathes; yet still his eye
Jealous and fierce. How large, old soldier, say,

---

ment, in the reign of King William, to hasten their supplies, in order to support the king in his war with France.

How fair a harvest of the slaughter'd Turks
Strew'd the Moldavian fields? what mighty piles
Of vast destruction, and of Thracian dead
Fill and amaze my eyes? broad bucklers lie
(A vain defence) spread o'er the pathless hills,
And coats of scaly steel, and hard habergeon,
Deep bruis'd and empty of Mahometan limbs.
This the fierce Saracen wore, (for when a boy,
I was their captive, and remind their dress:
Here the Polonians dreadful march'd along
In august port, and regular array,
Led on to conquest: here the Turkish chief
Presumptuous trod, and in rude order rang'd
His long battalions, while his populous towns
Pour'd out fresh troops perpetual, drest in arms,
Horrent in mail, and gay in spangled pride.

O the dire image of the bloody fight
These eyes have seen, when the capacious plain
Was throng'd with Dacian spears; when polish'd
helms
And convex gold blaz'd thick against the sun
Restoring all his beams! but frowning war
All gloomy, like a gather'd tempest, stood
Wavering, and doubtful where to bend its fall.

The storm of missive steel delay'd a while
By wise command; fledg'd arrows on the nerve;
And scymiter and sabre bore the sheath
Reluctant; till the hollow brazen clouds
Had bellow'd from each quarter of the field
Loud thunder, and disgorg'd their sulph'rous fire.
Then banners wav'd, and arms were mix'd with
arms;

Then javelins answer'd javelins as they fled,
For both fled hissing death: with adverse edge
The crooked fauchions met; and hideous noise
From clashing shields, thro' the long ranks of war,
Clang'd horrible. A thousand iron storms
Roar diverse: and in harsh confusion drown
The trumpet's silver sound. O rude effort
Of harmony! not all the frozen stores
Of the cold North when pour'd in rattling hail
Lash with such madness the Norwegian plains,
Or so torment the ear. Scarce sounds so far
The direful fragor, when some southern blast
Tears from the Alps a ridge of knotty oaks
Deep fang'd, and ancient tenants of the rock:
The massy fragment, many a rood in length,
With hideous crash, rolls down the rugged cliff
Resistless plunging in the subject lake
Como, or Lugaine; th' afflicted waters roar,
And various thunder all the valley fills,
Such was the noise of war: the troubled air
Complains aloud, and propagates the din
To neighbouring regions; rocks and lofty hills
Beat the impetuous echoes round the sky.

Uproar, revenge, and rage, and hate, appear
In all their murderous forms; and flame & blood
And sweat and dust array the broad campaign
In horror: hasty feet, and sparkling eyes,
And all the savage passions of the soul
Engage in the warm business of the day.
Here mingling hands, but with no friendly gripe,
Join in the fight; and breasts in close embrace,
But mortal, as the iron arms of death.
Here words austere, of perilous command,

And valour swift t' obey; bold feats of arms
Dreadful to see, and glorious to relate,
Shine thro' the field with more surprising brightness
Than glittering helms or spears. What loud applause
(Best meed of warlike toil) what manly shouts,
And yells unmanly thro' the battle ring!
And sudden wrath dies into endless fame.

Long did the fate of war hang dubious. Here
Stood the more num'rous Turk, the valiant Pole
Fought here; more dreadful, tho' with lesser wings.

But what the Dahees or the coward soul
Of a Cydonian, what the fearful crouds
Of base Cilicians scaping from the slaughter,
Or Parthian beasts, with all their racing riders,
What could they mean against the intrepid breast
Of the pursuing foe? th' impetuous Poles
Rush here, and here the Lithuanian horse
Drive down upon them like a double bolt
Of kindled thunder raging thro' the sky
On sounding wheels; or as some mighty flood
Rolls his two torrents down a dreadful steep
Precipitant and bears along the stream
Rocks, woods & trees, with all the grazing herd,
And tumbles lofty forests headlong to the plain.

The bold Borussian smoking from afar
Moves like a tempest in a dusky cloud,
And imitates th' artillery of heaven,
The lightning and the roar. Amazing scene!

What showers of mortal hail, what flaky fires
Burst from the darkness! while their cohorts firm
Met the like thunder, and an equal storm,
From hostile troops, but with a braver mind.
Undaunted bosoms tempt the edge of war,
And rush on the sharp point; while baleful mis-
chiefs,
Deaths, and bright dangers flew across the field
Thick and continual, and a thousand souls
Fled murmuring thro' their wounds. I stood aloof,
For 'twas unsafe to come within the wind
Of Russian banners, when with whizzing sound,
Eager of glory, and profuse of life,
They bore down fearless on the charging foes,
And drove them backward. Then the Turkish
Wander'd in disarray. A dark eclipse [moons
Hung on the silver crescent, boding night,
Long night, to all her sons: at length disrob'd
The standards fell; the barbarous ensigns torn
Fled with the wind, the sport of angry heav'n:
And a large cloud of infantry and horse
Scattering in wild disorder, spread the plain.

Not noise, nor number, nor the brawny limb,
Nor high built size prevails: 'tis courage fights,
'Tis courage conquers. So whole forests fall
(A spacious ruin) by one single axe.
And steel well-sharp'ned: so a generous pair
Of young-wing'd eaglets fright a thousand doves.

Vast was the slaughter, and the flow'ry green
Drank deep of flowing crimson. Veteran bands
Here made their last campaign. Here haughty
chiefs

Stretch'd on the bed of purple honour lie
Supine, nor dream of battle's hard event,
Oppress'd with iron slumbers, and long night.
Their ghosts indignant to the nether world.
Fled, but attended well: for at their side
Some faithful Janizaries strew'd the field,
Fall'n in just ranks or wedges, lunes or squares,
Firm as they stood; to the Warsovian troops,
A nobler toil, and triumph worth their fight.
But the broad sabre and keen poll-axe flew
With speedy terror thro' the feebler herd,
And made rude havock and irregular spoil
Amongst the vulgar bands that own'd the name
Of Mahomet. The wild Arabians fled
In swift affright a thousand different ways
Thro' brakes and thorns, and climb'd the craggy
mountains
Bellowing; yet hasty fate o'ertook the cry,
And Polish hunters clave the timorous deer.

Thus the dire prospect distant fill'd my soul
With awe; till the last relics of the war
The thin Edonians, flying had disclos'd
The ghastly plain: I took a nearer view,
Unseemly to the sight, nor to the smell
Grateful. What loads of mangled flesh & limbs
(A dismal carnage !) bath'd in reeking gore
Lay welt'ring on the ground ; while flitting life
Convuls'd the nerves still shivering, nor had lost
All taste of pain! here an old Thracian lies
Deform'd with years, and scars, and groans aloud
Torn with fresh wounds; but inward vitals firm
Forbid the soul's remove, and chain it down
By the hard laws of nature, to sustain

Long torment: his wild eye-balls roll: his teeth
Gnashing with anguish, chide his lingring fate.
Emblazon'd armour spoke his high command
Amongst the neighbouring dead; they round their
Lord
Lay prostrate; some in flight ignobly slain
Some to the skies their faces upwards turn'd
Still brave, and proud to die so near their Prince.

I mov'd not far, and lo, at manly length
Two beauteous youths of richest Ott'man blood
Extended on the field: in friendship join'd,
Nor fate divides them: hardy warriors both;
Both faithful; drown'd in show'rs of darts they fell,
Each with his shield spread o'er his lover's heart,
In vain: for on those orbs of friendly brass
Stood groves of javelins; some, alas, too deep
Were planted there, and thro' their lovely bosoms
Made painful avenues for cruel death.
O my dear native land, forgive the tear [sion
I dropt on their wan cheeks, when strong compas-
Forc'd from my melting eyes the briny dew,
And paid a sacrifice to hostile virtue.
Dacia, forgive the sight that wish'd the souls
Of those fair infidels some humble place
Among the blest. "Sleep, sleep, ye hapless pair,
"Gently, I cry'd, worthy of better fate,
"And better faith." Hard by the general lay
Of Saracen descent, a grizly form
Breathless, yet pride sat pale upon his front
In disappointment, with a surly brow
Louring in death, and vext; his rigid jaws
Foaming with blood bite hard the Polish spear,
In that dead visage my remembrance reads

Rash Caraccas: In vain the boasting slave
Promis'd and sooth'd the sultan, threatning fierce,
With royal suppers and triumphant fare
Spread wide beneath Warsovian silk and gold;
See on the naked ground all cold he lies
Beneath the damp wide cov'ring of the air
Forgetful of his word. How heaven confounds
Insulting-hopes! with what an awful smile
Laughs at the proud, that loosen all the reins
To their unbounded wishes, and leads on
Their blind ambition to a shameful end!

But whither am I borne? this thought of arms
Fires me in vain to sing to senseless bulls [song,
What generous horse should hear. Break off my
My barbarous muse be still: immortal deeds
Must not be thus profan'd in rustic verse:
The martial trumpet, and the following age,
And growing fame, shall loud rehearse the fight
In sounds of glory. Lo, the evening-star
Shines o'er the western hill; my oxen, come,
The well-known star invites the labourer home.

TO

MR. HENRY BENDYSH.

DEAR SIR,

Aug. 24, 1705.

THE following song was yours when first compos'd: the muse then describ'd the general fate of mankind, that is to be ill match'd; and now she rejoices that you have escaped the common mischief, and that your soul

has found its own mate. Let this Ode then congratulate you both. Grow mutually in more compleat likeness and love: persevere and be happy.

I persuade myself you will accept from the press what the pen more privately inscrib'd to you long ago; and I'm in no pain lest you should take offence at the fabulous dress of this poem: nor would weaker minds be scandaliz'd at it, if they would give themselves leave to reflect how many divine truths are spoken by the Holy Writers in visions and images, parables and Dreams: nor are my wiser friends asham'd to defend it, since the narrative is grave and the moral so just and obvious.

THE INDIAN PHILOSOPHER.

Sept. 3, 1701.

Why should our joys transform to pain?
Why gentle Hymen's silken chain
A plague of iron prove?
Bendysh, 'tis strange the charm that binds
Millions of hands, should leave their minds
At such a loose from love.

In vain I sought the wondrous cause,
Rang'd the wide fields of nature's laws,
And urg'd the schools in vain;
Then deep in thought, within my breast
My soul retir'd, and slumber dress'd
A bright instructive scene.

O'er the broad lands, and cross the tide,
On Fancy's airy horse I ride,

(Sweet rapture of the mind!)
Till on the banks of Ganges' flood,
In a tall ancient grove I stood
For sacred use design'd.

Hard by, a venerable priest,
Ris'n with his God, the sun, from rest,
Awoke his morning song;
Thrice he conjur'd the murm'ring stream;
The birth of souls was all his theme,
And half-divine his Tongue.

He sang—" th' eternal rolling flame,
" That vital mass, that still the same
" Does all our minds compose:
" But shap'd in twice ten thousand frames;
" Thence diff'ring souls of diff'ring names,
" And jarring tempers rose.

" The mighty power that form'd the mind
" One mould for every two design'd,
" And bless'd the new born pair:
" This be a match for this: (he said)
" Then down he sent the souls he made,
" To seek them bodies here:

" But parting from their warm abode
" They lost their fellows on the road,
" And never join'd their hands:
" Ah cruel chance, and crossing fates!
" Our eastern souls have dropt their mates
" On Europe's barbarous lands.

" Happy the youth that finds the bride
" Whose birth is to his own ally'd,

" The sweetest joy of life:
" But oh the crowds of wretched souls
" Fetter'd to minds of different moulds,
" And chain'd t' eternal strife!"

Thus sang the wond'rous Indian bard;
My soul with vast attention heard,
While Ganges ceas'd to flow:
" Sure then (I cry'd) might I but see
" That gentle nymph that twinn'd with me,
" I may be happy too.

" Some courteous angel, tell me where,
" What distant lands this unknown fair,
" Or distant seas detain?
" Swift as the wheel of nature rolls
" I'd fly, to meet, and mingle souls,
" And wear the joyful chain."

THE HAPPY MAN.

SERENE as light, is Myran's soul,
And active as the sun, yet steady as the pole:
In manly beauty shines his face;
Every muse, and every grace,
Makes his heart and tongue their seat,
His heart profusely good, his tongue divinely [sweet
Myron, the wonder of our eyes,
Behold his manhood scarce begun!
Behold his race of virtue run!
Behold the goal of glory won!

Nor fame denies the merit, nor with-holds the
Her silver trumpets his renown proclaim: [prize;
The lands where learning never flew,
Which neither Rome nor Athens knew,
Surly Japan and rich Peru, [name.
In barbarous songs, pronounce the British hero's

" Airy bliss (the hero cry'd)
" May feed the tympany of pride;
" But healthy souls were never found
" To live on emptiness and sound.

Lo, at his honourable feet
Fame's bright attendant, Wealth, appears;
She comes to pay obedience meet,
Providing joys for future years;
Blessings with lavish hand she pours
Gather'd from the Indian coast;
Not Danae's lap could equal treasures boast,
When Jove came down in golden show'rs.

He look'd and turn'd his eyes away,
With high disdain I heard him say,
" Bliss is not made of glittering clay."

Now pomp and grandeur court his head
With scutcheons, arms, and ensigns spread:
Gay magnificence and state,
Guards, and chariots, at his gate,
And slaves in endless order round this table wait:
They learn the dictates of his eyes,
And now they fall, and now they rise,
Watch every motion of their Lord,
Hang on his lips with most impatient zeal,

With swift ambition seize th' unfinish'd word,
And the command fulfil.
Tir'd with the train that grandeur brings,
He dropt a tear, and pity'd kings:
Then flying from the noisy throng,
Seeks the diversion of a song.

Music descending on a silent cloud,
Tun'd all her strings with endless art;
By slow degrees from soft to loud
Changing she rose: the harp and flute
Harmonious join, the hero to salute,
And make a captive of his heart.
Fruits, and rich wine, and scenes of lawless love
Each with utmost luxury strove
To treat their favourite best;
But sounding strings, and fruits, and wine,
And lawless love, in vain combine
To make his virtue sleep, or lull his soul to rest.

He saw the tedious round, and, with a sigh,
Pronounc'd the world but vanity.
" In crowds of pleasure still I find
" A painful solitude of mind.
" A vacancy within which sense can ne'er supply.
" Hence, and begone, ye flatt'ring snares,
" Ye vulgar charms of eyes and ears,
" Ye unperforming promisers!
" Be all my baser passions dead,
" And base desires, by nature made
" For animals and boys:
" Man has a relish more refin'd,
" Souls are for social bliss design'd,
" Give me a blessing fit to match my mind,
" A kindred-soul to double and to share my joys."

Myrrha appear'd: serene her soul
And active as the sun, yet steady as the pole:
In softer beauties shone her face;
Every muse, and every grace,
Made her heart and tongue their seat, [sweet:
Her heart profusely good, her tongue divinely
Myrrha the wonder of his eyes;
His heart recoil'd with sweet surprise,
With joys unknown before:
His soul dissolv'd in pleasing pain,
Flow'd to his eyes, and look'd again,
And could endure no more,
" Enough! (th' impatient hero cries)
" And seiz'd her to his breast,
" I seek no more below the skies,
" I give my slaves the rest."

TO DAVID POLHILL, Esq.

An Answer to an infamous Satire, called, " Advice to a Painter;" written by a nameless Author, against King William III. of glorious Memory, 1698.

SIR,

WHEN you put this satire into my hand, you gave me the occasion of employing my pen to answer so detestable a writing; which might be done much more effectually by your known zeal for the interest of his majesty, your counsels and your courage employed in the defence of your king and country. And since you provoked me to write, you will accept of these efforts of my loyalty to the best of kings, addressed to one of the most zealous of his subjects, by,

Sir,

Your most obedient Servant, I. W.

PART I.

And must the hero, that redeem'd our land,
Here in the front of vice and scandal stand?
The man of wondrous soul, that scorn'd his ease,
Tempting the winters, and the faithless seas,
And paid an annual tribute of his life
To guard his England from the Irish knife,
And crush the French dragoon? Must William's
name,
That brightest star that gilds the wings of Fame,
William the brave, the pious, and the just,
Adorn these gloomy scenes of tyranny and lust?

Polhill, my blood boils high, my spirits flame:
Can your zeal sleep! Or are your passions tame?
Nor call revenge and darkness on the poet's name?
Why smoke the skies not? Why no thunders roll?
Nor kindling lightnings blast his guilty soul?
Audacious wretch! to stab a monarch's fame,
And fire his subjects with a rebel flame;
To call the painter to his black designs,
To draw our guardian's face in hellish lines:
Painter, beware! the monarch can be shown
Under no shape but angels, or his own,
Gabriel, or William, on the British throne.

O! could my thought but grasp the vast design,
And words with infinite ideas join,
I'd rouse Apelles from his iron sleep,
And bid him trace the warrior o'er the deep:
Trace him, Apelles, o'er the Belgian plain
Fierce, how he climbs the mountains of the slain,
Scattering just vengeance thro' the red campaign.

Then dash the canvas with a flying stroke,
Till it be lost in clouds of fire and smoke,
And say, 'twas thus the conqueror thro' the squadrons broke.
Mark him again emerging from the cloud,
Far from his troops; there, like a rock, he stood
His country's single barrier in a sea of blood.
Calmly he leaves the pleasures of a throne,
And his Maria weeping; whilst alone
He wards the fate of nations, and provokes his own:
But Heav'n secures its champion; o'er the field
Paint hov'ring angels; tho' they fly conceal'd,
Each intercepts a death, and wears it on his shield.

Now, noble pencil, lead him to our isle,
Mark how the skies with joyful lustre smile,
Then imitate the glory on the strand,
Spread half the nation, longing till he land.
Wash off the blood, and take a peaceful teint,
All red the warrior, white the ruler paint;
Abroad a hero, and at home a saint.
Throne him on high upon a shining seat,
Lust and prophaneness dying at his feet,
While round his head the laurel and the olive meet,
The crowns of war and peace; and may they blow.
With flow'ry blessings ever on his brow.
At his right hand pile up the English laws
In sacred volumes; thence the monarch draws
His wise and just commands——————
Rise, ye old sages of the British isle,
On the fair tablet cast a reverend smile,
And bless the piece; these statutes are your own,
That sway the cottage, and direct the throne;

People and prince are one in William's name,
Their joys, their dangers, and their laws the

Let liberty and right, with plumes display'd,
Clap their glad wings around their guardian's
head,
Religion o'er the rest her starry pinions spread.
Religion guards him; round th' Imperial queen
Place waiting virtues, each of heav'nly mien;
Learn their bright air, and paint it from his eyes;
The just, the bold, the temperate, and the wise
Dwell in his looks; majestic, but serene;
Sweet, with no fondness; chearful, but not vain:
Bright, without terror; great, without disdain.
His soul inspires us what his lips command,
And spreads his brave example thro' the land:
Not so the former reigns;——
Bend down his earth to each afflicted cry,
Let beams of grace dart gently from his eye;
But the bright treasures of his sacred breast
Are too divine, too vast to be exprest:
Colours must fail where words and numbers faint,
And leave the hero's heart for Thought alone to
paint.

PART II.

Now, Muse, pursue the satirist again,
Wipe off the blots of his invenom'd pen;
Hark, how he bids the servile painter draw,
In monstrous shapes, the patrons of our law;
At one slight dash he cancels every name
From the white rolls of honesty and fame:

This scribbling wretch marks all he meets for knave, [brave,
Shoots sudden bolts promiscuous at the base and
And, with unpardonable malice, sheds
Poison and spite on undistinguished heads.
Painter, forbear! or, if thy bolder hand
Dares to attempt the villains of the land,
Draw first this poet, like some baleful star,
With silent influence shedding civil war;
Or factious trumpeter, whose magic sound
Calls off the subjects to the hostile ground,
And scatters hellish feuds the nation round.
These are the imps of hell, that cursed tribe
That first create the plague, and then the pain describe.

' Draw next above, the great ones of our isle,
Still from the good distinguishing the vile;
Seat 'em in pomp, in grandeur, and command,
Peeling the subjects with a greedy hand:
Paint forth the knaves that have the nation sold,
And tinge their greedy looks with sordid gold.
Mark what a selfish faction undermines
The pious monarch's generous designs,
Spoil their own native land as vipers do,
Vipers that tear their mother's bowels through.
Let great Nassau, beneath a careful crown,
Mournful in majesty, look gently down,
Mingling soft pity with an awful frown:
He grieves to see how long in vain he strove
To make us blest, how vain his labours prove
To save the stubborn land he condescends to love.

TO THE DISCONTENTED AND UNQUIET.

Imitated partly from Casimire, B. IV. Od. 15.

VARIA, there's nothing here that's free
From wearisome anxiety:
And the whole round of mortal joys
With short possession tires and cloys:
'Tis a dull circle that we tread,
Just from the window to the bed,
We rise to see, and to be seen,
Gaze on the world awhile, and then
We yawn, and stretch to sleep again.
But Fancy, that uneasy guest,
Still holds a longing in our breast:
She finds or frames vexations still.
Herself the greatest plague we feel,
We take strange pleasure in our pain,
And make a mountain of a grain,
Assume the load, and pant and sweat
Beneath th' imaginary weight.
With our dear selves we live at strife,
While the most constant scenes of life
From peevish humours are not free;
Still we affect variety:
Rather than pass an easy day,
We fret and chide the hours away,
Grow weary of this circling sun,
And vex that he should ever run
The same old track; and still, and still
Rise red behind yon eastern hill,
And chide the moon that darts her light
Thro' the same casement every night.

We shift our chambers, and our homes,
To dwell where trouble never comes;
Sylvia has left the city crowd,
Against the court exclaims aloud,
Flies to the woods; a hermit saint!
She loaths her patches, pins, and paint,
Dear diamonds from her neck are torn:
But Humour, that eternal thorn,
Sticks in her heart: she is hurry'd still,
'Twixt her wild passions and her will:
Haunted and hagg'd where'er she roves,
By purling streams, and silent groves,
Or with her furies, or her loves.

Then our native land we hate,
Too cold, too windy, or too wet;
Change the thick climate, and repair
To France or Italy for air;
In vain we change, in vain we fly;
Go, Sylvia, mount the whirling sky,
Or ride upon the feather'd wind
In vain; if this diseased mind
Clings fast, and still sits close behind.
Faithful disease, that never fails
Attendance at her lady's side,
Over the desart or the tide,
On rolling wheels, or flying sails.

Happy the soul that virtue shows
To fix the place of her repose,
Needless to move; for she can dwell
In her old grandsire's hall as well.
Virtue that never loves to roam,
But sweetly hides herself at home.

And easy on a native throne
Of humble turf sits gently down.

Yet should tumultuous storms arise,
And mingle earth, and seas, and skies,
Should the waves swell, and make her roll
Across the line, or near the pole,
Still she is at peace; for well she knows
To launch the stream that duty shows,
And makes her home where'er she goes,
Bear her, ye seas, upon your breast,
Or waft her, winds, from east to west
On the soft air; she cannot find
A couch so easy as her mind,
Nor breathe a climate half so kind.

TO JOHN HARTOPP, Esq.

(NOW SIR JOHN HARTOPP, BART.)

Casimire, Book I. Ode 4. imitated.

Vive jucundæ metuens juventæ, &c.

July 1700.

Live, my dear Hartopp, live to-day,
Nor let the sun look down and say,
"Inglorious here he lies,"
Shake off your ease, and send your name
To immortality and fame,
By ev'ry hour that flies.

Youth's a soft scene, but trust her not:
Her airy minutes, swift as thought,

Slide off the slipp'ry sphere;
Moons with their months make hasty rounds,
The sun has pass'd his vernal bounds,
And whirls about the year.

Let folly dress in green and red,
And gird her waste with flowing gold
Knit blushing roses round her head,
Alas! the gaudy colours fade,
The garment waxes old.
Hartopp, mark the withering rose,
And the pale gold how dim it shows!

Bright and lasting bliss below
Is all romance and dream;
Only the joys celestial flow
In an eternal stream,
The pleasures that the smiling day
With large right hand bestows,
Falsely her left conveys away,
And shuffles in our woes.
So have I seen a mother play,
And cheat her silly child,
She gave and took a toy away,
The infant cry'd and smil'd.

Airy chance, and iron fate
Hurry and vex our mortal state,
And all the race of ills create;
Now fiery joy, now sullen grief,
Commands the reins of human life,
The wheels impetuous roll;
The harnest hours and minutes strive,
And days with stretching pinions drive——
——down fiercely on the goal.

Not half so fast the galley flies
  O'er the Venetian sea,
When sails, and oars, lab'ring skies
  Contend to make her way.
Swift wings for all the flying hours
  The God of time prepares,
The rest lie still yet in their nest
  And grow for future years.

TO THOMAS GUNSTON, Esq.

1700.

HAPPY SOLITUDE.

Casimire, Book IV. Ode 12. imitated.

Quid me latentem, &c.

THE noisy world complains of me
That I should shun their sight, and flee
Visits, and crowds, and company.
Gunston, the lark dwells in her nest
  Till she ascend the skies;
And in my closet I could rest
Till to the heavens I rise.

Yet they will urge, "This private life
"Can never make you blest,
"And twenty doors are still at strife
  "T' engage you for a guest."
Friend, should the towers of Windsor or Whitehall
Spread open their inviting gates
To make my entertainment gay;
I would obey the royal call,
  But short should be my stay,
Since a diviner service waits
T' employ my hours at home, and better fill the
  day.

When I within my self retreat,
I shut my doors against the great;
My busy eye-balls inward roll,
And there with large survey I see
All the wide theatre of me,
And view the various scenes of my retiring soul;
There I walk o'er the mazes I have trod,
While hope and fear are in a doubtful strife,
Whether this opera of life
Be acted well to gain the plaudit of my God.

There's a day hast'ning, ('tis an awful day!)
When the great Sovereign shall at large review
All that we speak, and all we do,
The several parts we act on this wide stage of clay:
These he approves, and those he blames,
And crowns perhaps a porter, and a prince he damns.
O if the Judge from his tremendous seat
Shall not condemn what I have done,
I shall be happy tho' unknown,
Nor need the gazing rabble, nor the shouting street.

I hate the glory, friend, that springs
From vulgar breath, and empty sound;
Fame mounts her upward with a flatt'ring gale
Upon her airy wings,
Till envy shoots, and fame receives the wound;
Then her flagging pinions fail,
Down glory falls and strikes the ground,
And breaks her batter'd limbs.
Rather let me be quite conceal'd from fame;
How happy I should lie
In sweet obscurity,
Nor the loud world pronounce my little name!

Here I could live and die alone;
Or if society be due
To keep our taste of pleasure new,
Gunston, I'd live and die with you,
For both our souls are one.

Here we could sit and pass the hour,
And pity kingdoms, and their kings,
And smile at all their shining things,
Their toys of state, and images of power;
Virtue should dwell within our seat,
Virtue alone could make it sweet,
Nor is herself secure, but in a close retreat.
While she withdraws from public praise
Envy perhaps would cease to rail,
Envy itself may innocently gaze
At beauty in a veil
But if she once advance to light.
Her charms are lost in envy's sight,
And virtue stands the mark of universal spight.

TO JOHN HARTOPP, Esq.

(NOW SIR JOHN HARTOPP, Bart.)

THE DISDAIN.

1700.

Hartopp, I love the soul that dares
Tread the temptations of his years
Beneath his youthful feet:
Fleetwood and all thy heavenly line
Look thro' the stars, and smile divine
Upon an heir so great.

Young Hartopp knows this noble theme,
That the wild scenes of busy life,
The noise, th' amusements, and the strife
Are but the visions of the night,
Gay phantoms of delusive light,
Or a vexatious dream.

Flesh is the vilest and the least
Ingredient of our frame:
We're born to live above the beast,
Or quit the manly name.
Pleasures of sense we leave for boys;
Be shining dust the miser's food;
Let Fancy feed on Fame and Noise,
Souls must pursue diviner joys,
And seize the immortal good.

TO MITIO, MY FRIEND.

AN EPISTLE.

FORGIVE me, Mitio, that there should be any mortifying lines in the following poems inscribed to you, so soon after your entrance into that state which was designed for the completest happiness on earth: but you will quickly discover that the Muse in the first poem only represents the shades and dark colours that melancholy throws upon love, and the social life. In the second, perhaps, she indulges her own bright ideas a little. Yet, if the accounts are but well balanced at last, and things set in a due light, I hope there is no ground for censure. Here you will find an attempt made to talk of one of the most important concerns of human nature

in verse, and that with a solemnity becoming the argument. I have banished grimace and ridicule, that persons of the most serious character may read without offence. What was written several years ago to yourself is now permitted to entertain the world; but you may assume it to yourself as a private entertainment still, while you lie concealed behind a feigned name.

THE MOURNING-PIECE.

LIFE's a long tragedy: this globe the stage,
Well fix'd and well adorn'd with strong machines,
Gay fields, and skies, and seas: the actors many:
The plot immense: a flight of dæmons sit
On every sailing cloud with fatal purpose;
And shoot across the scenes ten thousand arrows,
Perpetual and unseen, headed with pain,
With sorrow, infamy, disease, and death.
The pointed plagues fly silent thro' the air
Nor twangs the bow, yet sure and deep the wound.

Dianthe acts her little part alone,
Nor wishes an associate. Lo she glides
Single thro' all the storm, and more secure;
Less are her dangers, and her breast receives
The fewest darts. "But, O my lov'd Marilla,
"My sister, once my friend, (Dianthe cries)
"How much art thou expos'd! Thy growing soul
"Doubled in wedlock, multiply'd in children,

" Stands but the broader mark for all the mischiefs
" That rove promiscuous o'er the mortal stage:
" Children, those dear young limbs, those tenderest pieces
" Of your own flesh, those little other selves,
" How they dilate the heart to wide dimensions,
" And soften every fibre to improve
" The mother's sad capacity of pain!
" I mourn Fidelio too; tho' Heaven has chose
" A favourite mate for him, of all her sex
" The pride and flower: how blest the lovely pair,
" Beyond expression, if well mingled loves
" And woes well mingled could improve our bliss!
" Amidst the rugged cares of life behold
" The father and the husband; flattering names,
" That spread his title, and enlarge his share
" Of common wretchedness. He fondly hopes
" To multiply his joys, but every hour
" Renews the disappointment and the smart.
" There not a wound afflicts the meanest joint
" Of his fair partner, or her infant train,
" (Sweet babes!) but pierces to his inmost soul.
" Strange is thy power, O Love! what numerous veins,
" And arteries, aud arms, and hands, and eyes,
" Are link'd and fastened to a lover's heart,
" By strong but secret strings! with vain attempt
" We put the stoic on, in vain we try
" To break the ties of Nature and of blood;
" Those hidden threads maintain the dear communion

" Inviolably firm: their thrilling motions
" Reciprocal give endless sympathy
" In all the bitters and the sweets of life.
" Thrice happy man, if Pleasure only knew
" These avenues of Love to reach our souls,
" And Pain had never found 'em!"

Thus sang the tuneful maid, fearful to try
The bold experiment. Oft Daphnis came,
And oft Narcissus, rivals of her heart,
Luring her eyes with trifles dipt in gold,
And the gay silken bondage. Firm she stood,
And bold repuls'd the bright temptation still,
Nor put the chains on; dangerous to try,
And hard to be dissolv'd. Yet rising tears
Sate on her eye-lids, while her numbers flow'd
Harmonious sorrow; and the pitying drops
Stole down her cheeks, to mourn the hapless state
Of mortal love. Love, thou best blessing sent
To soften life, and make our iron cares
Easy: but thy own cares, of softer kind, [heart,
Give sharper wounds: they lodge too near the
Beat, like the pulse, perpetual, and create
A strange uneasy sense, a tempting pain.

Say, my companion Mitio, speak sincere,
(For thou art learned now) what anxious thoughts,
What kind perplexities tumultuous rise,
If but the absence of a day divide
Thee from thy fair beloved! Vainly smiles
The chearful sun, and night with radiant eyes
Twinkles in vain: the region of thy soul
Is darkness, till thy better star appear.
Tell me, what toil, what torment to sustain

The rolling burden of the tedious hours ;
The tedious hours are ages. Fancy roves
Restless in fond enquiry, nor believes
Charissa safe: Charissa, in whose life
Thy life consists, and in her comfort thine.
Fear and surmise put on a thousand forms
Of dear disquietude, and round thine ears
Whisper ten thousand dangers, endless woes,
Till thy frame shudders at her fancy'd death ;
Then dies my Mitio, and his blood creeps cold
Thro' every vein. Speak, does the stranger Muse
Cast happy guesses at the unknown passion,
Or has she fabled all? Inform me, friend,
Are half thy joys sincere? Thy hopes fulfill'd,
Or frustrate? Here commit thy secret griefs
To faithful ears, and be they bury'd here
In friendship and oblivion; lest they spoil
Thy new-born pleasures with distasteful gall.
Nor let thine eye too greedily drink in
The frightful prospect, when untimely death
Shall make wild inroads on a parent's heart,
And his dear offspring to the cruel grave
Are dragg'd in sad succession, while his soul
Is torn away piece-meal: Thus dies the wretch
A various death, and frequent, e'er he quit
The theatre, and make his exit final.

But if his dearest half, his faithful mate
Survive, and in the sweetest saddest airs
Of love and grief, approach with trembling hand
To close his swimming eyes, what double pangs,
What racks, what twinges rend his heart-strings off
From the fair bosom of that fellow-dove
He leaves behind to mourn? what jealous cares

Hang on his parting soul, to think his love
Expos'd to wild oppression, and the herd
Of savage men? so parts the dying turtle
With sobbing accents, with such sad regret
Leaves his kind feather'd mate: the widow bird
Wanders in lonesome shades, forgets her food,
Forgets her life; or falls a speedier prey
To talon'd faulcons, and the crooked beak
Of hawks athirst for blood————

PART II.

THE BRIGHT VISION.

THUS far the muse, in unaccustom'd mood,
And strains unpleasing to a lover's ear,
Indulg'd a gloom of thought; and thus she sang
Partial; for melancholy's hateful form
Stood by in sable robe: the pensive muse
Survey'd the darksome scenes of life, and sought
Some bright relieving glimpse, some cordial ray
In the fair world of love: but while she gaz'd
Delightful on the state of twin-born souls
United, bless'd, the cruel shade apply'd
A dark long tube, and a false tinctur'd glass
Deceitful; blending love and life at once
In darkness, Chaos, and the common mass
Of misery: now Urania feels the cheat,
And breaks the hated optic in disdain.
Swift vanishes the sullen form, and lo
The scene shines bright with bliss: behold the place
Where mischiefs never fly, cares never come

With wrinkled brow, nor anguish, nor disease,
Nor malice forky-tongu'd. On this dear spot,
Mitio, my love would fix and plant thy station
To act thy part of life, serene and blest
With thy fair consort fitted to thy heart.

Sure 'tis a vision of that happy grove
Where the first authors of our mournful race
Liv'd in sweet Partnership! one hour they liv'd,
But chang'd the tasted bliss (imprudent pair!)
For sin, and shame, and this waste wilderness
Of briars, and nine hundred years of pain.
The wishing muse new-dresses the fair garden
Amid this desart-world, with budding bliss,
And ever-greens, and balms, and flow'ry beauties
Without one dangerous tree: there heavenly dews
Nightly descending shall impearl the grass
And verdant herbage; drops of fragrancy
Sit trembling on the spires: the spicy vapours
Rise with the dawn, and thro' the air diffus'd
Salute your waking senses with perfume:
While vital fruits with their ambrosial juice
Renew life's purple flood and fountain, pure
From vicious taint; and with your innocence
Immortalize the structure of your clay.
On this new paradise the cloudless skies
Shall smile perpetual, while the lamp of day
With flames unsully'd, (as the fabled torch
Of Hymen) measures out your golden hours
Along his azure road. The nuptial moon
In milder rays serene, should nightly rise
Full orb'd (if heaven and nature will indulge
So fair an emblem) big with silver joys,
And still forget her wane. The feather'd choir

Warbling their maker's praise on early wing,
Or perch'd on evening bough, shall join your worship,
Join your sweet vespers, and the morning song.

O sacred Symphony! hark, thro' the grove
I hear the sound divine! I'm all attention,
All ear, all extasy; unknown delight!
And the fair muse proclaims the heav'n below.

Not the seraphic minds of high degree
Disdain converse with men: again returning
I see th' ethereal host on downward wing.
Lo, at the eastern gate young cherubs stand
Guardians, commission'd to convey their joys
To earthly lovers. Go, ye happy pair,
Go taste their banquet, learn the nobler pleasures
Supernal, and from brutal dregs refin'd.
Raphael shall teach thee, friend, exalted thoughts
And intellectual bliss. 'Twas Raphael taught
The patriarch of our progeny th' affairs
Of heaven: (so Milton sings, enlight'ned bard!
Nor miss'd his eyes, when in sublimest strain
The angel's great narration he repeats
To Albion's sons high favour'd) thou shalt learn
Celestial lessons from his awful tongue;
And with soft grace and interwoven loves
(Grateful digression) all his words rehearse
To thy Charissa's ear, and charm her soul.
Thus with divine discourse, in shady bowers
Of Eden, our first father entertain'd
Eve, his sole auditress; and deep dispute

With conjugal caresses on her lip
Solv'd easy, and abstrusest thoughts reveal'd.

Now the day wears apace, now Mitio comes
From his bright tutor, and finds out his mate.
Behold the dear associates seated low
On humble turf, with rose and myrtle strow'd;
But high their conference! how self-suffic'd
Lives their eternal maker, girt around
With glories: arm'd with thunders; and his throne
Mortal access forbids projecting far
Splenders unsufferable and radiant death.
With reverence and abasement deep they fall
Before his sovereign majesty, to pay
Due worship: then his mercy on their souls
Smiles with a gentler ray, but sovereign still;
And leads their meditation and discourse
Long ages backward, and across the seas
To Bethlehem of Judah: there the son,
The filial Godhead, character express
Of brightness inexpressible, laid by
His beamy robes, and made descent to earth;
Sprung from the sons of Adam he became
A second father, studious to regain
Lost Paradise for men, and purchase heav'n.

The lovers with indearment mutual thus
Promiscuous talk'd, and questions intricate
His manly judgment still resolv'd, and still
Held her attention fix'd: she musing sat
On the sweet mention of incarnate love,
Till rapture wak'd her voice to softest strains.
" She sang the infant god; (mysterious theme!)

" How vile his birth-place, and his cradle vile!
" The ox and ass his mean companions; there
" In habit vile the shepherds flock around,
" Saluting the great mother, and adore
" Israel's anointed king, the appointed heir
" Of the creation. How debas'd he lies
" Beneath his regal state; for thee, my Mitio,
" Debas'd in servile form; but angels stood
" Ministring round their charge with folded wings
" Obsequious, tho' unseen; while lightsome hours
" Fulfill'd the day, and the grey evening rose.
" Then the fair guardians hov'ring o'er his head
" Wakeful all night, drive the foul spirits far,
" And with their fanning pinions purge the air
" From busy phantoms, from infectious damps,
" And impure taint; while their ambrosial plumes
" A dewy slumber on his senses shed.
" Alternate hymns the heavenly watchers sung
" Melodious, soothing the surrounding shades,
" And kept the darkness chaste and holy. Then
" Midnight was charm'd, and all her gazing eyes
" Wonder'd to see their mighty maker sleep.
" Behold the glooms disperse, the rosy morn
" Smiles in the east with eye-lids opening fair,
" But not so fair as thine; O I could fold thee,
" My young Almighty, my creator-babe,
" For ever in these arms! for ever dwell
" Upon thy lovely form with gazing joy,
" And every pulse should beat seraphic love!
" Around my seat should crouding cherubs come
" With swift ambition, zealous to attend
" Their prince, and form a heav'n below the sky.

" Forbear, Charissa, O forbear the thought
" Of female-fondness, and forgive the man
" That interrupts such melting harmony !"
Thus Mitio and awakes her nobler powers
To pay just worship to the sacred king,
Jesus, the God ; nor with devotion pure
Mix the caresses of her softer sex ;
(Vain blandishment) "come, turn thine eyes aside
" From Bethle'em, and climb up the doleful steep
" Of bloody Calvary, where naked sculls
" Pave the sad road, and fright the traveller.
" Can my beloved bear to trace the feet
" Of her redeemer panting up the hill
" Hard burden'd? can thy heart attend his cross?
" Nail'd to the cruel wood he groans, he dies,
" For thee he dies. Beneath thy sins and mine
" (Horrible load!) the sinful saviour groans,
" And in fierce anguish of his soul expires.
" Adoring angels pry with bending head
" Searching the deep contrivance, and admire
" This infinite design. Here peace is made
" 'Twixt God the sovereign, and the rebel man:
" Here Satan overthrown with all his hosts
" In second ruin rages and despairs;
" Malice itself despairs. The captive prey
" Long held in slavery hopes a sweet release,
" And Adam's ruin'd offspring shall revive
" Thus ransom'd from the greedy jaws of death."

The fair disciple heard; her passions move
Harmonious to the great discourse, and breathe
Refin'd devotion: while new smiles of love
Repay her teacher. Both with bended knees

Read o'er the covenant of eternal life
Brought down to men; seal'd by the sacred three
In heav'n ; and seal'd on earth with God's own blood
Here they unite their names again, and sign
Those peaceful articles. (Hail, blest co-heirs
Celestial! ye shall grow to manly age,
And spite of earth and hell, in season due
Possess the fair inheritance above.)
With joyous admiration they survey
The gospel treasures infinite, unseen
By mortal eye, by mortal ear unheard,
And unconceiv'd by thought: riches divine
And honours which the Almighty father God
Pour'd with immense profusion, on his son,
High treasurer of heaven. The son bestows
The life, the love, the blessing, and the joy
On bankrupt mortals who believe and love
His name. " Then, my Charissa, all is thine.
" And thine, my Mitio, the fair saint replies.
" Life, death, the world below, and worlds on high
" And place, and time, are ours; and things to come,
" And past, and present, for our interest stands
" Firm in our mystic head, the title sure.
" 'Tis for our health and sweet refreshment, (while
" We sojourn strangers, here) the fruitful earth
" Bears plenteous; and revolving seasons still
" Dress her vast globe in various ornament.
" For us this chearful sun and chearful light
" Diurnal shine. This blue expanse of sky
" Hangs, a rich canopy above our heads

" Covering our slumbers, all with starry gold
" Inwrought, when night alternates her return.
" For us time wears his wings out: nature keeps
" Her wheels in motion: and her fabric stands.
" Glories beyond our ken of mortal sight
" Are now preparing, and a mansion fair
" Awaits us, where the Saints unbody'd live.
" Spirits releas'd from clay, and purg'd from sin:
" Thither our hearts with most incessant wish
" Panting aspire; when shall that dearest hour
" Shine and release us hence, and bear us high,
" Bear us at once unsever'd to our better home?

O blest connubial state! O happy pair,
Envy'd by yet unsociated souls
Who seek their faithful twins! your pleasures rise
Sweet as the morn, advancing as the day,
Fervent as the glorious noon, serenely calm
As summer-evenings. The vile sons of earth
Grovelling in dust with all their noisy jars
Restless, shall interrupt your joys no more
Than barking animals affright the moon
Sublime, and riding in her midnight way.
Friendship and love shall undistinguish'd reign
O'er all your passions with unrival'd sway
Mutual and everlasting: friendship knows
No property in good, but all things common
That each possesses, as the light or air
In which we breathe and live: there's not one thought
Can lurk in close reserve, no barriers fix'd,
But every passage open as the day
To one another's breast, and inmost mind.

Thus by communion your delight shall grow,
Thus streams of mingled bliss swell higher as
they flow,
Thus angels mix their flames, and more divine-
ly glow.

PART III.

THE ACCOUNT BALANCED.

Should sovereign love before me stand,
With all his train of pomp and state,
And bid the daring muse relate
His comforts and his cares;
Mitio, I would not ask the sand
For metaphors t' express their weight,
Nor borrow numbers from the stars.
Thy cares and comforts, sovereign love,
Vastly out-weigh the sand below,
And to a larger audit grow
Than all the stars above.
Thy mighty losses and thy gains
Are their own mutual measures;
Only the man that knows thy pains
Can reckon up thy pleasures.

Say, Damon, say, how bright the scene,
Damon is half-divinely blest,
Leaning his head on his Florella's breast
Without a jealous thought, or busy care between:
Then the sweet passions mix and share;
Florella tells thee all her heart,

Nor can thy soul's remotest part
Conceal'd a thought or wish from the beloved fair.
Say, what a pitch thy pleasures fly,
When friendship all-sincere grows up to ecstacy
Nor self contracts the bliss, nor vice pollutes the
joy.
While thy dear offspring round thee sit,
Or sporting innocently at thy feet
Thy kindest thoughts engage:
Those little images of thee,
What pretty toys of youth they be,
And growing props of age!

But short is earthly bliss! the changing wind
Blows from the sickly south, and brings
Malignant fevers on its sultry wings,
Relentless death sits close behind:
Now gasping infants, and a wife in tears,
With piercing groans salutes his ears,
Thro' every vein the thrilling torments roll;
While sweet and bitter are at strife
In those dear miseries of life,
Those tenderest pieces of his bleeding soul
The pleasing sense of love awhile
Mixt with the heart-ache may the pain beguile,
And make a feeble fight:
Till sorrows like a gloomy deluge rise,
Then every smiling passion dies,
And hope alone with wakeful eyes
Darkling and solitary waits the slow-returning
light.

Here then let my ambition rest,
May I be moderately blest

When I the laws of love obey:
Let but my pleasure and my pain
In equal balance ever reign,
Or mount by turns and sink again,
And share just measures of alternate sway.
So Damon lives, and ne'er complains;
Scarce can we hope diviner scenes
On this dull stage of clay:
The tribes beneath the northern bear
Submit to darkness half the year,
Since half the year is day.

ON THE

DEATH OF THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, *

Just after Mr. Dryden. 1700.

AN EPIGRAM.

DRYDEN is dead, Dryden alone could sing
The full-grown glories of a future king.
Now Glo'ster dies: thus lesser heroes live
By that immortal breath that poets give;
And scarce revive the muse: but William stands,
Nor asks his honours from the poet's hands,
William shall shine without a Dryden's praise,
His laurels are not grafted on the bays.

AN EPIGRAM

OF

MARTIAL TO CIRINUS.

Sic tua, Cirini, promas Epigrammata vulgo
Ut mecum possis, &c.

INSCRIBED TO MR. JOSIAH HORT. 1694.

NOW LORD BISHOP OF KILMORE
IN IRELAND.

So smooth your numbers, Friend, your verse so sweet,
So sharp the jest, and yet the turn so neat,
That, with her Martial Rome, would place Cirine,
Rome would prefer your sense and thought to mine.
Yet modest you decline the public stage,
To fix your friend alone amidst th' applauding age,
So Maro did; the mighty Maro sings
In vast heroic notes of vast heroic things,
And leaves the Ode to dance upon his Flaccus strings.
He scorn'd to daunt the dear Horatian lyre,
Tho' his brave genius flash'd Pindaric fire,
And, at his will, could silence all the lyric quire.
So to his Varius he resign'd the praise
Of the proud buskin and the tragic bays,
When he could thunder with a loftier vein,
And sing of gods and heroes in a bolder strain.

A handsome treat, a piece of gold, or so,
And compliments will every friend bestow;
Rarely a Virgil, a Cirine we meet,
Who lays his laurels at inferior feet,
And yields the tenderest point of honour, wit.

EPISTOLA

Fratri suo dilecto R. W. I. W. S. P. D.

RURSUM tuas, amande frater, accepi literas, eodem fortassè momento, quo meæ ad te pervenerunt; idemque qui te scribentem vidit dies, meum ad epistolare munus excitavit calamum; non inane est inter nos fraternum nomen, unicus enim spiritus nos intùs animat, agitque, et concordes in ambobus efficit motus: O utinam crescat indiès, et vigescat mutua charitas! Faxit Deus, ut amor sui nostra incendat et defæcet pectora, tunc etenim et alternis puræ amicitiæ flammis erga nos invicem divinum in modum ardebimus; contemplemur Jesum nostrum, cæleste illud et adorandum exemplar charitatis. Ille est,

QUI quondam æterno delapsus ab Æthere vultus
Induit humanos, ut posset corpore nostras
(Heu miseras) sufferre vices; sponsoris obivit
Munia, et in sese Tabulæ maledicta Minacis
Transtulit, et sceleris pœnas hominisque reatum.

Ecce jacet desertus humi, diffusus in herbam
Integer, innocuas versus sua sidera Palmas
Et placidum attollens vultum, nec ad oscula Patris

Amplexus solitosve; artus nudatus amictû
Sidereos, et sponte sinum patefactus ad iras
Numinis armati. Pater, hic infige * sagittas,
" Hæc, ait, iratum sorbebunt Pectora ferum,
" Abluat æthereus mortalia crimina sanguis."

Dixit, et horrendùm fremuêre tonitrua cœli
Infensusque Deus; (quem jam posuisse paternum
Musa queri vellet nomen, sed et ipsa fragores
Ad tantos pevefacta silet,) Jam dissilit æther,
Panduntorque fores, ubi duro carcere regnat,
Ira, et Pœnarum Thesauros mille coercet,
Inde ruunt gravidi vesano sulphure nimbi,
Centuplicisque volant contorta volumina flammæ
In caput immeritum; diro hic sub pondere pressus
Restat, compressos dumque ardens explicat artus
†. Purpureo vestes tinctæ sudore madescunt.
Nec tamen infando Vindex Regina labori
Segniùs incumbit, sed lassos increpat ignes
Acriter, et somno languentem suscitat || ensem:
" Surge, age, divinum pete pectus, et imbue sacro
" Flumine mucronem; vos hinc, mea spicula, latè
" Ferrea per totum dispergite tormina Christum,
" Immensum tollerare valet; ad pondere pœnæ
" Sustentanda hominem suffulciet incola NUMEN.
" Et tu sacra Decas legum, violata tabella,
" Ebibe vindictam; vastâ satiabere cæde,
" Mortalis culpæ pensabit dedecus ingens
" Permistus Deitate cruor."

* Job iv. 6. † Luke xxii. 44. || Zech. xiii 7.

Sic fata, immiti contorquet vulnera dextrâ
Dilaniatque sinus; sancti penetralia cordis
Panduntur, sævis avidas dolor involat alis,
Atque audax mentem scrutatur, et ilia mordet;
Intereà servator * ovat, victorque doloris
Eminet, illustri † perfusus membra cruore,
Exultatque miser fieri; nam fortiùs illum
Urget patris honos, et non vincenda voluptas
Servandi miseros sontes; O nobilis ardor
Pœnarum! O quid non mortalia pectora cogis
Durus amor? Quid non cælestia?

At subsidat phantasia, vanescant imagines; nescio quo me proripuit amens musa: volui quatuor linias pedibus astringere, et ecce! numeri crescunt in immensum; dumque concitato genio laxavi frœna, vereor ne juvenilis impetus theologium læserit, et audax nimis imaginatio. Heri allata est ad me epistola indicans matrem meliusculè se habere, licet ignis febrilis non prorsus deseruit mortale ejus domicilium. Plura volui, sed turgidi et crescentes versus noluêre plura, et coarctârunt scriptionis limites. Vale amice frater, et in studio pietatis et artis medicæ strenuus decurre.

Datum à Musæo meo Londini xvto *Calend. Febr.*
Anno Salutis CIƆIƆCXCIII.

* Col. ii. 15. † Luc. xxii. 24.

FRATRIS E. W. OLIM NAVIGATURO.

Sept. 30, 1691.

I FELIX, pede prospero
I frater, trabe pineâ
Sulces æquora cærula
Pandas carbasa flatibus
Quæ tutò reditura sint.
Non te monstra natantia
Ponti carnivoræ incolæ
Prædentur rate naufragâ.
Navis, tu tibi creditum
Fratrem dimidium mei
Salvum fer per inhospita
Ponti regna, per avios
Tractus, et liquidum Chaos.
Nec te sorbeat horrida
Syrtis, nec scopulus minax
Rumpat roboreum latus.
Captent mitia flamina
Antennæ; et Zephyri leves
Dent portum placidum tibi.
Tu, qui flumina, qui vagos
Fluctus oceani regis,
Et sævam boream domas.
Da fratri faciles vias,
Et fratrem reducem suis.

AD REVERENDUM VIRUM

D^m JOHANNEM PINHORNE,

FIDUM ADOLESCENTIÆ MEÆ PRÆCEPTOREM.

Pindarici Carminis Specimen. 1694.

En te, Pinhorni, Musa Trisantica
Salutat, ardens discipulam tuam
Gratè fateri: nunc Athenas,
Nunc Latias per amœnitates
Tutò pererrans te recolit ducem,
Te quondam teneros et Ebraia per aspera gressus
Non durâ duxisse manu.
Tuo patescunt lumine Thespii
Campi atque ad arcem Pieridôn iter:
En altus assurgens Homerus
Arma deosque virosque miscens
Occupat æthereum Parnassi culmen: Homeri
Immensos stupeo manes ———
Te, Maro, dulcè canens sylvas, te bella sonantem
Ardua, da veniam tenui venerare Camœnâ;
Tuæque accipias, Thebane Vates,
Debita thura lyræ.
Vobis, magna Trias! clarissima nomina semper
Scrinia nostra patent, et pectora nostra patebunt,
Quum mihi cunque levem concesserit otia et horam
Divina Mosis pagina.

Flaccus ad hanc Triadem ponatur, at ipse pudendas
Deponat veneres: venias sed * purus et insons
Ut te collaudem, dum sordes et mala lustra
Ablutus, Venusine, canis ridesve. Recisæ
Hâc lege accedant Satyræ Juvenalis, amari
Terrores vitiorum. At longè cœcus abesset
Persius, obscuros vates, nisi lumina circumfusa forent, sphingisque ænigmata, Bonde, scidisses.
Grande sonans Senecæ fulmen, grandisque cothurni
Pompa Sophoclæi celso ponentur eodem
Ordine, et ambabus simul hos amplectar in ulnis.
Tutò, poetæ, tutò habitabitis
Pictos abacos: improba tinea
Obiit, nec audat sæva castas
Attingere blatta camænas.
At tu renidens fœda epigrammatum
Farrago inertûm, stercoris impii
Sentina fœtens, Martialis,
In barathrum relegandus inum
Aufuge, et hinc tecum rapias Catullum
Insulsè mollem, naribus, auribus
Ingrata castis carmina, et improbi
Spurcos Nasonis amores.

Nobilis extremâ gradiens Caledonis ab arâ
En Buchananus adest. Divini psaltis imago
Jessiadæ salveto; potens seu numinis iras
Fulminibus miscere, sacro vel lumine mentis
Fugare noctes, vel citharæ sono
Sedare fluctus pectoris.

* Horat. Lib. I. Sat. 6.

Tu mihi hærebis comes ambulanti,
Tu domi astabis socius perennis,
Seu levi mensæ simul assidere
Dignabere, seu lecticæ.
Mox recumbentis vigilans ad aurem
Aureos suadebis inire somnos
Sacra sopitis superinferens ob-
livia curis,
Stet juxtà *Casimirus, huic nec parciùs ignem
Natura indulsit nec musa armavit alumnum
*Sarbivium rudiore lyrâ.
Quanta Polonum levat aura cygnum!
†Humana linquens (en sibi devii
Montes recedunt) luxuriantibus
Spatiatur in aëre pennis.
Seu tu fortè virum tollis ad æthera.
Cognatosve thronos et patrium polum
Visurus consurgis ovans,
Visum fatigas, aciemque fallis,
Dum tuum à longè stupeo volatum
O non imitabilis ales.

Sarbivii ad nomen gelida incalet
Musa, simul totus fervescere
Sentio, stellatas levis induor
Alas et tollor in altum.
Jam juga Zionis redens pede
Elato inter sidera radens vertice
Longè despecto mortalia.

---

* M. Casimirus Sarbiewski Poeta insignis Polonis.
† Ode V. Lib. 2.

Quam juvat altisonis volitare per æthera pennis,
Et ridere procul fallacia gaudia sêcli
    Terrellæ grandia inania
  Quæ mortale genus (heu malè) deperit.
  O curas hominum miseras! cano,
  Et miseras nugas diademata!
    Ventosæ sortis ludibrium.
En mihi subsidunt terrenæ à pectore fæces,
Gestit et effrænis divinum effundere carmen
Mens afflata Deo ————————
———— at vos heroes et arma
  Et procul este dii, ludicra numina.
  Quid mihi cum vestræ pondere lanceæ,
  Pallas! aut vestris, Dionyse, thyrsis?
  Et clava, et anguis, et leo, et Hercules,
  Et brutum tonitru fictitii patris,
    Abstate à carmine nostro.

  Te, Deus Omnipotens! te nostra sonabit Jesu
  Musa, nec assueto cœlestes barbiton ausû
  Tentabit numeros. Vasti sine limite numen, et
Immensum sine lege Deum numeri sine lege
      sonabunt.

Sed musam magna pollicentem destituit vigor: divino jubare perstringitur oculorum acies. En labascit pennis, tremit artubus, ruit deorsum per inane ætheris, jacet victa, obstupescit, silet.

Ignoscas, Reverende vir, vano carmini; fragmen hoc rude licet et impolitum æqui boni consulas, et gratitudinis jamdiu debitæ in partem reponas.

VOTUM, SEU VITA IN TERRIS BEATA.

AD VIRUM DIGNISSIMUM

JOHANNEM HARTOPPIUM, BART.

1702.

HARTOPPI eximio stemmate nobilis
Venaque ingenii divite, si roges
Quem mea musa beat,
Ille mihi felix ter et ampliùs,
Et similes superis annos agit
" Qui sibi sufficiens semper adest sibi."
Hunc longè à curis mortalibus
Inter agros, sylvasque silentes
Se musisque suis tranquillâ in pace fruentem
Sol oriens videt et recumbens.

Non suæ vulgi favor insolentis
(Plausus insani tumidus popelli)
Mentis ad sacram penetrabit arcem,
Feriat licèt æthera clamor.
Nec gaza flammans divitis Indiæ,
Nec, Tage, vestra fulgor arenulæ
Ducent ab obscurâ quiete
Ad laquear radiantis aulæ.

O si daretur stamina proprii
Tractare fusi pollice proprio,
Atque meum mihi fingere fatum;
Candidus vitæ color innocentis
Fila nativo decoraret albo
Non Tyriâ vitiata conchâ.
Non aurum, non gemma nitens, nec purpura telæ
Intertexta forent invidiosa meæ.

Longè à triumphis, et sonitu tubæ
Longè remotos transigerem dies:
Abstate fasces (splendida vanitas)
Et vos abstate, coronæ.

Pro meo tecto casa sit, salubres
Captet auroras, procul urbis atro
Distet à fumo, fugiatque longè
Dura phthisis mala, dura tussis.
Displicet Byrsa et fremitu molesto
Turba mercantûm; gratiùs alvear
Demulcet aures murmure, gratius.
Fons salientis aquæ.

Litigiosa fori me terrent jurgia, lenes
Ad sylvas properans rixosas execror artes
Eminus in tuto à linguis ———
Blandimenta artis simul æquus odi,
Valete, cives, et amœna fraudis
Verba; proh mores! et inane sacri
Nomen amici!

Tuque quæ nostris inimica musis
Felle sacratum vitias amorem,
Absis æternùm, diva libidinis
Et pharetrate puer!
Hinc, hinc, Cupido, longiùs avola?
Nil mihi cum fœdis, puer, ignibus;
Æthereâ fervent face pectora,
Sacra mihi Venus est urania,
Et juvenis Jessæus amor mihi.

Cœleste carmen (nec taceat lyra
Jessæa) lætis auribus insonet,

Nec Watsianis è medullis
Ulla dies rapiet vel hora.
Sacri libelli, deliciæ meæ,
Et vos, sodales, semper amabiles,
Nunc simul adsitis, nunc vicissim,
Et fallite tædia vitæ.

TO MISS SINGER,

(NOW MRS. ROWE.)

ON THE SIGHT OF SOME OF HER DIVINE POEMS, NEVER PRINTED.

July 19, 1706.

On the fair banks of gentle Thames
I tun'd my harp; nor did celestial themes
Refuse to dance upon my strings:
There beneath the evening sky
I sung my cares asleep, & rais'd my wishes high
To everlasting things.
Sudden from Albion's western coast
Harmonious notes come gliding by,
The neighbouring shepherds knew the silver sound;
" 'Tis Philomela's voice, the neighb'ring shepherds cry;"
At once my strings all silent lie,
At once my fainting muse was lost,
In the superior sweetness drown'd.
In vain I bid my tuneful powers unite;
My soul retir'd, and left my tongue,
I was all ear, and Philomela's song
Was all divine delight.

Now be my harp for ever dumb,
My muse attempt no more. 'Twas long ago
I bid adieu to mortal things,
To Grecian tales, and wars of Rome,
'Twas long ago I broke all but th' immortal strings;
Now those immortal strings have no employ,
Since a fair angel dwells below.
To tune the notes of heav'n, & propagate the joy.
Let all my powers with awe profound
While Philomela sings,
Attend the rapture of the sound,
And my devotion rise on her seraphic wings.

END OF BOOK II.

BOOK III.

SACRED TO

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

AN EPITAPH ON
KING WILLIAM THE THIRD,
OF GLORIOUS MEMORY,
Who died March 8, 1701.

BENEATH these honours of a tomb,
  Greatness in humble ruin lies:
(How earth confines in narrow room
  What heroes leave beneath the skies!)

Preserve, O venerable Pile,
  Inviolate thy sacred trust;
To thy cold arms the British isle,
  Weeping, commits her richest dust.

Ye gentlest ministers of fate,
  Attend the monarch as he lies,
And bid the softest slumbers wait
  With silken cords to bind his eyes.

Rest his dear sword beneath his head;
  Round him his faithful arms shall stand:
Fix his bright ensigns on his bed,
  The guards and honours of our land.

Ye sister arts of paint and verse,
  Place Albion fainting by his side,
Her groans arising o'er the hearse,
  And Belgia sinking when he dy'd.

High o'er the grave religion set
  In solemn gold; pronounce the ground
Sacred, to bar unhallow'd feet,
  And plant her guardian virtues round.

Fair liberty in sables drest,
  Write his lov'd name upon his urn,
William, the scourge of tyrants past,
  And awe of princes yet unborn.

Sweet peace, his sacred relics keep,
  With olives blooming round her head,
And stretch her wings across the deep
  To bless the nations with the shade.

Stand on the pile, immortal fame,
  Broad stars adorn thy brightest robe,
Thy thousand voices sound his name
  In silver accents round the globe.

Flattery shall faint beneath the sound,
  While hoary truth inspires the song;
Envy grow pale and bite the ground,
  And slander gnaw her forky tongue.

Night and the grave remove your gloom;
  Darkness becomes the vulgar dead;
But glory bids the royal tomb
  Disdain the horrors of a shade.

Glory with all her lamps shall burn,
  And watch the warrior's sleeping clay,
Till the last trumpet rouze his urn
  To aid the triumphs of the day.

EPITAPHIUM VIRI VENERABILIS

DOM. N. MATHER,

Carmine Lapidario conscriptum.

M. S.

REVERENDI ADMODUM VIRI

NATHANAELIS MATHERI.

Quod mori potuit hic suptus depositum est,
Si quæris, hospes, quantus et qualis fuit,
  Fidas enarrabit lapis.

  Nomen à familiâ duxit
Sanctioribus studiis et evangelio devotâ,
  Et per utramque Angliam celebri,
  Americanam sc. atque Europæam.
Et hinc quoque in sancti ministerii spem eductus
    Non fallacem:
  Et hunc utraque novit Anglia
    Doctum et docentem.
Corpore fuit procero, formâ placidè verendâ;

At supra corpus et formam sublimè eminuerunt
Indoles, ingenium, atq; eruditio:
Supra hæc pietas, et (si fas dicere)
Supra pietatem modestia,
Cæteras enim dotes obumbravit.
Quoties in rebus divinis peragendis
Divinitas afflatæ mentis specimina
Præstantiora edidit,
Toties hominem sedulus occuluit
Ut solus conspiceretur Deus:
Voluit totus latere, nec potuit;
Heu quantum tamen sui nos latet!
Et majorem laudis partem sepulchrale marmor
Invita obruit silentio.
Gratiam Jesu Christi salutiferam
Quam abundè hausit ipse, aliis propinavit,
Puram ab humanâ fæce.
Veritatis evangelicæ decus ingens,
Et ingens propugnaculum.
Concionatur gravis aspectu, gestu, voce;
Cui nec aderat pompa oratoria,
Nec deerat;
Flosculos rhetorices supervacaneos fecit
Rerum dicendarum majestas, et Deus præsens,
Hinc arma militiæ suæ non infelicia,
Hinc toties fugatus Satanas.
Et hinc victoriæ
Ab inferorum portis toties reportatæ.
Solers ille ferreis impiorum animis infigere
Altum et salutare vulnus:
Vulneratas idem tractare leniter solers,
Et medelam adhibere magis salutarem.
Ex defæcato cordis fonte
Divinis eloquiis affatim scatebant labia,

Etiam in familiari contubernio:
Spirabat ipse undique cœlestes suavitates,
Quasi oleo lætitiæ semper recèns delibutus,
Et semper supra socios;
Gratumque dilectissimi sui Jesu odorem
Quaquaversùs et latè diffudit.
Dolores tolerans supra fidem,
Ærumnæque heu quam assiduæ!
Invicto animo, victrice patientiâ
Varias curarum moles pertulit
Et in stadio et in metâ vitæ:
Quam ubi propinquam vidit,
Plerophoriâ fidei quasi curru alato vectus
Properè et exultìm attigit.
Natus est in agro Lancastriensi 20° Martii, 1630.
Inter Nov-Anglos theologiæ tyrocinia fecit.
Pastorali munere diu Dublinii in Hibernia functus,
Tandem (ut semper) providentiam secutus ducem,
Cœtui fidelium apud Londinenses præpositus est,
Quos doctrinâ precibus, et vitâ beavit:
Ah brevi!
Corpore solutus 26° Julii, 1697. Ætat. 67.
Ecclesiis mœrorem, theologis exemplar reliquit.
Probis piisque omnibus
Infandum sui desiderium:
Dum pulvis Christo charus hic dulcè dormit
Expectans stellam matutinam.

ON THE SUDDEN DEATH OF

MRS. MARY PEACOCK.

AN ELEGIAC SONG, SENT IN A LETTER OF CONDOLANCE TO MR. N. P. MERCHANT AT AMSTERDAM.

HARK! she bids all her friends adieu;
Some angel calls her to the spheres;
Our eyes the radiant saint pursue
Thro' liquid telescopes of tears.

Farewel, bright soul, a short farewel,
Till we shall meet again above
In the sweet groves where pleasures dwell,
And trees of life bear fruits of love:

There glory sits on every face,
There friendship smiles in every eye,
There shall our tongues relate the grace
That led us homeward to the sky.

O'er all the names of Christ our King
Shall our harmonious voices rove,
Our harps shall sound from every string
The wonders of his bleeding love.

Come, Sovereign Lord, dear Saviour, come,
Remove these separating days,
Send thy bright wheels to fetch us home;
That golden hour, how long it stays!

How long must we lie ling'ring here,
  While saints around us take their flight?
Smiling, they quit this dusky sphere,
  And mount the hills of heavenly light.

Sweet soul, we leave thee to thy rest,
  Enjoy thy Jesus and thy God,
Till we, from bands of clay releast,
  Spring out and climb the shining road.

While the dear dust she leaves behind
  Sleeps in thy bosom sacred tomb!
Soft be her bed, her slumbers kind,
  And all her dreams of joy to come.

TO THE

REV. MR. JOHN SHOWER,

On the Death of his Daughter,

MRS. ANNE WARNER.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,

HOW great soever was my sense of your loss, yet I did not think myself fit to offer any lines of comfort: your own meditations can furnish you with many a delightful truth in the midst of so heavy a sorrow; for the covenant of grace has brightness enough in it to gild the most gloomy providence; and to that sweet covenant your soul is no stranger. My own thoughts were much impressed with the tidings of your daughter's death; and though I made many a reflection on the vanity of

mankind in its best estate, yet I must acknowledge that my temper leads me most to the pleasant scenes of heaven, and that future world of blessedness. When I recollect the memory of my friends that are dead, I frequently rove in the world of spirits, and search them out there: thus I endeavoured to trace Mrs. Warner; and these thoughts crouding fast upon me, I set them down for my own entertainment. The verse breaks off abruptly, because I had no design to write a finished elegy; and besides, when I was fallen upon the dark side of death, I had no mind to tarry there. If the lines I have written be so happy as to entertain you a little, and divert your grief, the time spent in composing them shall not be reckoned among my lost hours, and the review will be more pleasing to,

Sir,

Your affectionate humble Servant,

I. W.

Dec. 22, 1707.

AN ELEGIAC THOUGHT

ON MRS. ANNE WARNER,

Who died of the Small Pox, Dec. 18, 1707, at one o'clock in the morning, a few days after the birth and death of her first child.

AWAKE, my muse, range the wide world of souls,
And seek Vernera fled; with upward aim
Direct thy wing; for she was born from heaven,
Fulfill'd her visit, and return'd on high.

The midnight watch of angels that patrole
The British sky, have notic'd her ascent
Near the meridian star; pursue the track
To the bright confines of immortal day
And paradise, her home. Say, my Urània,
(For nothing scapes thy search, nor can'st thou miss
So fair a spirit) say, beneath what shade
Of Amarant, or chearful Ever-green
She sits, recounting to her kindred-minds
Angelic or humane, her mortal toil
And travels thro' this howling wilderness;
By what Divine protection she escap'd
Those deadly snares when youth & Satan leagu'd
In combination to assail her virtue;
(Snares set to murder souls) but heav'n secur'd
The favourite nymph, and taught her victory.

Or does she seek, or has she found her babe
Amongst the infant-nation of the blest,
And clasp'd it to her soul, to satiate there
The young maternal passion, and absolve
The unfulfill'd embrace? thrice happy child!
That saw the light, and turn'd its eyes aside
From our dim regions to th' eternal sun,
And led the parent's way to glory! there
Thou art for ever her's, with powers enlarg'd
For love reciprocal and sweet converse.

Behold her ancestors (a pious race)
Rang'd in fair order, at her sight rejoice
And sing her welcome. She along their seats
Gliding salutes them all with honours due
Such as are paid in heaven: and last she finds

A mansion fashion'd of distinguish'd light,
But vacant: this (with sure presage she cries)
Awaits my father; when will he arrive?
How long, alas, how long! (Then calls her mate)
Die, thou dear partner of my mortal cares,
Die, and partake my bliss; we are for ever one.

Ah me! where roves my fancy! what kind dreams
Croud with sweet violence on my waking mind!
Perhaps illusions all! inform me, muse,
Chuses she rather to retire apart
To recollect her dissipated powers,
And call her thoughts her own: so lately freed
From earth's vain scenes, gay visits, gratulations,
From Hymen's hurrying and tumultuous joys,
And fears and pangs, fierce pangs that wrought her death.
Tell me on what sublimer theme she dwells
In contemplation, with unerring clue
Infinite truth pursuing. (When, my soul,
O when shall thy release from cumb'rous flesh
Pass the great zeal of Heaven? what happy hour
Shall give thy thoughts a loose to soar and trace
The intellectual world? divine delight!
Vernera's lov'd employ! (perhaps she sings
To some new golden harp th' Almighty deeds,
The names, the honours of her Saviour-God,
His cross, his grave, his victory, and his crown:
Oh could I imitate th' exalted notes,
And mortal ears could bear them!——

Or lies she now before th' eternal throne
Prostrate in humble form, with deep devotion

O'erwhelm'd, and self-abasement at the sight
Of the uncover'd godhead face to face!
Seraphic crowns pay homage at his feet,
And hers amongst them, not of dimmer ore,
Nor set with meaner gems: but vain ambition,
And emulation vain, and fond conceit,
And pride for ever banish'd flies the place,
Curst pride, the dress of hell. Tell me, Urania,
How her joys heighten, and her golden hours
Circle in love. O stamp upon my soul
Some blissful image of the fair deceas'd
To call my passions and my eyes aside
From the dear breathless clay, distressing, sight!
I look and mourn and gaze with greedy view
Of melancholy fondness: tears bedewing
That form so late desir'd, so late belov'd,
Now loathsome and unlovely. Base disease,
That leagu'd with Nature's sharpest pains, and spoil'd
So sweet a structure! the impoisoning taint
O'erspreads the building wrought with skill divine,
And ruins the rich temple to the dust!

Was this the countenance, where the world admir'd
Features of wit and virtue? this the face
Where love triumph'd? and beauty on these cheeks,
As on a throne, beneath her radiant eyes
Was seated to advantage; mild, serene,
Reflecting rosy light? so sits the sun
(Fair eye of heav'n!) upon a crimson cloud
Near the horizon, and with gentle ray

Smiles lovely round the sky, till rising fogs.
Portending night, with foul and heavy wing
Involve the golden star, and sink him down
Opprest with darkness.——

ON THE DEATH OF AN AGED AND HONOURED RELATIVE, MRS. M. W.

July 13, 1693.

I KNOW the kindred-mind. 'Tis she, 'tis she;
Among the heav'nly forms I see
The kindred-mind from fleshly bondage free;
O how unlike the thing was lately seen
  Groaning and panting on the bed.
  With ghastly air, and languish'd head,
    Life on this side, there the dead,
While the delaying flesh lay shivering between.

  Long did the earthy house restrain
In toilsome slavery that ethereal guest;
  Prison'd her round in walls of pain,
And twisted cramps and aches with her chain;
Till by the weight of num'rous days opprest
  The earthy house began to reel,
The pillars trembled, and the building fell;
The captive soul became her own again:
Tir'd with the sorrows and the cares,
  A tedious train of fourscore years,
  The pris'ner smil'd to be releast,
She felt her fetters loose, and mounted to her
    rest.

Gaze on, my soul, and let a perfect view
   Paint her idea all anew;
Rase out those melancholy shapes of woe
That hang around thy memory, and becloud it so.
Come fancy, come, with essences refin'd,
   With youthful green, and spotless white;
Deep be the tincture, and the colours bright
T' express the beauties of a naked mind.
   Provide no glooms to form a shade;
All things above of vary'd light are made,
Nor can the heav'nly piece require a mortal aid.
   But if the features too divine
   Beyond the power of fancy shine,
Conceal th' inimitable strokes behind a graceful shrine

   Describe the saint from head to feet,
Make all the lines in just proportion meet;
      But let her posture be
   Filling a chair of high degree;
Observe how near it stands to the Almighty seat.
   Paint the new graces of her eyes;
Fresh in her looks let sprightly youth arise,
   And joys unknown below the skies.
   Virtue that lives conceal'd below,
      And to the breast confin'd,
   Sits here triumphant on the brow,
   And breaks with radiant glories through
      The features of the mind.
   Express her passion still the same,
      But more divinely sweet;
   Love has an everlasting flame,
      And makes the work complete.

The painter muse with glancing eye
Observ'd a manly spirit nigh*,
That death had long disjoin'd:
" In the fair tablet they shall stand
" United by a happier band:"
She said, and fix'd her sight, and drew the manly mind,
Recount the years, my song, (a mournful round!)
Since he was seen on earth no more:
He fought in lower seas and drown'd;
But victory and peace he found
On the superior shore.
There now his tuneful breath in sacred songs
Employs the European and the eastern tongues.
Let th' awful truncheon and the flute,
The pencil and the well-known Lute,
Powerful numbers, charming wit
And every art and science meet,
And bring their laurels to his hand, or lay them at his feet

'Tis done. What beams of glory fall
(Rich varnish of immortal art)
To gild the bright original!

---

* My Grandfather Mr. *Thomas Watts* had such acquaintance with the mathematics, painting, music, and poesy, &c. as gave him considerable esteem among his contemporaries. He was commander of a ship of war 1656, and by blowing up of the ship in the *Dutch* War he was drown'd in his youth.

'Tis done. The muse has now perform'd her part.
Bring down the piece, Urania, from above,
And let my honour and my love
Dress it with chains of gold to hang upon my heart.

A FUNERAL POEM

On the Death of

THOMAS GUNSTON, ESQ.

Presented to the

RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LADY ABNEY,

LADY-MAYORESS OF LONDON.

July, 1701.

MADAM,

HAD I been a common mourner at the funeral of the dear gentleman deceased, I should have laboured after more of art in the following composition, to supply the defect of nature, and to feign a sorrow; but the uncommon condescension of his friendship to me, the inward esteem I pay his memory, and the vast and tender sense I have of the loss, make all the methods of art needless, whilst natural grief supplies more than all.

I had resolved indeed to lament in sighs and silence, and frequently check'd the too forward muse: but the importunity was not to be resisted; long lines of sorrow flowed in upon me e'er I was aware, whilst I took many a solitary walk in the garden adjoining to his seat at Newington; nor could I free myself from the crowd of melancholy ideas. Your ladyship will find throughout the poem, that the fair and unfinished building which

he had just raised for himself, gave almost all the turns of mourning to my thoughts; for I pursue no other topics of elegy than what my passion and my senses led me to.

The poem roves, as my eyes and grief did, from one part of the fabric to the other; it rises from the foundation, salutes the walls, the doors, and the windows, drops a tear upon the roof, and climbs the turret, that pleasant retreat, where I promis'd myself many sweet hours of his conversation: there my song wanders amongst the dilightful subjects divine and moral, which used to entertain our happy leisure; and thence descends to the fields and the shady walks, where I so often enjoyed his pleasing discourse; my sorrows diffuse themselves there without a limit: I had quite forgotten all scheme and method of writing, till I correct myself, and rise to the turret again to lament that desolate seat. Now if the critics laugh at the folly of the muse for taking too much notice of the golden ball, let them consider that the meanest thing that belonged to so valuable a person still gave some fresh and doleful reflections: and I transcribe nature without rule, and represent friendship in a mourning dress, abandoned to the deepest sorrow, and with a negligence becoming woe unfeigned.

Had I designed a compleat elegy, Madam, on your dearest brother, and intended it for public view, I should have followed the usual forms of poetry, so far at least, as to spend some pages in the character and praises of the deceased, and thence have taken occasion to call mankind to complain aloud of the universal and unspeakable loss: but I wrote merely for myself as a friend of the dead, and to ease my full soul by breathing

out my own complaints; I knew his character and virtues so well, that there was no need to mention them while I talked only with myself; for the image of them was ever present with me, which kept the pain at the heart intense and lively, and my tears flowing with my verse.

Perhaps your ladyship will expect some divine thoughts and sacred meditations, mingled with a subject so solemn as this is: had I formed a design of offering it to your hands, I had composed a more christian poem; but it was grief purely natural for a death so surprising that drew all the strokes of it, and therefore my reflections are chiefly of a moral strain. Such as it is, your ladyship requires a copy of it; but let it not touch your soul too tenderly, nor renew your own mournings. Receive it, Madam, as an offering of love and tears at the tomb of a departed friend, and let it abide with you as a witness of that affectionate respect and honour that I bore him; all which, as your ladyship's most rightful due, both by merit and by succession, is now humbly offered, by,

MADAM,

Your ladyship's most hearty

And obedient servant,

I. WATTS.

TO THE DEAR MEMORY OF MY HONOURED FRIEND,

THOMAS GUNSTON, ESQ.

Who died Nov. 11, 1700, when he had just finished his seat at Newington.

Of blasted hopes, and of short withering joys,
Sing, heavenly muse. Try thine ethereal voice
In funeral numbers and a doleful song;
Gunston the just, the generous and the young,
Gunston the friend is dead. O empty name
Of earthly bliss! 'tis all an airy dream,
All a vain thought! our soaring fancies rise
On treacherous wings! and hopes that touch the skies
Drag but a longer ruin thro' the downward air,
And plunge the falling joy still deeper in despair.

How did our souls stand flatter'd and prepar'd
To shout him welcome to the seat he rear'd!
There the dear man should see his hopes complete,
Smiling, and tasting ev'ry lawful sweet
That peace and plenty brings, while numerous years
Circling delightful play'd around the spheres:
Revolving suns should still renew his strength,
And draw the uncommon thread to an unusual length,
But hasty fate thrusts her dread shears between,
Cuts the young life off, and shuts up the scene.
Thus airy pleasure dances in our eyes,
And spreads false images in fair disguise,
T' allure our souls, till just within our arms
The vision dies, and all the painted charms

Flee quick away from the pursuing sight,
Till they are lost in shades, and mingle with the
night.

Muse, stretch thy wings, and thy sad journey
bend
To the fair fabric that thy dying friend
Built nameless: 'twill suggest a thousand things
Mournful aud soft as my Urania sings

How did he lay the deep foundations strong,
Marking the bounds, and rear the walls along
Solid and lasting; there a numerous train
Of happy Gunstons might in pleasure reign,
While nations perish, and long ages run,
Nations unborn, and ages unbegun:
Not time itself should waste the blest estate,
Nor the tenth race rebuild the ancient seat.
How fond our fancies are! the founder dies
Childless; his sisters weep and close his eyes,
And wait upon his hearse with never ceasing
cries.
Lofty and slow it moves to meet the tomb,
While weighty sorrow nods on every plume;
A thousand groans his dear remains convey,
To his cold lodging in a bed of clay,
His country's sacread tears well-watering all
the way.
See the dull wheels roll on the sable road;
But no dear son to tread the mournful load,
And fondly kind drop his young sorrows there,
The father's urn bedewing with a filial tear.
O had he left us one behind, to play
Wanton about the painted hall, and say,

This was my father's, with impatient joy
In my fond arms I'd clasp the smiling boy,
And call him my young friend: but awful fate,
Design'd the mighty stroke as lasting as 'twas great.
And must this building then, this costly frame
Stand here for strangers? Must some unknown name,
Possess these rooms, the labours of my friend?
Why were these walls rais'd for this hapless end?
Why these apartments all adorn'd so gay?
Why his rich fancy lavish'd thus away?
Muse, view the paintings, how the hovering light
Plays o'er the colours in a wanton flight,
And mingled shades wrought in by soft degrees,
Give a sweet foil to all the charming piece;
But night, eternal night, hangs black around
The dismal chambers of the hollow ground,
And solid shades unmingled round his bed
Stand hideous: earthy fogs embrace his head,
And noisome vapours glide along his face
Rising perpetual. Muse, forsake the place,
Flee the raw damps of the unwholesome clay,
Look to his airy spacious hall, and say,
"How has he chang'd it for a loansome cave,
"Confin'd and crowded in a narrow grave!"

Th' unhappy house, looks desolate and mourns,
And every door groans doleful as it turns;
The pillars languish; and each lofty wall
Stately in grief, laments the master's fall,
In drops of briny dew; the fabric bears
His faint resemblance and renews my tears.

Solid and square it rises from below:
A noble air without a gaudy show
Reigns thro' the model, and adorns the whole,
Manly and plain. Such was the builder's soul.

O how I love to view the stately frame,
That dear memorial of the best lov'd name!
Then could I wish for some prodigious cave
Vast as his seat, and silent as his grave,
Where she tall shades stretch to the hideous roof,
Forbid the day, and guard the sun-beams off;
Thither, my willing feet, should ye be drawn
At the grey twilight, and the early dawn.
There sweetly sad should my soft minutes roll,
Numb'ring the sorrows of my drooping soul.
But these are airy thoughts! substantial grief
Grows by those objects that should yield relief;
Fond of my woes I heave my eyes around,
My grief from every prospect courts a wound;
Views the green gardens, views the smiling skies,
Still my heart sinks, and still my cares arise;
My wand'ring feet round the fair mansion rove,
And there to sooth my sorrows I indulge my love.

Oft have I laid the awful Calvin by,
And the sweet Cowley, with impatient eye
To see those walls, pay the sad visit there,
And drop the tribute of an hourly tear:
Still I behold some melancholy scene,
With many a pensive thought, and many a sigh between.
Two days ago we took the evening air,
I, and my grief, and my Urania there;

Say, my Urania, how the western sun
Broke from black clouds, and in full glory shone
Gilding the roof, then dropt into the sea,
And sudden night devour'd the sweet remains of
day;
Thus the bright youth just rear'd his shining
head
From obscure shades of life, and sunk among the
dead.
The rising sun adorn'd with all his light
Smiles on these walls again: but endless night
Reigns uncontroul'd where the dear Gunston
lies,
He's set for ever, and must never rise.
Then why these beams, unseasonable star,
These lightsome smiles descending from afar,
To greet a mourning house? In vain the day
Breaks thro' the windows with a joyful ray,
And marks a shining path along the floors
Bounding the evening and the morning hours;
In vain it bounds 'em: while vast emptiness
And hollow silence reigns thro' all the place,
Nor heeds the chearful change of Nature's face.
Yet Nature's wheels will on without controul,
The sun will rise, the tuneful spheres will roll,
And the two nightly bears walk round and watch
the pole.

See while I speak, high on her sable wheel
Old Night advancing climbs the eastern hill:
Troops of dark clouds prepare her way; behold,
How their brown pinions edg'd with evening gold
Spread shadowing o'er the house, and glide away
Slowly pursuing the declining day;

O'er the broad roof they fly their circuit still,
Thus days before they did, and days to come
they will;
But the black cloud that shadows o'er his eyes,
Hangs there unmoveable, and never flies:
Fain would I bid the envious gloom be gone;
Ah fruitless wish! how are his curtains drawn
For a long evening that despairs the dawn!

Muse, view the turret: just beneath the skies
Lonesome it stands, and fixes my sad eyes,
As it would ask a tear. O sacred seat
Sacred to friendship! O divine retreat!
Here did I hope my happy hours t' employ,
And fed before-hand on the promis'd joy,
When weary of the noisy town, my friend
From mortal cares retiring, should ascend
And lead me thither. We alone wou'd sit
Free and secure of all intruding feet:
Our thoughts should stretch their longest wings,
and rise,
Nor bound their soarings by the lower skies:
Our tongues should aim at everlasting themes,
And speak what mortals dare, of all the names
Of boundless joys and glories, thrones and seats
Built high in heaven for souls: we'd trace the
streets
Of golden pavement, walk each blissful field,
And climb and taste the fruits the spicy moun-
tains yield:
Then would we swear to keep the sacred road,
And walk right upwards to that blest abode;
We'd charge our parting spirits there to meet,
There hand in hand approach th' Almighty seat,

And bend our heads adoring at our Maker's feet.
Thus should we mount on bold advent'rous wings
In high discourse, and dwell on heavenly things,
While the pleas'd hours in sweet succession move,
And minutes measur'd, as they are above,
By ever-circling joys, and ever-shining love.

Anon our thoughts shou'd lower their lofty flight,
Sink by degrees, and take a pleasing sight,
A large round prospect of the spreading plain,
The wealthy river, and his winding train,
The smoky city, and the busy men.
How we should smile to see degenerate worms
Lavish their lives, and fight for airy forms
Of painted honour, dreams of empty sound
Till envy rise, and shoot a secret wound
At swelling glory, strait the bubble breaks,
And the scenes vanish, as the man awakes;
Then the tall titles, insolent and proud
Sink to the dust, and mingle with the crowd.

Man is a restless thing: still vain and wild,
Lives beyond sixty, nor outgrows the child:
His hurrying lusts still break the sacred bound
To seek new pleasures on forbidden ground,
And buy them all too dear. Unthinking fool,
For a short dying joy to sell a deathless soul!
'Tis but a grain of sweetness they can sow,
And reap the long sad harvest of immortal woe.

Another tribe toil in a different strife,
And banish all the lawful sweets of life,

To sweat and dig for gold, to hoard the ore,
Hide the dear dust yet darker than before,
And never dare to use a grain of all the store.

Happy the man that knows the value just
Of earthly things, nor is enslav'd to dust.
'Tis a rich gift the skies but rarely send
To fav'rite souls. Then happy thou, my friend,
For thou hadst learnt to manage and command
The wealth that heaven bestow'd with liberal
hand:
Hence this fair structure rose; and hence this
seat
Made to invite my not unwilling feet:
In vain 'twas made! for we shall never meet,
And smile, and love, and bless each other here,
The envious tomb forbids thy face t' appear,
Detains thee, Gunston, from my longing eyes,
And all my hopes lie bury'd, where my Gunston
lies.

Come hither, all ye tenderest souls, that know
The heights of fondness, and the depths of woe,
Young mothers, who your darling babes have
found
Untimely murder'd with a ghastly wound;
Ye frighted nymphs, who on the bridal bed
Clasp'd in your arms your lovers cold and dead,
Come; in the pomp of all your wild despair,
With flowing eye-lids, and disordered hair,
Death in your looks; come, mingle grief with
me,
And drown your little streams in my unbounded
sea

You sacred mourners of a nobler mold,
Born for a friend, whose dear embraces hold
Beyond all Nature's ties; you that have known
And felt a parting stroke: 'tis you must tell
The smart, the twinges, and the racks I feel:
This soul of mine that dreadful wound has borne,
Off from its side its dearest half is torn,
The rest lies bleeding, and but lives to mourn.
Oh infinite distress! such raging grief
Should command pity, and despair relief.
Passion, methinks, should rise from all my groans,
Give sense to rocks, and sympathy to stones.

Ye dusky woods and echoing hills around,
Repeat my cries with a perpetual sound:
Be all ye flow'ry vales with thorns o'ergrown,
Assist my sorrows, and declare your own;
Alas! your Lord is dead. The humble plain
Must ne'er receive his courteous feet again:
Mourn ye gay smiling meadows, and be seen
In wintry robes, instead of youthful green;
And bid the brook, that still runs warbling by,
Move silent on, and weep his useless channel dry.
Hither methinks the lowing herd should come,
And moaning turtles murmur o'er his tomb:
The oak shall wither, and the curling vine
Weep his young life out, while his arms untwine
Their amorous folds, and mix his bleeding soul
with mine.
Ye stately elms, in your long order mourn *,
Strip off your pride to dress your master's urn.

* There was a long row of tall elms then standing, where, some years after, the lower garden was made.

Here gently drop your leaves instead of tears:
Ye elms, the reverend growth of ancient years,
Stand tall and naked to the blustering rage
Of the mad winds; thus it becomes your age
To shew your sorrows. Often ye have seen
Our heads reclin'd upon the rising green;
Beneath your sacred shade diffus'd we lay,
Here Friendship reign'd with an unbounded sway:
Hither our souls their constant off'rings brought,
The burthens of the breast, and labours of the thought;
Our opening bosoms on the conscious ground
Spread all the sorrows and the joys we found,
And mingled every care; nor was it known
Which of the pains and pleasures were our own;
Then with an equal hand and honest soul
We share the heap, yet both possess the whole,
And all the passions there thro' both our bosoms roll.
By turns we comfort, and by turns complain,
And bear and ease by turns the sympathy of pain.

Friendship! mysterious thing, what magic pow'rs
Support thy sway, and charm these minds of ours?
Bound to thy foot, we boast our birth-right still,
And dream of freedom, when we've lost our will,
And chang'd away our souls: at thy command
We snatch new miseries from a foreign hand,
To call them ours; and, thoughtless of our ease,
Plague the dear self that we were born to please.

Thou tyranness of minds, whose cruel throne
Heaps on poor mortals sorrows not their own;
As though our mother Nature could no more
Find woes sufficient for each son she bore,
Friendship divides the shares, and lengthens out
the store.
Yet are we fond of thine imperious reign,
Proud of thy slavery, wanton in our pain,
And chide the courteous hand when death dis-
solves the chain.

Virtue, forgive the thought! the raving Muse
Wild and despairing, knows not what she does,
Grows mad in grief, and in her savage hours
Affronts the name she loves and she adores.
She is thy vot'ress, too; and at thy shrine,
O sacred Friendship, offer'd songs divine,
While Gunston liv'd, and both our souls were
thine.
Here to these shades at solemn hours we came,
To pay devotion with a mutual flame,
Partners in bliss. Sweet luxury of the mind!
And sweet the aids of Sense! Each ruder wind
Slept in its caverns, while an evening breeze
Fann'd the leaves gently, sporting thro' the
trees;
The linnet and the lark their vespers sung,
And clouds of crimson o'er th' horizon hung;
The slow-declining sun with sloping wheels
Sunk down the golden day behind the western
hills.

Mourn, ye young gardens, ye unfinish'd gates,
Ye green inclosures, and ye growing sweets

Lament, for ye our midnight hours have known,
And watch'd us walking by the silent moon
In conference divine, while heavenly fire
Kindling our breasts did all our thoughts inspire
With joys almost immortal; then our zeal
Blaz'd and burnt high to reach th' ethereal hill,
And love refin'd, like that above the poles,
Threw both our arms round one another's souls
In rapture and embraces. Oh forbear,
Forbear, my song! this is too much to hear,
Too dreadful to repeat; such joys as these
Fled from the earth for ever!————

Oh for a general grief! let all things share
Our woes, that knew our loves: the neighbouring air
Let it be laden with immortal sighs,
And tell the gales, that every breath that flies
Over these fields should murmur and complain,
And kiss the fading grass, and propagate the pain.
Weep all ye buildings, and the groves around
For ever weep: this is an endless wound,
Vast and incurable. Ye buildings knew
His silver tongue, ye groves have heard it too:
At that dear sound no more shall ye rejoice,
And I no more must hear the charming voice:
Woe to my drooping soul! that heavenly breath
That could speak life lies now congeal'd in death;
While on his folded lips all cold and pale
Eternal chains and heavy silence dwell.

Yet my fond hope would hear him speak again,
Once more at least, one gentle word, and then

Gunston aloud I call: in vain I cry
Gunston aloud, for he must ne'er reply.
In vain I mourn, and drop these funeral tears,
Death and the grave have neither eyes nor ears:
Wand'ring, I tune my sorrows to the groves,
And vent my swelling griefs, and tell the winds
our loves;
While the dear youth sleeps fast, and hears them
not:
He hath forgot me. In the lonesome vault,
Mindless of Watts and friendship, cold he lies,
Deaf and unthinking clay.——

But whither am I led? This artless grief
Hurries the muse on, obstinate and deaf
To all the nicer rules, and bears her down
From the tall fabric to the neighbouring ground:
The pleasing hours, the happy moments past,
In these sweet fields reviving on my taste,
Snatch me away resistless with impetuous haste.
Spread thy strong pinions once again, my song,
And reach the turret thou hast left so long:
O'er the wide roof its lofty head it rears,
Long waiting our converse, but only hears
The noisy tumults of the realms on high:
The winds salute it, whistling, as they fly,
Or jarring round the windows; rattling showers
Lash the fair sides; above, loud thunder roars:
But still the master sleeps; nor hears the voice
Of sacred friendship, nor the tempest's noise.
An iron slumber sits on every sense,
In vain the heavenly thunders strive to rouse it
thence.

One labour more, my muse, the golden sphere
Seems to demand. See thro' the dusky air
Downward it shines upon the rising moon;
And, as she labours up to reach her noon,
Pursues her orb with repercussive light, [night;
And streaming gold repays the paler beams of
But not one ray can reach the darksome grave,
Or pierce the solid gloom that fills the cave
Where Gunston dwells in death. Behold it flames
Like some new meteor, with diffusive beams,
Thro' the mid-heaven, and overcomes the stars;
" So shines thy Gunston's soul above the spheres,"
Raphael replies, and wipes away my tears.
" We saw the flesh sink down with closing eyes,
" We heard thy grief shriek out, 'he dies,' 'he dies!'
" Mistaken grief! to call the flesh the friend!
" On our fair wings did the bright youth ascend,
" All heav'n embrac'd him with immortal love,
" And sung his welcome to the courts above.
" Gentle Ithuriel led him round the skies—
" The buildings struck him with immense surprise;
" The spires all radiant, & the mansions bright,
" The roof high-vaulted with ethereal light:—
" Beauty and strength on the tall bulwarks sat
" In heavenly diamond; and for every gate
" On golden hinges a broad ruby turns,
" Guards of the foe, and as it moves it burns;
" Millions of glories reign thro' every part;
" Infinite power and uncreated art
" Stand here display'd, and to the stranger show
" How it outshines the noblest seats below.—

"The stranger fed his gazing powers awhile,
"Transported: then, with a regardless smile,
"Glanc'd his eye downward thro' the crystal floor,
"And took eternal leave of what he built before."

Now, fair Urania, leave the doleful strain;
Raphael commands; assume thy joys again.
In everlasting numbers, sing and say—
"Gunston has mov'd his dwelling to the realms of day;
"Gunston the friend lives still:—and give thy groans away."

AN ELEGY ON

Mr. THOMAS GOUGE.

TO

Mr. ARTHUR SHALLET, MERCHANT.

WORTHY SIR,

THE subject of the following elegy was high in your esteem, and enjoyed a large share of your affections. Scarce doth his memory need the assistance of the muse to make it perpetual; but when she can at once pay her honours to the venerable dead, and by this address acknowledge the favours she has received from the living, 'tis a double pleasure to,

SIR,

Your obliged humble Servant,

I. WATTS.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE

REV. Mr. THOMAS GOUGE,

Who died January 8, 1700.

YE virgin souls, whose sweet complaint *
Could teach Euphrates not to flow,†
Could Sion's ruin so divinely paint,
Array'd in beauty and in woe;
Awake, ye virgin souls, to mourn,
And with your tuneful sorrows dress a prophet's urn.
O could my lips or flowing eyes
But imitate such charming grief,
I'd teach the seas, and teach the skies,
Wailings, and sobs, and sympathies;
Nor should the stones or rocks be deaf;
Rocks shall have eyes, and stones have ears,
While Gouge's death is mourn'd in melody and tears.

Heav'n was impatient of our crimes,
And sent his minister of death
To scourge the bold rebellion of the times,
And to demand our prophet's breath:
He came, commission'd, for the fates
Of awful Mead and charming Bates:
There he essay'd the vengeance first,
Then took a dismal aim, and brought great Gouge to dust.

---

* Psalm cxxxvii. † Lament. i. 2, 3.

Great Gouge to dust! how doleful is the sound!
How vast the stroke is! and how wide the wound!
Oh painful stroke! distressing death!
A wound unmeasurably wide!
No vulgar mortal dy'd
When he resign'd his breath.
The muse that mourns a nation's fall
Should wait at Gouge's funeral;
Should mingle majesty and groans,
Such as she sings to sinking thrones,
And, in deep sounding numbers, tell
How Sion trembled when this pillar fell:
Sion grows weak, and England poor,
Nature herself, with all her store,
Can furnish such a pomp for death no more.

The reverend man let all things mourn;
Sure he was some æthereal mind,
Fated in flesh to be confin'd,
And order'd to be born.
His soul was of th' angelic frame,
The same ingredients, and the mould the same,
When the Creator makes a minister of flame;
He was all form'd of heav'nly things.
Mortals, believe what my Urania sings,
For she has seen him rise upon his flamy wings.

How would he mount, how would he fly,
Up thro' the ocean of the sky,
Tow'rd the celestial coast!
With what amazing swiftness soar,
Till earth's dark ball was seen no more,
And all its mountains lost!

Scarce could the muse pursue him with her sight;
But, angels, you can tell,
For oft you meet his wondrous flight,
And knew the stranger well;
Say, how he past the radiant spheres,
And visited your happy seats,
And trac'd the well-known turnings of the golden streets,
And walk'd among the stars.

Tell how he climb'd the everlasting hills,
Surveying all the realms above,
Borne on a strong-wing'd faith, and on the fiery wheels
Of an immortal love.
'Twas there he took a glorious sight
Of the inheritance of saints in light,
And read their title in their Saviour's right;—
How oft the humble scholar came,
And to your songs he rais'd his ears,
To learn the unutterable name,
To view th' eternal base that bears
The new creation's frame.
The countenance of God he saw,
Full of mercy, full of awe,
The glories of his power and glories of his grace.
There he beheld the wondrous springs
Of those celestial sacred things,
The peaceful gospel and the fiery law,
In that majestic face.
That face did all his gazing powers employ,
With most profound abasement and exalted ioy;
The rolls of fate were half unseal'd,
He stood, adoring, by,

The volumes open'd to his eye;
And sweet intelligence he held
With all his shining kindred of the sky.

Ye seraphs that surround the throne,
Tell how his name was thro' the palace known,
How warm his zeal was, and how like your own;
Speak it aloud, let half the nation hear,
And bold blasphemers shrink and fear;*

Impudent tongues! to blast a prophet's name!
The poison, sure, was fetch'd from hell,
Where the old blasphemers dwell,
To taint the purest dust, and blot the whitest fame!
Impudent tongues! you should be darted thro',
Nail'd to your own black mouths, and lie,
Useless and dead, till slander die,
Till slander die with you.

"We saw him (said th' ethereal throng),
"We saw his warm devotions rise,
"We heard the fervour of his cries,
"And mix'd his praises with our song:
"We knew the secret flights of his retiring hours:
"Nightly he wak'd his inward powers;
"Young Israel rose to wrestle with his God,
"And, with unconquer'd force, scal'd the celestial towers,
"To reach the blessing down for those that sought his blood.

* Though he was so great and good a man he did not escape censure.

" Oft we beheld the Thunderer's hand
" Rais'd high to crush the factious foe;
" As oft we saw the rolling vengeance stand,
" Doubtful t'obey the dread command,
" While his ascending pray'r upheld the falling
blow."

Draw the past scenes of thy delight,
My muse, and bring the wondrous man to sight,
Place him, surrounded, as he stood,
With pious crowds, while from his tongue
A stream of harmony ran soft along,
And every year drank in the flowing good:
Softly it ran its silver way,
Till warm devotion rais'd the current strong;
Then fervid zeal on the sweet deluge rode,
Life, love and glory, grace and joy,
Divinely roll'd, promiscuous, on the torrent-
flood,
And bore our raptur'd sense away, and thoughts,
and souls to God.
O might we dwell for ever there!
No more return to breathe this grosser air,
This atmosphere of sin, calamity, and care!

But heavenly scenes soon leave the sight
While we belong to clay,
Passions of terror and delight
Demand alternate sway.
Behold the man whose awful voice
Could well proclaim the fiery law,
Kindle the flames that Moses saw,
And swell the trumpet's warlike noise.

He stands the herald of the threat'ning skies :—
Lo, on his reverend brow the frowns divinely rise,
All Sinai's thunder on his tongue and lightning
in his eyes.
Round the high roof the curses flew,
Distinguishing each guilty head,
Far from th' unequal war the atheist fled,
His kindled arrows still pursue,
His arrows strike the atheist thro',
And o'er his inmost powers a shuddering horror
spread.
The marble heart groans with an inward wound :
Blaspheming souls of harden'd steel
Shriek out, amaz'd at the new pangs they feel,
And dread the echoes of the sound.
The lofty wretch, arm'd and array'd
In gaudy pride, sinks down his impious head,
Plunges in dark despair, and mingles with the
dead.

Now, muse, assume a softer strain,
Now soothe the sinner's raging smart,
Borrow of Gouge the wondrous art
To calm the surging conscience and assuage the
pain :
He from a bleeding God derives
Life for the souls that guilt had slain,
And strait the dying rebel lives,
The dead arise again ;
The opening skies almost obey
His powerful song ; a heavenly ray
Awakes despair to light, and sheds a cheerful
day.

His wondrous voice rolls back the spheres,
Recalls the scenes of ancient years,
To make the Saviour known;
Sweetly the flying charmer roves
Thro' all his labours and his loves, [throne.
The anguish of his cross and triumphs of his

Come, he invites our feet to try
The steep ascent of Calvary,
And sets the fatal tree before our eye:
See here celestial sorrow reigns;
Rude nails and ragged thorns lay by,
Ting'd with the crimson of redeeming veins.
In wondrous words, he sung the vital flood
Where all our sins were drown'd,
Words fit to heal and fit to wound;
Sharp as the spear and balmy as the blood.
In his discourse divine,
Afresh the purple fountain flow'd;
Our falling tears kept sympathetic time,
And trickled to the ground,
While every accent gave a doleful sound,
Sad as the breaking heart-strings of th' expiring God.

Down to the mansions of the dead,
With trembling joy our souls are led,
The captives of his tongue:
There the dear Prince of Light reclines his head
Darkness and shades among.
With pleasing horror we survey
The caverns of the tomb
Where the belov'd Redeemer lay,
And shed a sweet perfume.

Hark, the old earthquake roars again
In Gouge's voice, and breaks the chain
Of heavy death, and rends the tombs;
The rising God! he comes, he comes,
With throngs of waking saints, a long triumphing train.

See the bright squadrons of the sky!
Downward, on wings of joy and haste, they fly,
Meet their returning Sovereign, and attend him high.
A shining car the conqueror fills,
Form'd of a golden cloud;
Slowly the pomp moves up the azure hills,
Old Satan foams and yells aloud,
And gnaws th' eternal brass that binds him to the wheels.
The opening gates of bliss receive their King,
The Father-God smiles on his Son,
Pays him the honours he has won,
The lofty thrones adore, and little cherubs sing.
Behold him on his native throne,
Glory sits fast upon his head;
Dress'd in new light and beamy robes,
His hand rolls on the seasons, and the shining globes,
And sways the living worlds, and regions of the dead.

Gouge was his envoy to the realm below;
Vast was his trust, and great his skill,
Bright the credentials he could shew,
And thousands own'd the seal:

His hallow'd lips could well impart
The grace, the promise, and command:
He knew the pity of Immanuel's heart,
And terrors of Jehovah's hand.
How did our souls start out to hear
The embassies of love he bare,
While every ear in rapture hung
Upon the charming wonders of his tongue.
Life's busy cares a sacred silence bound,
Attention stood with all her powers,
With fixed eyes and awe profound,
Chain'd to the pleasure of the sound,
Nor knew the flying hours.

But, O my everlasting grief!
Heav'n has recall'd his envoy from our eyes;
Hence, deluges of sorrow rise,
Nor hope th' impossible relief.
Ye remnants of the sacred tribe,
Who feel the loss, come share the smart,
And mix your groans with mine:
Where is the tongue that can describe
Infinite things with equal art,
Or language so divine?
Our passions want the heavenly flame,
Almighty Love breathes faintly in our songs,
And awful threatenings languish on our tongues.
Howe is a great but single name:
Amidst the crowd he stands alone;
Stands yet, but with his starry pinions on,
Drest for the flight, and ready to be gone:
Eternal God, command his stay,
Stretch the dear months of his delay!
O we could wish his age were one immortal day!

But when the flaming chariot's come,
And shining guards, t'attend thy prophet home,
Amidst a thousand weeping eyes,—
Send an Elisha down, a soul of equal size,
Or burn this worthless globe, and take us to the skies.

END OF BOOK III.

SUPPLEMENT,

INCLUDING

ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS OF LATIN PIECES

IN THE FOREGOING POEMS.

BY THOMAS GIBBONS, D. D.

AD DOMINUM NOSTRUM ET SERVATOREM JESUM CHRISTUM, P. 81.*

TO OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST, AN ODE.

Thee, Jesus, in whose person join
The human nature and divine,
Th' all-glorious Sire's all-glorious Son
Ere worlds were form'd or time begun,

* This ode may perhaps vie in the merit of its composition with any of the Lyric performances of the Greek and Latin writers. A most astonishing energy animates, I may truly say, every line, and evinces what uncommon poetic powers the Doctor possessed. I will point out what appear to me some of the most eminent excellencies of the poem, which, though they may not be ob-

Thee will I praise; thy name ador'd
Shall consecrate the tuneful chord;
My tongue thy glories shall proclaim,
And my pen propagate thy fame.

---

served in a transient reading, yet may strike the mind with self-evident lustre, upon being properly displayed, and duly considered.

In the representation of our Lord's conquests over his and our enemies what can be more strongly descriptive than

Fractosque terrores averni,
Victum erebum, domitamque mortem?

"The broken terrors of hell, and its powers with those
" of death vanquished."

The felicity of the Son of God in the bosom of his divine Father infinite ages before the world began is most happily expressed in the third stanza.

Immensa vastos sæcula circulos
Volvêre, blando dum Patris sinû
Toto fruebatur Jehovâ
Gaudia mille bibens Jesus.

" Immense ages rolled their vast circles, while Jesus
" in the blissful bosom of his Father possessed the full
" Jehovah, there imbibing a thousand joys."

What can more forcibly describe the anger, which inflamed our Lord against Satan for his attempts and success in involving mankind in sin and ruin, and the amazing love of the Son of God in becoming incarnate and suffering and dying for our redemption than the lines

Commota sacra viscera protinus
Sensêre flammas; omnipotens furor
Ebullit, immensique amoris
Æthereum calet igne pectus?

" Immediately (on man's fall) his bowels felt a sacred
" flame. Omnipotent fury boils within him, and his

Let strings of sounds divinely bold
Be fitted to the vocal gold,
And thou, my harp, awake and tell
The triumphs of Immanuel,

" heavenly bosom glows with the fire of infinite love."

His readiness to become man, and so to become our Saviour, and his actual descent from heaven for that purpose are described in most lively and suitable language

———— et ætheris
Inclinat ingens culmen, alto
Desiliitque ruens olympo,

" He bends the mighty summit of the heaven, and " rushing down leaps from the lofty sky." Bending the mighty summit, what majesty! Rushing down, and leaping from the lofty sky, what swiftness and alacrity!

The behaviour of Satan upon our Lord's entrance into the infernal regions is finely imagined in the following verses:

Dirum fremebat rex gehennæ,
Perque suum tremebundus orcum
Latè refugit.——

" The king of hell roars horribly, and trembling flies " hither and thither through his domain." His roaring horribly expresses the terrors that possessed him only at the sight of him who had driven him into that place of punishment, and who now, as he could make no doubt, was come to inflict sorer plagues upon him; and his trembling flight to find some corner or depth of hell to escape his vengeance implies a consciousness of his utter incapacity to encounter his adversary, and a dread of feeling worse torments from his hands, and therefore he instantly and eagerly seeks a retreat from his presence and power.

How, in the thunder of his might,
He put the infernal hosts to flight,
In fetters bound their vanquish'd king,
Trampled on death, and crush'd his sting.

In what images of invincible strength and sovereign majesty do we find the infernal prisons destined for the confinement of those souls whom Christ meant to redeem broken up and destroyed by him!

> Immane rugit jam tonitru: fragor
> Latè ruinam mandat; ab infimis
> Lectæque designata genti
> Tartara disjiciuntur antris.

"Now immense thunder roars, the peals diffuse wide ruin, and the infernal abodes designed for the chosen race are torn up from their lowest caverns."

But surely nothing can exceed in poetical merit the following stanza, where the Doctor describes the destruction of the infernal engines of torture, the conquest of death, and his consequent distress:

> Heic strata passim vincula, et heic jacent
> Unci cruenti, tormina mentium
> Invisa; ploratuq; vasto
> Spicula Mors sibi adempta plangit.

"Here chains are every where scattered, and here "lie bloody racks, the hated tortures of souls, all in "ruins, and Death bemoans his darts taken from him "with vast lamentation." What can be fitter words to express the most pungent sorrow than "ploratu vasto," vast lamentation? They bring to my mind the lines of Milton——

> Cocytus nam'd of lamentation loud
> Heard on the rueful stream——

and in both the poets huge affliction is expressed not in short but long sounds.

The ascent of our Lord from hell as a conqueror with

Ages immense through heav'n had roll'd
Their ample rounds of radiant gold,
While in the realms of endless day
He in the Father's bosom lay,

---

his and our enemies dragged at his triumphal chariot is admirably described in the lines

En ut resurgit victor ab ultimo
Ditis profundo, curribus aureis
Astricta raptans monstra noctis
Perdomitumq; erebi tyrannum!

"See how the victor ascends from the profoundest "hell hurrying away the monsters of darkness, and the "vanquished tyrant of hell bound to his golden cha- "riots." The word *raptans, hurrying, snatching by violence*, is admirably well chosen to express our Lord's absolute dominion over his and our enemies, and their utter inability to resist his power, when, as the scripture says, "he ascended up on high, and led captivity captive."

There is another beauty in this divine ode which I shall point out, and which shall close my observations upon it. It lies in the last stanza.

Io triumphe, plectra seraphica,
Io triumphe, grex hominum sonet,
Dum læta quadquaversus ambos
Astra repercutiunt triumphos.

"Let the seraphic harps tune their songs, let the race "of men sound his praise, while the joyful stars on every "side echo to both the triumphs;" that is, to that of seraphs above, and to that of men below. The stars, perpetually rolling between the heaven of heavens and the earth, are called upon by our divine poet to repeat the songs of angels as they descend to our world, and the songs of men as they ascend to the celestial regions, and thus, as the consequence, there will be a boundless and immortal praise.

Of his unbounded love possess'd,
With joys immeasurable bless'd,
Till from th' empyreal heights he saw
Adam transgress his Maker's law,
And hell expand its lake of fire
T' ingulph the offspring with their fire;
Saw too th' avenging angel stand,
Swords and keen lightnings in his hand,
And arrows rang'd in dire array
Athirst for blood, and wing'd to slay;
Then heard from the abhorr'd profound
The monsters of the pit resound
Their joys, that man from God was driv'n,
And earth to hell's dominion giv'n:
Compassion not to be exprest,
Like a swift flame, pervades his breast;
To help, to save almighty ire,
And love dimensionless conspire,
" Not the whole race of men shall be
" Plung'd in eternal misery:
" What, shall my Father's work divine,
" Where his refulgent beauties shine,
" Perish by hellish fraud and spite?
" Rather let all the stars of light
" Be from their glorious stations hurl'd,
" And night and chaos whelm the world:
" I'll enter Satan's dark domain,
" And bind the felon in my chain,
" Or he shall chase me from the field,
" And I'll to him my sceptre yield.
" By my Sire's glories, and by mine,
" Alike immortal and divine,
" I swear." He said, and bows the skies,
And to our world impatient flies.

The Prince of heaven without delay
Assumes an humble form of clay,
Though scant the room, and poor th' abode,
Yet honour'd to admit the God!
Thus he displays his wond'rous grace,
Thus he redeems our ruin'd race,
Vengeance' full quiver he receives,
And for our own his life he gives.
O the distress! th' effects how dire
Of the offended thunderer's ire!
Edict severe! what punishment
For Adam's one transgression sent!
He tastes the interdicted tree,
And death sweeps o'er his progeny.
But check, my muse, thy plaintive lay;
Whither do thy wild pinions stray?
Suppress these sighs, these groans restrain,
What shall a flood of tears prophane
The triumphs of Immanuel's tomb?
Rather a joyful strain assume,
And in thy noblest numbers tell
How he descended into hell,
And entered the tremendous cells
Where death in night and horrors dwells;
The dreary seats his presence own'd,
And to their inmost caverns groan'd,
Chaos through all his empire shook,
Th' alarm th' infernal tyrant took
And, roaring loud in wild affright,
Ran, fled through all the realms of night,
In hope to hide his guilty head,
When thus the Lord of glory said:
" Monster, curst cause of sin and woe,
" In vain thou try'st to shun my blow:

" This bolt shall find, shall pierce thee thro',
" Though, to conceal thee from my view,
" Thou under hell's profoundest wave
" Should'st dive to seek a sheltering grave."
He spoke, and with unerring aim
Full on the foe he flung the flame
His Father gave: through all the coasts
Hell trembled, trembled all the ghosts,
Who well etherial fires might dread
Ere since before their force they fled
From the celestial light and bliss
Down to the bottomless abyss.
Now from the deep loud thunders sound
Scattering immense destruction round,
Tear up the dungeons from their base
Prepar'd t' immure the chosen race.
Here in a thousand fragments lie
Engines of hellish tyranny,
Fetters, wheels, racks asunder burst,
And every cruelty accurs'd.
While Death in lamentable groans
The plunder of his darts bemoans.
But see the God, with conquest crown'd,
Returning from the dark profound,
See up heav'n's hills the triumph roll'd,
See to his wheels of burning gold
Proud Satan chain'd, and with a throng
Of hell's grim monsters dragg'd along.
What shouts of joy from angels rise,
While he ascends his native skies?
What pleasure in the victor glow'd,
While thro' the gates of bliss he rode?
His praises, ye seraphic choirs,
Resound, and sweep your golden lyres,

His praises too all human tongues
Resound, and tune the noblest songs,
While the glad stars that round the pole
'Twixt heaven and earth incessant roll,
Seize from both worlds the tuneful sound,
And waft th' immortal echos round.

EXCITATIO CORDIS AD CŒLUM VERSUS.

p. 84.

THE EXCITATION OF THE HEART TOWARDS HEAVEN.

WHAT shall whole ages wear away,
And I a willing pris'ner stay
Immur'd within these walls of clay?

The porch, the open door I see:
Shall both conspire to set me free,
And I start back from liberty?

Shall I not pant t' ascend the road,
That leads to yon sublime abode,
The palace of my Father, God?

From this vile flesh what countless ills
Arise? now fear my bosom chills,
Now grief in trickling tears distils;

While Sin, the worst of all my foes,
Prevents or murders my repose,
And snares of dark destruction strows.

On this poor spot where canst thou find
Pleasures of such exalted kind
To fill the wishes of the mind?

Jesus, thy love, far far from sight
'Midst stars and seraphs pure and bright
Dwells high-enthron'd in worlds of light.

Thither shouldst thou attempt to go
Th' Almighty would no thunders throw,
Nor would one cloud obscure his brow:

Himself invites thee to the skies:
From sin and all its sorrows rise;
Wings of swift flame his love supplies.

EPISTOLA FRATRI SUO DILECTO.

" R. W. I. W. S. P. D. p. 221.

A LETTER FROM ISAAC WATTS, TO HIS BROTHER RICHARD WATTS, WISHING HIM PEACE AND SAFETY IN GOD.

DEAR BROTHER,

I HAD a second receipt of a letter from you perhaps in the very moment in which mine came to hand; and the very day in which you was writing to me was the same which awakened my pen to the discharge of its epistolary duty to you. We bear not the fraternal name in vain, for the same spirit possesses, inspires, and

produces the most harmonious movements in us. May our mutual affection every day increase and flourish! God grant his love may purify and kindle our souls! thus shall we in a divine manner burn with reciprocal flames of friendship. Let us contemplate our Saviour, that celestial and adorable example of love.

THE Son of God descending from the skies,
Assum'd an human form that in our flesh
He might endure the agonizing pains
Due to our crimes: our surety he became
Transferring to himself each baleful curse
Of Heav'n's vindictive, death-denouncing law,
And made our guilt and punishment his own.
See him deserted on the naked ground,
And kneeling on the sod extend his hands,
And lift his placid count'nance to the skies
With conscious innocence, but not t' enjoy,
As he was wont, his heav'nly Father's smiles,
And kind embraces. See his godlike form
Expos'd to night's cold blast, and see his breast
By his own hands expanded to the stroke
Of Deity in arms. "Here, here, he cries,
" O Father, plant thy darts, here plunge thy sword
" Flaming and edg'd for slaughter: blood divine
" Has pow'r to expiate the crimes of men."
" He said:" th' Omnipotent in terror rose,
And launch'd the rattling thunders from his hand.
Now might the Muse in melting lays bemoan
The Father's tender name extinct and lost,
But the unsufferable noise affrights,
Confounds her, and in silence seals her tongue.

The skies asunder rend, the doors expand,
Where Vengeance in its iron prison dwells,
And in a thousand penal terrors reigns.
Swift issue huge conglomerated clouds
Fraught with outrageous sulphur: lightnings thence,
All arm'd with tortures exquisitely keen,
Voluminous, uninterrupted rush
Down on his guiltless head. The wrath immense
He firmly suffers, though beneath his pangs
The blood reluctant quits its well-known roads,
And bathes his limbs in gore, the purple sweat
In big round drops descending to the ground.
Still, still th' avenging Queen * her direful work
Plies with redoubled fury, loudly chides
The lagging fire, and wakes her ling'ring sword
To more than sevenfold rage. " Arise, she cries,
" And in Immanuel's bosom sheath thy blade
" And drink his sacred blood: my keenest shafts
" With all your iron torments wound his heart:
" He can endure them all, th' indwelling God
" Supports the weak humanity to bear
" The weight of sorrows due to human guilt:
" And thou, most holy law of stamp divine,
" Broken, insulted by the sins of men,
" Here take full recompence for all thy wrongs.
" See the full expiation! See the blood,
" Ordain'd thine injur'd honours to restore,
" Merit unknown from Deity acquire."

---

* Divine Justice, or Vengeance.

Thus Vengeance spoke, & with remorseless rage
Transfix'd his heart, and gash'd him o'er with wounds.
The inmost deep recesses of his soul
Thrown open, Anguish there on cruel wing
Alights, and, like an hungry vulture, tears
And preys upon his heart-strings, but amidst
Th' unparallel'd distress the Son of God
Superior shines, defies the fiercest pangs,
And triumphs in his woes. Heroic zeal
For his great Father's glories arm'd his soul
Join'd with invincible delight to save
Millions of rebels from the gulph of hell.
Such his stupendous ardour to endure
Vicarious punishment! What will not love
When love inspires a mortal breast achieve?
But when celestial bosoms catch the fire,
What miracles of mercy blaze around?

But let fancy with all its images subside and vanish. I know not whither the impetuous Muse has hurried me. I designed only four lines in verse, and behold what a number! While I have indulged my rapture I fear my juvenile heat, and too bold an imagination may have made some trespass on divinity.

I received a letter yesterday acquainting me that our mother was somewhat better, though the fever has not quite left her. I intended to have written more particularly, but the swelling and growing verses have prevented me, and contracted the limits of my letter. Farewell, dear brother, and may you make strenuous advances in the study of religion and medicine! Given from my study in London on the sixteenth of the Kalends of February, 1693.

FRATRI OLIM NAVIGATURO. p. 224.

TO MY BROTHER ENOCH WATTS GOING A VOYAGE.

Brother, may Heaven vouchsafe to bless,
And crown your voyage with success!
Go, in the planks of pine immur'd,
And from surrounding harms secur'd,
Go, and with sails expanding wide,
With pleasure plough the placid tide,
In safety wafted o'er the main,
In safety wafted home again.
O may no monster of the flood,
That roams for prey, and thirsts for blood,
Seize you to his tremendous pow'r
And with remorseless jaws devour,
While the bark shiver'd by the blast
Strows with its wreck the wat'ry waste!
My brother trusted to thy care,
Half of myself, O vessel, bear
Secure through ocean's wide domain,
At best a desert trackless plain,
And oft, when hurricanes arise,
In billows thund'ring to the skies:
Safe from the sand's devouring heap,
May'st thou thy wary passage keep,
Safe too from each tremendous rock,
Where ships are shatter'd by the shock:
May only favourable gales
Attend thy course and fill thy sails,
And may the zephyr's softest wing
Thee to thy port serenely bring!

Thou, who dost o'er the seas preside,
Rouse them to rage, or smooth their tide!
Thou, who dost in thy fetters keep
The boisterous tyrants of the deep!
To foreign climes secure convey
My brother thro' the wat'ry way;
And back conduct him, o'er the main,
To his dear shores and friends again!

AD REVERENDUM VIRUM DOMINUM
JOHANNEM PINHORNE,
FIDUM ADOLESCENTIÆ PRECEPTOREM.

p. 225.

TO THE REV. MR. JOHN PINHORNE,
THE FAITHFUL PRECEPTOR OF MY YOUNGER YEARS.

PINHORNE, permit the muse t'aspire
To thee, and vent th' impatient fire
That in her bosom glows:
Fain would she tune an equal lay,
And to her honour'd tutor pay
The debt of thanks she owes.

Thro' Plato's walks, a flow'ry road,
And Latium's fields with pleasure strow'd,
She owns thy guiding hand;
Thou, too, didst her young steps convey
Thro' many a rough and craggy way
In Palestina's land.

'Twas thine irradiating light
Open'd the Thespian vales to sight,
And taught the muse to climb
The mountains where the muses' choir
Now tune their breath, now touch the lyre,
To ecstasy sublime.

Of high Parnassus' top possess'd,
See Homer tow'ring o'er the rest—
What a stupendous strain!
In battle, gods and men contend,
The heavens outraged as uproars rend,
And slaughters drench the plain.

My ear imbibes th' immense delight,
When Virgil's pastoral lays recite
The country's humble charms;
Or when his muse exalts her voice,
And like the warlike clarion's noise,
Sounds the loud charge to arms.

The Theban bard * my soul admires,
His tow'ring flights, his mounting fires,
The raptures of his rage!
Hail, great triumvirate! your lays
The world, consenting in your praise,
Resound from age to age.

When, from my labours in the mine
Of heav'nly truth and grace divine,
To leisure I retire,

* Pindar.

I'll seize your works with both my arms,
Take a sweet range among their charms,
And catch th' immortal fire.

Horace shall with the choir be join'd,
When virtue has his verse refin'd,
And purg'd his tainted page :*

---

* The Doctor has given us an instance of his improvement of part of an ode of Horace, lib. iii. ode 29; which has become divine under the new moulding he has bestowed upon it: it is in his 'Remnants of Time employed in Prose and Verse;' No. 4, 4to edit. vol. iv. page 608.

Horace's stanzas are—

Non meum est si mugiat Africis
Malus procellis, ad miseras preces
Decurrere, et votis pacisci,
Ne Cypriæ Tyriæque merces
Addant avaro divitias mari.
Tunc me biremis præsidio scaphæ
Tutum per Ægeos tumultus
Aura feret, geminusque Pollux.

That is in Mr. Francis's translation—

Tho' the mast howl beneath the wind,
I make no mercenary prayers,
Nor with the gods a bargain bind,
With future vows and streaming tears,
To save my wealth from adding more
To boundless ocean's avaricious store.

Then in my little barge I'll ride
Secure amidst the foamy wave,
Calm will I stem the threat'ning tide,
And fearless all its tumults brave!

Pleas'd, I'll attend his lyric strain,
Hear him indulge his laughing vein,
And satirize the age.

Next, cleans'd from his unhallow'd scum,
The mighty Juvenal shall come,
And high his vengeance wield:
His satires sound the loud alarm
To vice; she sees his lifted arm,
And, cow'ring, quits the field.

Ev'n then, perhaps, some kinder gale,
While the twin-stars appear, shall fill my joyful sail.

The Doctor's improvement is as follows, entitled, 'The British Fisherman:'

Let Spain's proud traders, when the mast
Bends, groaning, to the stormy blast,
Run to their beads with wretched plaints,
And vow and bargain with their saints,
Lest Turkish silks or Tyrian wares
Sink in the drowning ship,
Or the rich dust Peru prepares
Defraud their long projecting cares
And add new treasures to the greedy deep:

My little skiff, that skims the shores
With half a sail and two short oars,
Provides me food in gentlest waves;
But if they gape in wat'ry graves,
I trust th' Eternal Power, whose hand
Has swell'd the storm so high,
To waft my boat and me to land,
Or give some angel swift command
To bear the drowning sailor to the sky.

In vain should I expect delight
From Persius, wrapt in tenfold night,
Unless, O Bond, thy ray
Had pierc'd the shades that veil him round,
And set his sense, obscure, profound,
Amidst the blaze of day.

Now Seneca, with tragic lays,
Demands my wonder and my praise:
What thunder arms his tongue!
Now Sophocles lets loose his rage:
With what a pomp he treads the stage,
And how sublime his song!

In long and regular array,
My shelves your volumes shall display,
Ye fav'rites of the nine!
No moth's, no worm's, insidious rage
Shall dare to riot on your page,
Or mar one modest line.

Meanwhile, let Martial's blushless muse,
Whose wit is poison'd by the stews,
Catullus' wanton fire,
With Ovid's verse, that, as it rolls,
With luscious poison taints our souls,
In bogs obscene expire.

See, from the Caledonian shore,
With blooming laurels cover'd o'er,
Buchanan march along!
Hail honour'd heir of David's lyre,
Thou full-grown image of thy sire!
And hail thy matchless song!

What terror sounds thro' all thy strings
When, in his wrath, th' Almighty flings
His thunder thro' the skies!
Anon, when heav'n's wide op'ning ray
Shines all our gloomy doubts away,
How soft the notes arise!

When billows upon billows roll,
And night o'erwhelms the tossing soul,
How potent is thy lyre
To hush the raging storm to rest,
Restore the sunshine of the breast,
And joy divine inspire!

Thou, sacred bard, whene'er I rove
The smiling mead or shady grove,
Shalt entertain my way:
My humble mansion thou shalt grace,
Shalt at my table find a place,
And tune th' extatic lay:

When the returning shades of night
My eyes to balmy sleep invite,
Thy sweet angelic airs
Shall warble to my ear, till sleep's
Soft influence o'er my senses creeps
And buries all my cares.

Next comes the charming Casimire!
Exulting in seraphic fire,
The bard divinely sings:
The heav'nly muse inspir'd his tongue,
The heav'nly muse his viol strung,
And tun'd th' harmonious strings.

See on what full, what rapid, gales
The Polish swan triumphant sails!
He spurns the globe behind;
And, mountains less'ning to the eye,
Thro' the unbounded fields on high
Expatiates unconfin'd.

Whether 'tis his divine delight
To bear, in his exalted flight,
Some hero to the skies,
Or to explore the seats above,
His kindred seats of peace and love,
His peerless pinions rise—

With what a wing! to what an height!
He tow'rs and mocks the gazing sight,
Lost in the tracts of day!
I from afar behold his course,
Amaz'd with what a sov'reign force
He mounts his arduous way!

Methinks, enkindled by the name
Of Casimire, a sudden flame
Now shoots thro' all my soul.
I feel, I feel, the raptures rise,
On starry plumes, I cut the skies,
And range from pole to pole.—

Touching on Zion's sacred brow,
My wand'ring eyes I cast below,
And our vain race survey:
O how they stretch their eager arms
T'embrace imaginary charms,
And throw their souls away!

In grov'ling cares and stormy strife,
They waste the golden hours of life,
And murder ev'ry joy;
What is a diadem, that's tost
From hand to hand, now won, now lost,
But a delusive toy?

From all terrestrial dregs refin'd
And sensual fogs, that choke the mind,
Full of th' inspiring God,
My soul shall her sublimest lay
To her Creator, Father, pay,
And sound his praise abroad.

Ye heroes, with your blood-stain'd arms,
Avaunt! the muse beholds no charms
In the devouring sword.
Avaunt! ye despicable train
Of gods, the phantoms of the brain,
By Greece and Rome ador'd.

Say what is Wisdom's queen to me,
Or her fictitious panoply,
Or what the god of wine?
I never will profane this hand
Around his tall imperial * wand
The sacred boughs to twine.

* The thyrsus mentioned by the Doctor in his ode was a spear twined round with ivy or bay leaves, which the votaries of Bacchus carried about in their hands at his feasts.

'Tis all romance beneath a thought
How Hercules with lions fought,
    And crush'd the dragon's spires:
Alike, their thunderer I despise,
The fabled ruler of the skies,
    And his pretended fires.

Thy name, Almighty Sire, and thine,
Jesus, where his full glories shine,
    Shall consecrate my lays;
In numbers by no vulgar bounds controul'd,
In numbers most divinely strong and bold,
    I'll sound thro' all the world th' immeasura-
        ble praise!

END.

PRINTED BY JAMES CUNDEE,
Ivy Lane.